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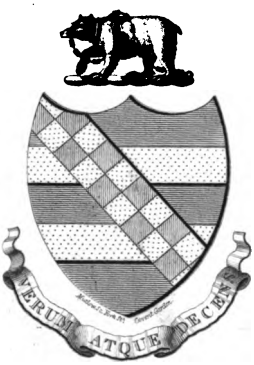

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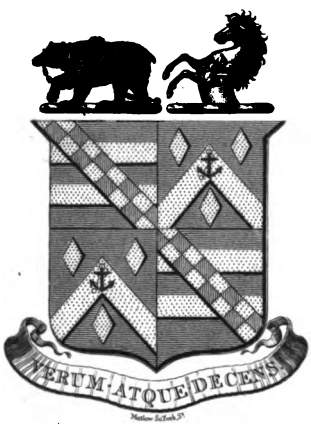

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Paradiſe Regain'd.

A

POEM.

In Four BOOKS.

To which is added

SAMSON AGONISTES.

AND

Poems upon ſeveral Occaſions.

Compos'd at ſeveral Times.

The Author

JOHN MILTON.

The Fifth Edition.

LONDON,

Printed for *Jacob Tonſon,* within *Grays-Inn* Gate next *Grays-Inn* Lane. 1707.

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Paradiſe Regain'd.

BOOK I.

I Who e'er while the happy Garden ſung,
By one man's Diſobedience loſt, now ſing
Recover'd Paradiſe to all mankind,
By one man's firm Obedience fully try'd
Through all temptation, and the Tempter foil'd
In all his wiles, defeated and repuls'd,
And *Eden* rais'd in the waſte Wilderneſs.
Thou Spirit who ledſt this glorious Eremite
Into the Deſart, his Victorious Field
Againſt the ſpiritual Foe, and brought'ſt him thence
By proof the undoubted Son of God, inſpire,
As thou art wont, my prompted Song elſe mute,

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And bear thro' heighth or depth of Nature's bounds
With proſperous wing full ſumm'd to tell of deeds
Above Heroic, though in ſecret done,
And unrecorded left through many an Age,
Worthy t' have not remain'd ſo long unſung.

Now had the great Proclaimer with a voice
More awful than the ſound of Trumpet, cry'd
Repentance, and Heaven's Kingdom nigh at hand
To all Baptiz'd: to his great Baptiſm flock'd
With awe the Regions round, and with them came
From *Nazareth* the Son of *Joſeph* deem'd
To the flood *Jordan* came, as then obſcure,
Unmarkt, unknown; but him the Baptiſt ſoon
Deſcry'd, divinely warn'd, and witneſs bore
As to his worthier, and would have reſign'd
To him his Heavenly Office, nor was long
His witneſs unconfirm'd: on him baptiz'd
Heav'n open'd, and in likeneſs of a Dove
The Spirit deſcended, while the Father's voice
From Heav'n pronounc'd him his beloved Son.
That heard the Adverſary, who roving ſtill
About the World, at that Aſſembly fam'd
Would not be laſt, and with the voice divine

Digitized by Google Nigh

Nigh Thunder-ſtruck, th' exalted man, to whom
Such high atteſt was giv'n, a while ſurvey'd
With wonder, then with envy fraught, and rage,
Flies to his place, nor reſts, but in mid air
To Council ſummons all his mighty Peers,
Within thick Clouds and dark ten-fold involv'd,
A gloomy Conſiſtory; and them amidſt
With looks agaſt and ſad he thus beſpake.
O ancient Pow'rs of Air and this wide world,
For much more willingly I mention Air,
This our old Conqueſt, than remember Hell
Our hated habitation; well ye know
How many Ages, as the years of men,
This Univerſe we have poſſeſt, and rul'd
In manner at our will th' affairs of Earth,
Since *Adam* and his facil conſort *Eve*
Loſt Paradiſe deceiv'd by me, though ſince
With dread attending when that fatal wound
Shall be inflicted by the Seed of *Eve*
Upon my head, long the decrees of Heav'n
Delay, for longeſt time to him is ſhort;
And now too ſoon for us the circling hours
This dreaded time have compaſt, wherein we

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Muſt bide the ſtroak of that long threaten'd wound,
At leaſt if ſo we can, and by the head
Broken be not intended all our power
To be infring'd, our freedom and our being
In this fair Empire won of Earth and Air;
For this ill news I bring, the Woman's ſeed
Deſtin'd to this, is late of Woman born,
His Birth to our juſt fear gave no ſmall cauſe,
But his growth now to youth's full flow'r, diſplaying
All virtue, grace, and wiſdom to atchieve
Things higheſt, greateſt, multiplies my fear.
Before him a great Prophet, to proclaim
His coming, is ſent Harbinger, who all
Invites, and in the Conſecrated ſtream
Pretends to waſh off ſin, and fit them ſo
Purifi'd to receive him pure, or rather
To do him honour as their King; all come,
And he himſelf among them was Baptiz'd,
Not thence to be more pure, but to receive
The Teſtimony of Heav'n, that who he is
Thenceforth the Nations may not doubt; I ſaw
The Prophet do him reverence, on him riſing
Out of the Water, Heav'n above the Clouds

Unfold

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Unfold her Chryſtal Doors, thence on his head
A perfect Dove deſcend, what e'er it meant,
And out of Heav'n the Soveraign voice I hear
This is my Son belov'd, in him am pleas'd.
His Mother then is mortal, but his Sire,
He who obtains the Monarchy of Heav'n,
And what will he not do to advance his Son?
His firſt-begot we know, and ſore have felt,
When his fierce thunder drove us to the deep;
Who this is we muſt learn, for Man he ſeems
In all his lineaments, though in his face
The glimpſes of his Father's glory ſhine;
Ye ſee our danger on the utmoſt edge
Of hazard, which admits no long debate,
But muſt with ſomething ſudden be oppos'd,
Not force, but well couch'd fraud, well woven ſnares,
E'er in the head of Nations he appear
Their King, their Leader, and Supream on Earth.
I, when no other durſt, ſole undertook
The diſmal expedition to find out
And ruin *Adam*, and th' exploit perform'd
Succeſsfully; a calmer Voyage now
Will waft me; and the way found prosp'rous once

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Induces beſt to hope of like ſucceſs.
He ended, and his words impreſſion left
Of much amazement to th' infernal Crew,
Diſtracted and ſurpriz'd with deep diſmay
At theſe ſad tidings; but no time was then
For long indulgence to their fears or grief:
Unanimous they all commit the care
And management of this vain Enterprize
To him their great Dictator, whoſe attempt
At firſt againſt mankind ſo well had thriv'd
In *Adam*'s overthrow, and led their march
From Hell's deep-vaulted Den to dwell in light,
Regents and Potentates, and Kings, yea Gods
Of many a pleaſant Realm and Province wide.
So to the Coaſt of *Jordan* he directs
His eaſie ſteps; girded with ſnaky wiles,
Where he might likelieſt find this new-declar'd,
This Man of men, atteſted Son of God,
Temptation and all guile on him to try;
So to ſubvert whom he ſuſpected rais'd
To end his Reign on Earth ſo long enjoy'd:
But contrary unweeting he fulfill'd
The purpos'd Counſel pre-ordain'd and fixt

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Of the moſt High, who in full frequence bright
Of Angels, thus to *Gabriel* ſmiling ſpake.
Gabriel this day by proof thou ſhalt behold,
Thou and all Angels converſant on Earth
With man or mens affairs, how I begin
To verifie that ſolemn Meſſage late,
On which I ſent thee to the Virgin pure
In *Galilee*, that ſhe ſhould bear a Son
Great in Renown, and call'd the Son of God;
Then toldſt her, doubting how theſe things could be
To her a Virgin, that on her ſhould come
The Holy Ghoſt, and the Power of the Higheſt
O'er-ſhadow her: this Man born and now up-grown,
To ſhew him worthy of his Birth Divine
And high Prediction, henceforth I expoſe
To Satan; let him tempt and now aſſay
His utmoſt ſubtilty, becauſe he boaſts
And vaunts of his great cunning to the throng
Of his Apoſtaſie; he might have learnt
Leſs overweening, ſince he fail'd in *Job*,
Whoſe conſtant perſeverance overcame
What e'er his cruel malice could invent.
He now ſhall know I can produce a Man

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Of female Seed, far abler to resist
All his sollicitations, and at length
All his vast force, and drive him back to Hell,
Winning by Conquest what the first man lost
By fallacy surpriz'd. But first I mean
To exercise him in the Wilderness,
There he shall first lay down the rudiments
Of his great warfare, e'er I send him forth
To conquer Sin and Death the two grand foes,
By Humiliation and strong Sufferance:
His weakness shall o'ercome Satanick strength
And all the world, and mass of sinful flesh;
That all the Angels and Ætherial Powers,
They now, and men hereafter may discern,
From what consummate virtue I have chose
This perfect Man, by merit call'd my Son,
To earn Salvation for the Sons of men.

So spake th' Eternal Father, and all Heav'n
Admiring stood a space, then into Hymns
Burst forth, and in Celestial measures mov'd
Circling the Throne and Singing, while the hand
Sung with the voice, and this the argument.

Victory and Triumph to the Son of God

Now

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Now entring his great duel, not of arms,
But to vanquish by wisdom hellish wiles.
The Father knows the Son; therefore secure
Ventures his filial Virtue, though untry'd,
Against what e'er may tempt, what e'er seduce,
Allure, or terrifie, or undermine.
Be frustrate all ye stratagems of Hell,
And devilish machinations come to nought.
So they in Heav'n their Odes and Vigils tun'd:
Mean while the Son of God, who yet some days
Lodg'd in *Bethabara* where *John* baptiz'd,
Musing and much revolving in his breast,
How best the mighty work he might begin
Of Saviour to mankind, and which way first
Publish his God-like Office now mature,
One day forth walk'd alone, the Spirit leading,
And his deep thoughts, the better to converse
With solitude, till far from track of men,
Thought following thought, and step by stepled on,
He entred now the bordering desart wild,
And with dark shades and rocks environ'd round,
His holy meditation thus pursu'd.
O what a multitude of thoughts at once

Awaken'd

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Awaken'd in me ſwarm, while I conſider
What from within I feel my ſelf, and hear,
What from without comes often to my ears,
Ill ſorting with my preſent ſtate compar'd.
When I was yet a Child, no childiſh play
To me was pleaſing, all my mind was ſet
Serious to learn and know, and thence to do
What might be publick good; my ſelf I thought
Born to that end, born to promote all truth,
All righteous things: therefore above my years,
The Law of God I read and found it ſweet,
Made it my whole delight, and in it grew
To ſuch perfection, that e'er yet my age
Had meaſur'd twice ſix years, at our great Feaſt
I went into the Temple, there to hear
The Teachers of our Law, and to propoſe
What might improve my knowledge or their own;
And was admir'd by all, yet this not all
To which my Spirit aſpir'd, victorious deeds
Flam'd in my Heart, heroic acts, one while
To reſcue *Iſrael* from the *Roman* Yoke,
Then to ſubdue and quel o'er all the earth
Brute violence and proud Tyrannick pow'r,

Till

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Till truth were freed, and equity reſtor'd:
Yet held it more humane, more heav'nly firſt
By winning words to conquer willing hearts,
And make perſwaſion do the work of fear;
At leaſt to try, and teach the erring Soul
Not wilfully miſ-doing, but unaware
Miſs-led; the ſtubborn only to deſtroy.
Theſe growing thoughts my Mother ſoon perceiving
By words at times caſt forth inly rejoyc'd,
And ſaid to me apart, High are thy thoughts
O Son, but nouriſh them and let them ſoar
To what heighth ſacred virtue and true worth
Can raiſe them, though above example high;
By matchleſs Deeds expreſs thy matchleſs Sire.
For know, thou art no Son of mortal man,
Though men eſteem thee low of Parentage,
Thy Father is th' Eternal King who rules
All Heav'n and Earth, Angels and Sons of men,
A meſſenger from God fore-told thy Birth
Conceiv'd in me a Virgin, he foretold
Thou ſhould'ſt be great and ſit on *David*'s Throne,
And of thy Kingdom there ſhall be no end.
At thy Nativity a glorious Quire

Of

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Of Angels in the fields of *Bethlehem* sung
To Shepherds watching at their folds by night,
And told them the Messiah now was born,
Where they might see him, and to thee they came;
Directed to the Manger where thou lay'st,
For in the Inn was left no better room:
A Star, not seen before in Heav'n appearing
Guided the Wise Men thither from the East,
To honour thee with Incense, Myrrh, and Gold,
By whose bright course led on they found the place,
Affirming it thy Star new grav'n in Heav'n,
By which they knew the King of *Israel* born.
Just *Simeon* and Prophetick *Anna*, warn'd
By Vision found thee in the Temple, and spake
Before the Altar and the vested Priest,
Like things of thee to all that present stood:
This having heard, straight I again revolv'd
The Law and Prophets, searching what was writ
Concerning the Messiah, to our Scribes
Known partly, and soon found of whom they spake
I am; this chiefly, that my way must lie
Through many a hard assay even to the death,
E'er I the promis'd Kingdom can attain,

Or

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Or work Redemption for mankind, whoſe ſins
Full weight muſt be transferr'd upon my head.
Yet neither thus diſhearten'd or diſmay'd,
The time prefix'd I waited, when behold
The Baptiſt (of whoſe birth I oft had heard,
Not knew by ſight) now come, who was to come
Before Meſſiah and his way prepare.
I as all others to his Baptiſm came,
Which I believ'd was from above; but he
Straight knew me, and with loudeſt voice proclaim'd
Me him (for it was ſhewn him ſo from Heav'n)
Me him whoſe Harbinger he was; and firſt
Refus'd on me his Baptiſm to confer,
As much his greater, and was hardly won:
But as I roſe out of the laving ſtream,
Heav'n open'd her eternal doors, from whence
The Spirit deſcended on me like a Dove,
And laſt the ſum of all, my Father's voice,
Audibly heard from Heav'n, pronounc'd me his,
Me his beloved Son, in whom alone
He was well pleas'd; by which I knew the time
Now full, that I no more ſhould live obſcure,
But openly begin, as beſt becomes

Digitized by Google The

The Authority which I deriv'd from Heav'n.
And now by ſome ſtrong motion I am led
Into this Wilderneſs, to what intent,
I learn not yet, perhaps I need not know;
For what concerns my knowledge God reveals.
So ſpake our Morning Star, then in his riſe,
And looking round on every ſide beheld
A pathleſs Deſart, dusk with horrid ſhades;
The way he came not having mark'd, return
Was difficult, by humane ſteps untrod;
And he ſtill on was led, but with ſuch thoughts
Accompanied of things paſt and to come
Lodg'd in his breaſt, as well might recommend
Such Solitude before choiceſt Society.
Full forty days he paſs'd, whether on hill
Sometimes, anon in ſhady vale, each night
Under the covert of ſome ancient Oak,
Or Cedar, to defend him from the dew,
Or harbour'd in one Cave, is not reveal'd;
Nor taſted humane food, nor hunger felt
Till thoſe days ended, hunger'd then at laſt
Among wild Beaſts: they at his ſight grew mild,
Nor ſleeping him nor waking harm'd, his walk

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The fiery Serpent fled, and noxious Worm,
The Lion and fierce Tiger glar'd aloof.
But now an aged man in Rural weeds,
Following, as ſeem'd, the queſt of ſome ſtray Ewe,
Or wither'd ſticks to gather; which might ſerve
Againſt a Winters day when winds blow keen,
To warm him wet return'd from Field at Eve,
He ſaw approach, who firſt with curious eye
Perus'd him, then with words thus utter'd ſpake.
Sir, what ill chance has brought thee to this place
So far from path or road of men, who paſs
In Troop or Caravan, for ſingle none
Durſt ever, who return'd, and dropt not here
His Carcaſs, pin'd with hunger and with droughth.
I ask the rather, and the more admire,
For that to me thou ſeem'ſt the man, whom late
Our new baptizing Prophet at the Ford
Of *Jordan* honour'd ſo, and call'd thee Son
Of God; I ſaw and heard, for we ſometimes
Who dwell this wilde, conſtrain'd by want, come
To Town or Village nigh (nigheſt is far) [forth
Where ought we hear, and curious are to hear,
What happ'ns new; Fame alſo finds us out.

Digitized by Google To

To whom the Son of God. Who brought me hi-
Will bring me hence, no other Guide I seek. [ther

By Miracle he may, reply'd the Swain,
What other way I see not, for we here
Live on tough roots and stubs, to thirst inur'd
More than the Camel, and to drink go far,
Men to much misery and hardship born;
But if thou be the Son of God, Command
That out of these hard stones be made thee Bread,
So shalt thou save thy self and us relieve
With Food, whereof we wretched seldom taste.

He ended, and the Son of God reply'd.
Think'st thou such force in Bread? is it not written
(For I discern thee other than thou seem'st)
Man lives not by Bread only, but each Word
Proceeding from the mouth of God; who fed
Our Fathers here with Manna; in the Mount
Moses was forty days, nor eat nor drank,
And forty days *Elijah* without food
Wandred this barren waste, the same I now:
Why dost thou then suggest to me distrust,
Knowing who I am, as I know who thou art?

Digitized by Google Whom

Whom thus answer'd th' Arch Fiend now undis-
'Tis true, I am that Spirit unfortunate, [guis'd.
Who leagu'd with millions more in rash revolt
Kept not my happy Station, but was driv'n
With them from Bliss to the bottomless deep,
Yet to that hideous place not so confin'd
By rigour unconniving, but that oft
Leaving my dolorous Prison I enjoy
Large Liberty to round this Globe of Earth,
Or range in th' Air, nor from the Heav'n of Heav'ns
Hath he excluded my resort sometimes.
I came among the Sons of God, when he
Gave up into my hands *Uzzean Job*
To prove him, and illustrate his high worth;
And when to all his Angels he propos'd
To draw the proud King *Ahab* into fraud
That he might fall in *Ramoth*, they demuring,
I undertook that Office, and the tongues
Of all his flattering Prophets glibb'd with lies
To his destruction, as I had in charge.
For what he bids I do; though I have lost
Much lustre of my native brightness, lost
To be belov'd of God, I have not lost

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To love, at leaſt contemplate and admire
What I ſee excellent in good, or fair,
Or virtuous, I ſhould ſo have loſt all ſenſe.
What can be then leſs in me than deſire
To ſee thee and approach thee, whom I know
Declar'd the Son of God, to hear attent
Thy wiſdom, and behold thy God-like deeds?
Men generally think me much a foe
To all mankind: why ſhould I? they to me
Never did wrong or violence, by them
I loſt not what I loſt, rather by them
I gain'd what I have gain'd, and with them dwell
Copartner in theſe Regions of the World,
If not diſpoſer, lend them oft my aid,
Oft my advice by preſages and ſigns,
And anſwers, oracles, portents and dreams,
Whereby they may direct their future Life.
Envy they ſay excites me, thus to gain
Companions of my miſery and wo.
At firſt it may be; but long ſince with wo
Never acquainted, now I feel by proof,
That fellowſhip in pain divides not ſmart,
Nor lightens aught each mans peculiar load.

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Small conſolation then, were man adjoin'd:
This wounds me moſt (what can it leſs) that Man,
Man fall'n ſhall be reſtor'd, I never more.

To whom our Saviour ſternly thus reply'd.
Deſervedly thou griev'ſt, compos'd of lies
From the beginning, and in lies wilt end;
Who boaſt'ſt releaſe from Hell, and leave to come
Into the Heav'n of Heav'ns; thou com'ſt indeed,
As a poor miſerable captive thrall,
Comes to the place where he before had ſat
Among the Prime in Splendor, now depos'd,
Ejected, emptied, gaz'd, unpitied, ſhun'd,
A ſpectacle of ruin or of ſcorn
To all the Hoſt of Heav'n; the happy place
Imports to thee no happineſs, no joy,
Rather inflames thy torment, repreſenting
Loſt Bliſs, to thee no more communicable,
So never more in Hell than when in Heav'n.
But thou art ſerviceable to Heav'ns King.
Wilt thou impute t'obedience what thy fear
Extorts, or pleaſure to do ill excites?
What but thy malice mov'd thee to miſdeem
Of righteous *Job*, then cruelly to afflict him

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With all inflictions, but his patience won?
The other ſervice was thy choſen task,
To be a liar in four hundred mouths;
For lying is thy ſuſtenance, thy food.
Yet thou pretend'ſt to truth; all Oracles
By thee are giv'n, and what confeſt more true
Among the Nations? that hath been thy craft,
By mixing ſomewhat true to vent more lies.
But what have been thy anſwers, what but dark
Ambiguous and with double ſenſe deluding,
Which they who ask'd have ſeldom underſtood,
And not well underſtood as good not known?
Who ever by conſulting at thy ſhrine
Return'd the wiſer, or the more inſtruct
To flie or follow what concern'd him moſt,
And run not ſooner to his fatal ſnare?
For God hath juſtly giv'n the Nations up
To thy Deluſions; juſtly, ſince they fell
Idolatrous, but when his purpoſe is
Among them to declare his Providence
To thee not known, whence haſt thou then thy truth,
But from him or his Angels Preſident
In ev'ry Province, who themſelves diſdaining

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T'approach thy Temples, give thee in command
What to the ſmalleſt tittle thou ſhalt ſay
To thy Adorers; thou with trembling fear,
Or like a fawning Paraſite obey'ſt;
Then to thy ſelf aſcrib'ſt the truth foretold.
But this thy glory ſhall be ſoon retrench'd;
No more ſhalt thou by oracling abuſe
The Gentiles; henceforth Oracles are ceas'd,
And thou no more with Pomp and Sacrifice
Shalt be enquir'd at *Delphos* or elſe-where,
At leaſt in vain, for they ſhall find thee mute.
God hath now ſent his loving Oracle
Into the World to teach his final will,
And ſends his Spirit of Truth henceforth to dwell
In pious Hearts, and inward Oracle
To all truth requiſite for men to know.
So ſpake our Saviour; but the ſubtle Fiend,
Though inly ſtung with anger and diſdain,
Diſſembled, and this Anſwer ſmooth return'd.
Sharply thou haſt inſiſted on rebuke,
And urg'd me hard with doings, which not will
But miſery hath wreſted from me; where
Eaſily canſt thou find one miſerable,

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And not inforc'd oft-times to part from truth;
If it may ſtand him more in ſtead to lie,
Say and unſay, feign, flatter, or abjure?
But thou art plac'd above me, thou art Lord;
From thee I can and muſt ſubmiſs endure
Check or reproof, and glad t' eſcape ſo quit.
Hard are the ways of truth, and rough to walk,
Smooth on the tongue diſcours'd, pleaſing to th' ear,
And tuneable as Silvan Pipe or Song;
What wonder then if I delight to hear
Her dictates from thy mouth? moſt men admire
Virtue, who follow not her lore: permit me
To hear thee when I come (ſince no man comes)
And talk at leaſt, though I deſpair t' attain.
Thy Father, who is holy, wiſe and pure,
Suffers the Hypocrite or Atheous Prieſt
To tread his Sacred Courts, and miniſter
About his Altar, handling holy things,
Praying or vowing, and vouchſaf'd his voice
To *Balaam* Reprobate, a Prophet yet
Inſpir'd; diſdain not ſuch acceſs to me.

To whom our Saviour with unalter'd brow,
Thy coming hither, though I know thy ſcope,

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I bid not or forbid; do as thou find'ſt
Permiſſion from above; thou canſt not more.
He added not; and Satan bowing low
His gray diſſimulation, diſappear'd
Into thin Air diffus'd: for now began
Night with her ſullen wings to double-ſhade
The Deſart, Fowls in their clay neſts were couch'd;
And now wild Beaſts came forth the woods to roam.

The End of the Firſt Book.

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Paradiſe Regain'd.

BOOK II.

MEan while the new-baptiz'd, who yet remain'd
At *Jordan* with the Baptiſt, and had ſeen
Him whom they heard ſo late expreſly call'd
Jeſus Meſſiah Son of God declar'd,
And on that high Authority had believ'd,
And with him talkt, and with him lodg'd, I mean
Andrew and *Simon*, famous after known,
With others though in Holy Writ not nam'd,
Now miſſing him their Joy ſo lately found,
So lately found, and ſo abruptly gone,
Began to doubt, and doubted many days,
And as the days increas'd, increas'd their doubt:

Sometimes

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Sometimes they thought he might be only ſhewn,
And for a time caught up to God, as once
Moſes was in the Mount, and miſſing long;
And the great *Thisbite* who on fiery wheels
Rode up to Heav'n, yet once again to come.
Therefore as thoſe young Prophets then with care
Sought loſt *Elijah*, ſo in each place theſe
Nigh to *Bethabara*; in *Jerico*
The City of Palms, *Ænon*, and *Salem* Old,
Macherus and each Town or City wall'd
On this ſide the broad lake *Genezaret*,
Or in *Perea*, but return'd in vain.
Then on the bank of *Jordan*, by a Creek,
Where winds with Reeds and Oſiers whiſp'ring play,
Plain Fiſhermen, no greater men them call,
Cloſe in a Cottage low together got,
Their unexpected loſs and plaints out breath'd.
Alas, from that high hope to what relapſe
Unlook'd for are we fall'n, our eyes beheld
Meſſiah certainly now come, ſo long
Expected of our Fathers; we have heard
His words, his wiſdom full of grace and truth,
Now, now, for ſure, deliverance is at hand,

The

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The Kingdom shall to *Israel* be restor'd:
Thus we rejoyc'd, but soon our joy is turn'd
Into perplexity and new amaze:
For whither is he gone, what accident
Hath rapt him from us? will he now retire
After appearance, and again prolong
Our expectation? God of *Israel*,
Send thy Messiah forth, the time is come;
Behold the Kings of th' Earth how they oppress
Thy chosen, to what heighth their pow'r unjust
They have exalted, and behind them cast
All fear of thee, arise and vindicate
Thy Glory, free thy people from their yoke,
But let us wait; thus far he hath perform'd,
Sent his Anointed, and to us reveal'd him,
By his great Prophet, pointed at and shown,
In publick, and with him we have convers'd;
Let us be glad of this, and all our fears
Lay on his Providence; he will not fail
Nor will withdraw him now, nor will recall,
Mock us with his blest sight, then snatch him hence,
Soon we shall see our hope, our joy return,

Thus

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Thus they out of their plaints new hope resume
To find whom at the first they found unsought:
But to his Mother *Mary*, when she saw
Others return'd from Baptism, not her Son,
Nor left at *Jordan*, tidings of him none;
Within her breast, though calm; her breast, though pure
Motherly cares and fears got head, and rais'd
Some troubled thoughts, which she in sighs thus clad.

O what avails me now that honour high
To have conceiv'd of God, or that salute
Hale highly favour'd, among Women blest;
While I to Sorrows am no less advanc'd,
And fears as eminent, above the lot
Of other Women, by the birth I bore,
In such a season born when scarce a Shed
Could be obtain'd to shelter him or me
From the bleak air; a Stable was our warmth,
A Manger his, yet soon enforc'd to fly
Thence into *Egypt*, till the Murd'rous King
Were dead, who sought his life, and missing fill'd
With Infant blood the streets of *Bethlehem*;
From *Egypt* home return'd, in *Nazareth*
Hath been our dwelling many years, his life

Private

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Private, unactive, calm, contemplative,
Little ſuſpicious to any King; but now
Full grown to Man, acknowledg'd, as I hear,
By *John* the Baptiſt, and in publick ſhown,
Son own'd from Heaven by his Father's voice;
I look'd for ſome great change; to Honour? no,
But trouble, as old *Simeon* plain fore-told,
That to the fall and riſing he ſhould be
Of many in *Iſrael*, and to a ſign
Spoken againſt, that through my very Soul
A ſword ſhall pierce, this is my favour'd lot,
My Exaltation to Afflictions high;
Afflicted I may be, it ſeems, and bleſt;
I will not argue that, nor will repine.
But where delays he now? ſome great intent
Conceals him: when twelve years he ſcarce had ſeen,
I loſt him, but ſo found, as well I ſaw
He could not loſe himſelf; but went about
His Father's Buſ'neſs; what he meant I mus'd,
Since underſtand; much more his abſence now
Thus long to ſome great purpoſe he obſcures.
But I to wait with patience am inur'd;
My heart hath been a ſtore-houſe long of things

And

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And ſayings laid up, portending ſtrange events.
Thus *Mary* pond'ring oft, and oft to mind
Recalling what remarkably had paſs'd
Since firſt her Salutation heard, with thoughts
Meekly compos'd awaited the fulfilling:
The while her Son tracing the Deſart wild,
Sole but with holieſt Meditations fed,
Into himſelf deſcended, and at once
All his great work to come before him ſet;
How to begin, how to accompliſh beſt
His end of being on Earth, and miſſion high:
For Satan with ſly preface to return
Had left him vacant, and with ſpeed was gon
Up to the middle Region of thick Air,
Where all his Potentates in Council ſate;
There without ſign of boaſt, or ſign of joy
Sollicitous and blank he thus began.
Princes, Heav'ns ancient Sons, Æthereal Thrones,
Demonian Spirits now, from th' Element
Each of his reign allotted, rightlier call'd,
Pow'rs of Fire, Air, Water, and Earth beneath,
So may we hold our place and theſe mild ſeats
Without new trouble; ſuch an Enemy

Is

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Is riſen to invade us, whom no leſs
Threatens our expulſion down to Hell;
I, as I undertook, and with the vote
Conſenting in full frequence was impower'd,
Have found him, view'd him, taſted him, but find
Far other labour to be undergon
Than when I dealt with *Adam* firſt of Men,
Though *Adam* by his Wife's allurement fell,
However to this Man inferior far,
If he be Man by Mother's ſide at leaſt,
With more than human gifts from Heav'n adorn'd,
Perfections abſolute, Graces divine,
And amplitude of mind to greateſt Deeds.
Therefore I am return'd, leſt confidence
Of my ſucceſs with *Eve* in Paradiſe
Deceive ye to perſuaſion over-ſure
Of like ſucceeding here; I ſummon all
Rather to be in readineſs, with hand
Or counſel to aſſiſt; leſt I who erſt
Thought none my equal, now be over-match'd.
So ſpake th' old Serpent doubting, and from all
With clamour was aſſur'd their utmoſt aid
At his command; when from amidſt them roſe
Belial,

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Belial, the diſſoluteſt Spirit that fell,
The ſenſualleſt, and after *Aſmodai*
The fleſhlieſt Incubus, and thus adviſ'd.
Set women in his eye, and in his walk,
Among daughters of men the faireſt found;
Many are in each Region paſſing fair
As the noon Sky; more like to Goddeſſes
Than Mortal Creatures, graceful and diſcreet,
Expert in am'rous Arts, enchanting tongues
Perſuaſive, Virgin majeſty with mild
And ſweet allay'd, yet terrible t' approach,
Skill'd to retire, and in retiring draw
Hearts after them tangl'd in Amorous Nets.
Such object hath the pow'r to ſoft'n and tame
Severeſt temper, ſmooth the rugged'ſt brow,
Enerve, and with voluptuous hope diſſolve,
Draw out with credulous deſire, and lead
At will the manlieſt, reſoluteſt breaſt,
As the Magnetic hardeſt Iron draws.
Women, when nothing elſe, beguil'd the heart
Of wiſeſt *Solomon*, and made him build,
And made him bow to the Gods of his Wives.

To

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To whom quick answer Satan thus return'd,
Belial, in much uneven scale thou weigh'st
All others by thy self; because of old
Thou thy self doat'dst on woman-kind, admiring
Their shape, their colour, and attractive grace,
None are, thou think'st, but taken with such *toys*.
Before the Flood thou with thy lusty Crew,
False titled Sons of God, roaming the Earth
Cast wanton eyes on the daughters of men,
And coupled with them, and begot a race.
Have we not seen, or by relation heard,
In Courts and Regal Chambers how thou lurk'dst,
In Wood or Grove by mossie Fountain side,
In Valley or green Meadow to way-lay
Some Beauty rare, *Calisto Clymene*,
Daphne, or *Semele*, *Antiopa*,
Or *Amymone*, *Syrinx*, many more
Too long, then lay'dst thy scapes on names ador'd,
Apollo, *Neptune*, *Jupiter* or *Pan*,
Satyr, or Fawn, or Silvan? But these haunts
Delight not all, among the Sons of Men,
How many have with a smile made small account
Of beauty and her lures, easily scorn'd

All

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All her assaults, on worthier things intent?
Remember that *Pellean* Conqueror,
A Youth, how all the Beauties of the East
He slightly view'd, and slightly overpass'd;
How he surnam'd of *Africa* dismiss'd
In his prime youth the fair *Iberian* Maid.
For *Solomon* he liv'd at ease, and full
Of honour, wealth, high fare, aim'd not beyond
Higher design than to enjoy his State;
Thence to the bait of Women lay expos'd;
But he whom we attempt is wiser far
Than *Solomon*, of more exalted mind,
Made and set wholly on th'accomplishment
Of greatest things, what Woman will you find,
Though of this age the wonder and the fame,
On whom his leisure will vouchsafe an eye
Of fond desire? or should she confident,
As sitting Queen ador'd on Beauty's Throne,
Descend with all her winning charms begirt
T'enamour, as the Zone of *Venus* once
Wrought that effect on *Jove*, so Fables tell;
How would one look from his Majestick brow
Seated as on the top of Virtue's hill,

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Discount'nance her despis'd, and put to rout,
All her array; her female pride deject,
Or turn to rev'rent awe? for Beauty stands
In th' admiration only of weak minds
Led captive; cease t' admire, and all her Plumes
Fall flat and shrink into a trivial toy,
At ev'ry sudden slighting quite abasht:
Therefore with manlier objects we must try
His constancy, with such as have more shew
Of worth, of honour, glory, and popular praise;
Rocks whereon greatest Men have often wreck'd;
Or that which only seems to satisfie
Lawful desires of Nature, not beyond;
And now I know he hungers where no food
Is to be found, in the wild Wilderness,
The rest commit to me, I shall let pass
No advantage, and his strength as oft assay.
He ceas'd, and heard their grant in loud acclaim:
Then forthwith to him takes a chosen band
Of Spirits likest to himself in guile
To be at hand, and at his beck appear,
If cause were to unfold some active Scene
Of various Persons each to know his part;

Then

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Then to the Deſart takes with theſe his flight;
Where ſtill from ſhade to ſhade the Son of God
After forty days faſting had remain'd,
Now hungring firſt, and to himſelf thus ſaid.

Where will this end? four times ten days I've paſs'd
Wandring this woody maze, and human Food
Nor taſted, nor had appetite; that Faſt
To Virtue I impute not, or count part
Of what I ſuffer here? if Nature need not,
Or God ſupport Nature without repaſt
Though needing, what praiſe is it to endure?
But now I feel I hunger, which declares
Nature hath need of what ſhe asks; yet God
Can ſatisfie that need ſome other way,
Though hunger ſtill remain: ſo it remain
Without this body's waſting, I content me,
And from the ſting of Famine fear no harm,
Nor mind it, fed with better thoughts that feed
Me hungring more to do my Father's will.

It was the hour of night, when thus the Son
Commun'd in ſilent walk, then laid him down
Under the hoſpitable covert nigh
Of trees thick interwoven; there he ſlept,

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And dream'd, as appetite is wont to dream,
Of meats and drinks, Nature's refreshment sweet;
Him thought, he by the Brook of *Cherith* stood
And saw the Ravens with their horny beaks
Food to *Elijah* bringing Even and Morn,
Though rav'nous, taught t'abstain from what they brought:
He saw the Prophet also how he fled
Into the Desart, and how there he slept
Under a Juniper; then how awak'd,
He found his Supper on the coals prepar'd,
And by the Angel was bid rise and eat,
And eat the second time after repose,
The strength whereof suffic'd him forty days;
Sometimes that with *Elijah* he partook,
Or as a guest with *Daniel* at his Pulse.
Thus wore out night, and now the Herald Lark
Left his ground-nest, high tow'ring to descry
The morn's approach, and greet her with his Song:
As lightly from his grassie couch up rose
Our Saviour, and found all was but a dream,
Fasting he went to sleep, and fasting wak'd.
Up to a hill anon his steps he rear'd,
From whose high top to ken the prospect round,

If

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If Cottage were in view, Sheep-cote or Herd;
But Cottage, Herd, or Sheep-cote none he saw,
Only in a bottom saw a pleasant Grove,
With chaunt of tuneful Birds resounding loud;
Thither he bent his way, determin'd there
To rest at noon, and enter'd soon the shade
High rooft and walks beneath, and alleys brown
That open'd in the midst a woody Scene,
Nature's own work it seem'd (Nature taught Art)
And to a Superstitious eye the haunt
Of Wood-Gods and Wood-Nymphs; he view'd it round,
When suddenly a man before him stood,
Not rustic as before, but seemlier clad,
As one in City, or Court, or Palace bred,
And with fair speech these words to him addres's'd.
With granted leave officious I return,
But much more wonder that the Son of God
In this wild solitude so long should bide
Of all things destitute, and well I know,
Not without hunger. Others of some note,
As story tells, have trod this Wilderness;
The fugitive Bond-woman with her Son
Out-cast *Nebaioth*, yet found here relief

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By a providing Angel; all the race
Of *Iſrael* here had famiſh'd, had not God
Rain'd from Heav'n Manna, and that Prophet bold
Native of *Thebes* wandring here was fed
Twice by a voice inviting him to eat;
Of thee theſe forty days none hath regard,
Forty and more deſerted here indeed.
To whom thus Jeſus; what conclud'ſt thou hence?
They all had need, I as thou ſeeſt have none.
How haſt thou hunger then? Satan reply'd,
Tell me if Food were now before thee ſet,
Would'ſt thou not eat? Thereafter as I like
The giver, anſwer'd Jeſus. Why ſhould that
Cauſe thy refuſal, ſaid the ſubtle Fiend,
Haſt thou not right to all Created things,
Owe not all Creatures by juſt right to thee
Duty and ſervice, not to ſtay 'till bid,
But tender all their pow'r? nor mention I
Meats by the Law unclean, or offer'd firſt
To Idols, thoſe young *Daniel* could refuſe;
Nor proffer'd by an Enemy, though who
Would ſcruple that, with want oppreſt? Behold
Nature aſham'd, or better to expreſs,

Troubl'd

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Troubl'd that thou ſhould'ſt hunger, hath purvey'd
From all the Elements her choiceſt ſtore
To treat thee as beſeems, and as her Lord
With honour, only deign to ſit and eat.
He ſpake no dream, for as his words had end,
Our Saviour lifting up his eyes beheld
In ample ſpace under the broadeſt ſhade
A Table richly ſpred, in Regal mode,
With diſhes pil'd, and meats of nobleſt ſort
And ſavour, Beaſts of chaſe, or Fowl of game,
In Paſtry-built, or from the ſpit, or boil'd,
Gris-amber-ſteam'd; all Fiſh from Sea or Shore,
Freſhet, or purling Brook, of ſhell or fin,
And exquiſiteſt name, for which was drain'd
Pontus and *Lucrine* Bay, and *Afric* Coaſt.
Alas how ſimple, to theſe Cates compar'd,
Was that crude Apple that diverted *Eve!*
And at a ſtately ſide-board by the wine
That fragrant ſmell diffus'd, in order ſtood
Tall ſtripling youths rich clad, of fairer hew
Than *Ganymed* or *Hylas*, diſtant more
Under the Trees now trip'd, now ſolemn ſtood
Nymphs of *Diana*'s train, and *Naiades*

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With fruits and flow'rs from *Amalthea*'s horn,
And Ladies of th' *Hesperides*, that seem'd
Fairer than feign'd of old, or fabl'd since
Of Fairy Damsels met in forest wide
By Knights of *Logres*, or of *Lyones*,
Lancelot or *Pelleas*, or *Pellenore*,
And all the while harmonious Airs were heard
Of chiming strings, or charming pipes and winds
Of gentlest gale *Arabian* odours fann'd
From their soft wings, and *Flora*'s earliest smells.
Such was the splendor, and the Tempter now
His invitation earnestly renew'd.

What doubts the Son of God to sit and eat?
These are not fruits forbidden, no interdict
Defends the touching of these Viands pure,
Their taste no knowledge works at least of evil,
But life preserves, destroys life's enemy,
Hunger, with sweet restorative delight.
All these are Spirits of Air, and Woods, and Springs,
Thy gentle Ministers, who come to pay
Thee homage, and acknowledge thee their Lord:
What doubt'st thou Son of God? sit down and eat,

To

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To whom thus Jeſus temp'rately reply'd:
Said'ſt thou not that to all things I had right?
And who with-holds my pow'r that right to uſe?
Shall I receive by gift what of my own,
When and where likes me beſt, I can command?
I can at will, doubt not, as ſoon as thou,
Gommand a Table in this Wilderneſs,
And call ſwift flights of Angels miniſtrant
Array'd in Glory on my Cup t'attend:
Why ſhouldſt thou then obtrude this diligence,
In vain, where no acceptance it can find,
And with my hunger what haſt thou to do?
Thy pompous Delicacies I contemn,
And count thy ſpecious gifts no gifts but guiles.

To whom thus anſwer'd Satan malecontent:
That I have alſo pow'r to give thou ſeeſt,
If of that pow'r I bring thee voluntary
What I might have beſtow'd on whom I pleas'd,
And rather opportunely in this place
Choſe to impart to thy apparent need,
Why ſhouldſt thou not accept it? but I ſee
What I can do or offer is ſuſpect;
Of thoſe things others quickly will diſpoſe

Whoſe

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Whoſe pains have earn'd the far fet ſpoil. With that
Both Table and Proviſion vaniſh'd quite
With ſound of Harpies wings, and Talons heard;
Only th' importune Tempter ſtill remain'd,
And with theſe words his Temptation purſu'd.

By hunger, that each other Creature tames,
Thou art not to be harm'd, therefore not mov'd;
Thy temperance invincible beſides,
For no allurement yields to appetite,
And all thy heart is ſet on high deſigns,
High actions; but wherewith to be atchiev'd?
Great acts require great means of enterpriſe,
Thou art unknown, unfriended, low of Birth,
A Carpenter thy Father known, thy ſelf
Bred up in poverty and ſtreights at home;
Loſt in a Deſart here and hunger-bit:
Which way or from what hope doſt thou aſpire
To greatneſs? whence Authority deriv'ſt,
What Followers, what Retinue canſt thou gain,
Or at thy heels the dizzy Multitude,
Longer than thou canſt feed them on thy coſt?
Mony brings Honour, Friends, Conqueſt and Realms;
What rais'd *Antipater* the Edomite,

And

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And his Son *Herod* plac'd on *Juda*'s Throne;
(Thy Throne) but gold that got him puiſſant friends?
Therefore, if at great things thou would'ſt arrive,
Get Riches firſt, get Wealth, and Treaſure heap,
Not difficult, if thou hearken to me,
Riches are mine, Fortune is in my hand;
They whom I favour thrive in wealth amain,
While Virtue, Valour, Wiſdom ſit in want.
To whom thus Jeſus patiently reply'd;
Yet Wealth without theſe three is impotent
To gain dominion, or to keep it gain'd.
Witneſs thoſe ancient Empires of the Earth,
In heighth of all their flowing wealth diſſolv'd;
But men endu'd with theſe, have oft attain'd
In loweſt poverty to higheſt deeds;
Gideon and *Jephtha*, and the Shepherd lad,
Whoſe Off-ſpring on the Throne of *Judah* ſat
So many Ages, and ſhall yet regain
That ſeat, and reign in *Iſrael* without end.
Among the Heathen, (for throughout the World
To me is not unknown what hath been done
Worthy Memorial) canſt thou not remember
Quintus, *Fabricius*, *Curius*, *Regulus*?

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For I eſteem thoſe names of men ſo poor
Who could do mighty things, and could contemn
Riches though offer'd from the hand of Kings.
And what in me ſeems wanting, but that I
May alſo in this poverty as ſoon
Accompliſh what they did, perhaps and more?
Extol not Riches then, the toyl of Fools,
The wiſe man's cumbrance, if not ſnare, more apt
To ſlacken Virtue, and abate her edge,
Than prompt her to do aught may merit praiſe.
What if with like averſion I reject
Riches and Realms; yet not for that a Crown,
Golden in ſhew, is but a wreath of thorns,
Brings dangers, troubles, cares, and ſleepleſs nights
To him who wears the Regal Diadem,
When on his ſhoulders each mans burden lies;
For therein ſtands the Office of a King,
His Honour, Virtue, Merit and chief Praiſe,
That for the Publick all this weight he bears.
Yet he who reigns within himſelf, and rules
Paſſions, Deſires, and Fears, is more a King;
Which ev'ry wiſe and virtuous man attains:
And who attains not, ill aſpires to rule

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Cities of men, or head-ſtrong multitudes.
Subject himſelf to Anarchy within,
Or lawleſs Paſſions in him which he ſerves.
But to guide Nations in the way of truth
By ſaving Doctrine, and from error lead
To know, and knowing worſhip God aright,
Is yet more Kingly, this attracts the Soul,
Governs the inner man, the nobler part,
That other o'er the body only reigns,
And oft by force, which to a gen'rous mind
So reigning can be no ſincere delight.
Beſides to give a Kingdom hath been thought
Greater and nobler done, and to lay down
Far more magnanimous, than to aſſume.
Riches are needleſs then, both for themſelves,
And for thy reaſon why they ſhould be ſought,
To gain a Scepter, oftеſt better miſs'd

The End of the Second Book.

Para-

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Paradiſe Regain'd.

BOOK III.

SO ſpake the Son of God, and Satan ſtood
A while as mute confounded what to ſay,
What to reply, confuted and convinc'd
Of his weak arguing, and fallacious drift;
At length collecting all his Serpent wiles,
With ſoothing words renew'd, him thus accoſts.

I ſee thou know'ſt what is of uſe to know,
What beſt to ſay canſt ſay, to do canſt do;
Thy actions to thy words accord, thy words
To thy large heart give utterance due, thy heart
Contains of good, wiſe, juſt, the perfect ſhape.
Should Kings and Nations from thy mouth conſult,

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Thy Counſel would be as the Oracle
Urim and *Thummim*, thoſe oraculous gems
On *Aaron*'s breaſt: or tongue of Seers old
Infallible; or wert thou ſought to deeds
That might require th'array of war, thy skill
Of conduct would be ſuch, that all the world
Could not ſuſtain thy Proweſs, or ſubſiſt
In battel, though againſt thy few in arms.
Theſe God-like Virtues wherefore doſt thou hide?
Affecting private life, or more obſcure
In ſavage Wilderneſs, wherefore deprive
All Earth her wonder at thy acts, thy ſelf
The fame and glory, glory the reward
That ſole excites to high attempts, the flame
Of moſt erected Spirits, moſt temper'd pure
Ætherial, who all pleaſures elſe deſpiſe,
All treaſures and all gain eſteem as droſs,
And dignities and pow'rs all but the higheſt?
Thy years are ripe, and over-ripe, the ſon
Of *Macedonian Philip* had e'er theſe
Won *Aſia* and the Throne of *Cyrus* held
At his diſpoſe, young *Scipio* had brought down
The *Carthaginian* pride, young *Pompey* quell'd

The

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The *Pontic* King, and in triumph had rode.
Yet years, and to ripe years judgment mature,
Quench not the thirſt of glory, but augment.
Great *Julius*, whom now all the world admires,
The more he grew in years, the more inflam'd
With glory, wept that he had liv'd ſo long
Inglorious: But thou yet art not too late.

To whom our Saviour calmly thus reply'd.
Thou neither doſt perſuade me to ſeek wealth
For Empire's ſake, nor Empire to affect
For glory's ſake by all thy argument.
For what is glory but the blaze of fame,
The peoples praiſe, if always praiſe unmixt?
And what the people but a herd confus'd,
A miſcellaneous rabble, who extol [praiſe,
Things vulgar, and well weigh'd, ſcarce worth the
They praiſe and they admire they know not what;
And know not whom, but as one leads the other;
And what delight to be by ſuch extoll'd,
To live upon their tongues and be their talk,
Of whom to be deſpis'd were no ſmall praiſe?
His lot who dares be ſingularly good.
Th' intelligent among them and the wiſe

Are

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Are few, and glory ſcarce of few is rais'd.
This is true glory and renown, when God
Looking on th' Earth, with approbation marks
The juſt man, and divulges him through Heav'n
To all his Angels, who with true applauſe
Recount his praiſes; thus he did to *Job*,
When to extend his fame, through Heav'n and Earth,
As thou to thy reproach may'ſt well remember,
He ask'd thee, haſt thou ſeen my ſervant *Job*?
Famous he was in Heav'n, on Earth leſs known;
Where glory is falſe glory, attributed
To things not glorious, men not worthy of fame.
They err who count it glorious to ſubdue
By Conqueſt far and wide, to over-run
Large Countries, and in field great Battels win,
Great Cities by aſſault: what do theſe Worthies,
But rob and ſpoil, burn, ſlaughter, and enſlave
Peaceable Nations, neighbouring, or remote,
Made Captive, yet deſerving freedom more
Than thoſe their Conquerors, who leave behind
Nothing but ruin wherſoe'er they rove,
And all the flouriſhing works of peace deſtroy,
Then ſwell with pride, and muſt be titled Gods,

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Great Benefactors of mankind, Deliverers,
Worſhip'd with Temple, Prieſt and Sacrifice;
One is the Son of *Jove*, of *Mars* the other,
Till Conqu'ror Death diſcover them ſcarce men,
Rolling in brutiſh vices, and deform'd,
Violent or ſhameful death their due reward.
But if there be in glory aught of good,
It may by means far different be attain'd
Without ambition, war, or violence;
By deeds of peace, by wiſdom eminent,
By patience, temperance; I mention ſtill
Him whom thy wrongs with Saintly patience born,
Made famous in a Land and times obſcure;
Who names not now with honour patient *Job*?
Poor *Socrates* (who next more memorable?)
By what he taught and ſuffer'd for ſo doing,
For truth's ſake ſuffering death unjuſt, lives now
Equal in fame to proudeſt Conquerors.
Yet if for fame and glory aught be done,
Aught ſuffer'd; if young *African* for fame
His waſted Country freed from *Punic* rage,
The deed becomes unprais'd, the man at leaſt,
And loſes, though but verbal, his reward.

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Shall I ſeek glory then, as vain Men ſeek
Oft not deſerv'd? I ſeek not mine, but his
Who ſent me, and thereby witneſs whence I am.
To whom the Tempter murm'ring thus reply'd.
Think not ſo ſlight of glory; therein leaſt
Reſembling thy great Father: he ſeeks glory,
And for his glory all things made, all things
Orders and Governs, not content in Heav'n
By all his Angels glorify'd, requires
Glory from men, from all men good or bad,
Wiſe or unwiſe, no difference, no exemption;
Above all Sacrifice, or hallow'd gift
Glory he requires, and glory he receives
Promiſcuous from all Nations, Jew, or Greek,
Or Barbarous, nor exception hath declar'd;
From us his foes pronounc'd glory he exacts.
To whom our Saviour fervently reply'd.
And reaſon; ſince his word all things produc'd,
Though chiefly not for glory as prime end,
But to ſhew forth his goodneſs and impart
His good communicable to ev'ry ſoul
Freely; of whom what could he leſs expect
Than glory and benediction, that is thanks,

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The ſlighteſt, eaſieſt, readieſt recompence
From them who could return him nothing elſe,
And not returning what would likelieſt render
Contempt inſtead, diſhonour obloquy?
Hard recompence, unſutable return
For ſo much good, ſo much beneficence.
But why ſhould man ſeek glory? who of his own
Hath nothing, and to whom nothing belongs
But condemnation, ignominy, and ſhame?
Who for ſo many benefits receiv'd
Turn'd recreant to God, ingrate and falſe,
And ſo of all true good himſelf deſpoil'd,
Yet, ſacrilegious, to himſelf would take
That which to God alone of right belongs;
Yet ſo much bounty is in God, ſuch grace,
That who advance his glory, not their own,
Them he himſelf to glory will advance.
So ſpake the Son of God; and here again
Satan had not to anſwer, but ſtood ſtruck
With guilt of his own ſin, for he himſelf
Inſatiable of glory had loſt all,
Yet of another Plea bethought him ſoon.

Of

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Of glory, as thou wilt, ſaid he, ſo deem,
Worth or not worth their ſeeking, let it paſs:
But to a Kingdom thou art born, ordain'd
To ſit upon thy Father *David*'s Throne;
By Mother's ſide thy Father, though thy right
Be now in pow'rful hands, that will not part
Eaſily from poſſeſſion won with arms;
Judæa now and all the promis'd land,
Reduc'd a Province under *Roman* yoke,
Obeys *Tiberius*; nor is always rul'd
With temp'rate ſway; oft have they violated
The Temple, oft the Law with foul affronts,
Abominations rather, as did once
Antiochus: and think'ſt thou to regain
Thy right by ſitting ſtill or thus retiring?
So did not *Machabeus*: he indeed
Retir'd unto the Deſart, but with arms;
And o'er a mighty King ſo oft prevail'd
That by ſtrong hand his Family obtain'd,
Tho' Prieſts, the Crown, and *David*'s Throne uſurp'd,
With *Modin* and her Suburbs once content.
If Kingdom move thee not, let move thee Zeal
And Duty; Zeal and Duty are not ſlow;

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But on Occaſion's forelock watchful wait.
They themſelves rather are occaſion beſt,
Zeal of thy Father's houſe, Duty to free
Thy Country from her Heathen ſervitude;
So ſhalt thou beſt fulfil, beſt verifie
The Prophets old, who ſung thy endleſs reign,
The happier reign the ſooner it begins,
Reign then; what canſt thou better do the while?
To whom our Saviour anſwer thus return'd,
All things are beſt fulfill'd in their due time,
And time there is for all things, Truth hath ſaid:
If of my reign prophetic Writ hath told,
That it ſhall never end, ſo when begin
The Father in his purpoſe hath decreed,
He in whoſe hand all times and ſeaſons roll.
What if he hath decreed that I ſhall firſt
Be try'd in humble ſtate, and things adverſe,
By tribulations, injuries, inſults,
Contempts, and ſcorns, and ſnares, and violence,
Suffering, abſtaining, quietly expecting,
Without diſtruſt or doubt, that he may know
What I can ſuffer, how obey? who beſt
Can ſuffer, beſt can do; beſt reign, who firſt

Well

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Well hath obey'd; juſt trial e'er I merit
My exaltation without change or end.
But what concerns it thee when I begin
My everlaſting Kingdom, why art thou
Sollicitous, what moves thy inquiſition?
Know'ſt thou not that my riſing is thy fall,
And my promotion will be thy deſtruction?
To whom the Tempter inly rack'd reply'd.
Let that come when it comes; all hope is loſt
Of my reception into grace; what worſe?
For where no hope is left, is left no fear;
If there be worſe, the expectation more
Of worſe torments me than the feeling can.
I would be at the worſt; worſt is my Port,
My harbour and my ultimate repoſe,
The end I would attain, my final good.
My error was my error, and my crime
My crime; whatever for it ſelf condemn'd,
And will alike be puniſh'd; whether thou
Reign or reign not; though to that gentle brow
Willingly I could flie, and hope thy reign,
From that placid aſpect and meek regard,
Rather than aggravate my evil ſtate,

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Would ſtand between me and thy Father's ire,
(Whoſe ire I dread more than the fire of Hell,)
A ſhelter and a kind of ſhading cool
Interpoſition, as a ſummer's cloud.
If I then to the worſt that can be haſte,
Why move thy feet ſo ſlow to what is beſt,
Happieſt both to thy ſelf and all the world,
That thou who worthieſt art ſhould'ſt be their King?
Perhaps thou lingreſt in deep thoughts detain'd
Of th' enterprize ſo hazardous and high;
No wonder, for though in thee be united
What of perfection can in man be found,
Or human nature can receive, conſider
Thy life hath yet been private, moſt part ſpent
At home, ſcarce view'd the *Galilean* Towns,
And once a year *Jeruſalem*, few days
Short ſojourn; and what thence could'ſt thou ob-[ſerve?
The world thou haſt not ſeen, much leſs her glory,
Empires, and Monarchs, and their radiant Courts,
Beſt ſchool of beſt experience, quickeſt in ſight
In all things that to greateſt Actions lead.
The wiſeſt, unexperienc'd, will be ever
Tim'rous and loth, with novice modeſty,

(As

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(As he who seeking Asses found a Kingdom)
Irresolute, unhardy, unadventrous:
But I will bring thee where thou soon shall quit
Those rudiments, and see before thine eyes
The Monarchies of th' Earth, their pomp and state,
Sufficient introduction to inform
Thee, of thy self so apt, in regal Arts,
And regal Mysteries, that thou may'st know
How best their opposition to withstand.
With that (such pow'r was giv'n him then) he took
The Son of God up to a Mountain high.
It was a Mountain at whose verdant feet
A spacious plain out-stretch'd in circuit wide
Lay pleasant; from his side two rivers flow'd,
Th' one winding, th' other straight, and left between
Fair Champaign with less rivers intervein'd,
Then meeting join'd their Tribute to the Sea,
Fertil of corn the glebe, of oyl and wine,
With herds the pastures throng'd, with flocks the hills
Huge Cities and high tow'r'd, that well might seem
The seats of mightiest Monarchs, and so large
The Prospect was, that here and there was room
For barren desart fountainless and dry.

To

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To this high mountain top the Tempter brought
Our Saviour, and new train of words began.

Well have we ſpeeded, and o'er hill and dale,
Foreſt and field, and flood, Temples and Tow'rs
Cut ſhorter many a league; here thou behold'ſt
Aſſyria and her Empire's ancient bounds,
Araxes and the *Caſpian* lake, thence on
As far as *Indus* Eaſt, *Euphrates* Weſt,
And oft beyond; to South the *Perſian* Bay,
And inacceſſible th' *Arabian* drouth:
Here *Nineveh*, of length within her wall
Sev'ral days journey, built by *Ninus* old,
Of that firſt golden Monarchy the ſeat,
And ſeat of *Salmanaſſar*, whoſe ſucceſs
Iſrael in long captivity ſtill mourns;
There *Babylon* the wonder of all tongues,
As ancient, but rebuilt by him who twice
Judah and all thy Father *David*'s houſe
Led captive, and *Jeruſalem* laid waſte,
Till *Cyrus* ſet them free; *Perſepolis*
His City there thou ſeeſt, and *Bactra* there;
Ecbatana her ſtructure vaſt there ſhews,
And *Hecatompylos* her hundred gates,

There

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There *Susa* by *Choaspes*, amber stream,
The drink of none but Kings; of later fame
Built by *Emathian*, or by *Parthian* hands,
The great *Seleucia*, *Nicibis*, and there
Artaxata, *Teredon*, *Tesiphon*,
Turning with easie eye thou may'st behold.
All these the *Parthian*, now some Ages past,
By great *Arsaces* led, who founded first
That Empire, under his dominion holds
From the luxurious Kings of *Antioch* won.
And just in time thou com'st to have a view
Of his great pow'r; for now the *Parthian* King
In *Ctesiphon* hath gather'd all his Host
Against the *Scythian*, whose incursions wild
Have wasted *Sogdiana*; to her aid
He marches now in haste; see, though from far,
His thousands, in what Martial equipage
They issue forth, Steel Bows, and shafts their arms
Of equal dread in flight, or in pursuit,
All Horsemen, in which fight they most excel;
See how in warlike Muster they appear,
In Rhombs and wedges, and half-moons and wings.

He

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He lookt and saw what numbers numberless
The City gates out-pour'd, light armed Troops
In coats of Mail and Military pride;
In Mail their horses clad, yet fleet and strong,
Prauncing their riders bore, the flow'r and choice
Of many Provinces from bound to bound;
From *Arachosia*, from *Gandaor* East,
And *Margiana* to the *Hercanian* cliffs
Of *Caucasus*, and dark *Iberian* dales,
From *Atropatia* and the neighb'ring plains
Of *Adiabene*, *Media*, and the South
Of *Susiana*, to *Balsara's* hav'n.
He saw them in their forms of battel rang'd,
How quick they wheel'd, and flying behind them shot
Sharp fleet of arrowy show'r against the face
Of their pursuers, and overcame by flight;
The field all iron cast a gleaming brown,
Nor wanted clouds of foot, nor on each horn,
Cuirassiers all in steel for standing fight;
Chariots or Elephants endorst with Tow'rs
Of Archers, nor of lab'ring Pioneers
A multitude with Spades and Axes arm'd
To lay hills plain, fell woods, or vallies fill,

Or

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Or where plain was raiſe hill, or overlay
With bridges rivers proud, as with a yoke;
Mules after theſe, Camels and Dromedaries,
And Waggons fraught with Utenſils of war.
Such forces met not, nor ſo wide a Camp,
When *Agrican* with all his Northern pow'rs
Beſieg'd *Albracca*, as Romances tell;
The City of *Gallaphrone*, from thence to win
The faireſt of her Sex *Angelica*
His daughter, ſought by many Prowest Knights,
Both *Paynim*, and the Peers of *Charlemane*.
Such and ſo numerous was their Chivalry;
At ſight whereof the Fiend yet more preſum'd,
And to our Saviour thus his words renew'd.
That thou may'ſt know I ſeek not to engage
Thy virtue, and not ev'ry way ſecure
On no ſlight grounds thy ſafety; hear, and mark
To what end I have brought thee hither and ſhewn
All this fair ſight; thy Kingdom though foretold
By Prophet or by Angel, unleſs thou
Endeavour, as thy Father *David* did,
Thou never ſhalt obtain; prediction ſtill
In all things, and all men, ſuppoſes means,

With-

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Without means us'd, what it predicts revokes.
But say thou wert possess'd of *David*'s Throne
By free consent of all, none opposite,
Samaritan or *Jew*; how could'st thou hope
Long to enjoy it quiet and secure,
Between two such enclosing enemies
Roman and *Parthian*? therefore one of these
Thou must make sure thy own, the *Parthian* first
By my advice, as nearer and of late
Found able by invasion to annoy
Thy country, and captive lead away her Kings
Antigonus, and old *Hyrcanus* bound,
Maugre the *Roman*: it shall be my task
To render thee the *Parthian* at dispose;
Chuse which thou wilt by conquest or by league.
By him thou shalt regain, without him not,
That which alone can truly reinstal thee
In *David*'s royal Seat, his true Successor,
Deliv'rance of thy brethren, those ten Tribes
Whose off-spring in his Territory yet serve
In *Habor*, and among the *Medes* dispers'd
Ten Sons of *Jacob*, two of *Joseph* lost
Thus long from *Israel*; serving as of old

Their

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Their Fathers in the land of *Egypt* ſerv'd,
This offer ſets before thee to deliver.
Theſe if from ſervitude thou ſhalt reſtore
To their inheritance, then, nor till then,
Thou on the Throne of *David* in full glory,
From *Egypt* to *Euphrates* and beyond
Shalt reign, and *Rome* or *Cæſar* not need fear.
To whom our Saviour anſwer'd thus unmov'd.
Much oſtentation vain of fleſhly arm,
And fragile arms, much inſtrument of war
Long in preparing, ſoon to nothing brought,
Before mine Eyes thou haſt ſet; and in my ear
Vented much policy, and projects deep
Of enemies, of aids, battels and leagues,
Plauſible to the World, to me worth naught.
Means I muſt uſe thou ſay'ſt, prediction elſe
Will unpredict and fail me of the Throne:
My time I told thee (and that time for thee
Were better farthest off) is not yet come;
When that comes think not thou to find me ſlack
On my part aught endeav'ring, or to need
Thy politick maxims, or that cumberſome
Luggage of War there ſhewn me, argument

Of

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Of human weakneſs rather than of ſtrength.
My Brethren, as thou call'ſt them; thoſe ten Tribes
I muſt deliver, if I mean to reign
David's true heir, and his full Scepter ſway
To juſt extent over all *Iſrael*'s Sons;
But whence to thee this zeal, where was it then
For *Iſrael*, or for *David*, or his Throne,
When thou ſtood'ſt up his Tempter to the pride
Of numb'ring *Iſrael*, which coſt the lives
Of threeſcore and ten thouſand *Iſraelites*
By three days Peſtilence? ſuch was thy zeal
To *Iſrael* then, the ſame that now to me.
As for thoſe captive Tribes, themſelves were they
Who wrought their own Captivity, fell off
From God to worſhip Calves, the Deities
Of *Egypt*, *Baal* next and *Aſhtaroth*;
And all th' Idolatries of Heathen round,
Beſides their other worſe than heath'niſh crimes;
Nor in the land of their captivity
Humbled themſelves or penitent beſought
The God of their Fore-fathers; but ſo dy'd
Impenitent, and left a race behind
Like to themſelves, diſtinguiſhable ſcarce

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From Gentils, but by Circumciſion vain,
And God with Idols in their worſhip join'd.
Should I of theſe the liberty regard,
Who freed, as to their ancient Patrimony,
Unhumbl'd, unrepentant, unreform'd,
Headlong would follow; and to their Gods perhaps
Of *Bethel* and of *Dan*? no, let them ſerve
Their enemies, who ſerve Idols with God.
Yet he at length, time to himſelf beſt known,
Remembring *Abraham*, by ſome wond'rous call
May bring them back repentant and ſincere,
And at their paſſing cleave th'*Aſſyrian* flood,
While to their native land with joy they haſte,
As the Red Sea and *Jordan* once he cleft,
When to the promis'd land their Fathers paſs'd;
To his due time and providence I leave them.
So ſpake *Iſrael*'s true King, and to the Fiend
Made anſwer meet, that made void all his wiles.
So fares it when with truth falſhood contends.

The End of the Third Book.

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Paradiſe Regain'd.

BOOK IV.

PErplex'd and troubled at his bad ſucceſs
The Tempter ſtood, nor had what to reply,
Diſcover'd in his fraud, thrown from his hope,
So oft, and the perſuaſive Rhetoric
That ſleek'd his tongue, and won ſo much on *Eve*,
So little here, nay loſt; but *Eve* was *Eve*,
This far his over-match, who ſelf deceiv'd
And raſh, before-hand had no better weigh'd
The ſtrength he was to cope with, or his own:
But as a man who had been matchleſs held
In cunning, over-reach'd where leaſt he thought,

To

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To ſave his credit, and for very ſpight
Still will be tempting him who foyls him ſtill,
And never ceaſe, though to his ſhame the more;
Or as a ſwarm of flies in vintage time,
About the wine-preſs where ſweet mouſt is powr'd,
Beat off, returns as oft with humming ſound;
Or ſurging waves againſt a ſolid rock,
Though all to ſhivers daſh'd, th'aſſault renew,
Vain batt'ry, and in froth or bubbles end;
So Satan, whom repulſe upon repulſe
Met ever; and to ſhameful ſilence brought,
Yet gives not o'er though deſp'rate of ſucceſs,
And his vain importunity purſues
He brought our Saviour to the Weſtern ſide
Of that high mountain, whence he might behold
Another plain, long but in breadth not wide,
Waſh'd by the Southern Sea, and on the North
To equal length back'd with a ridge of hills
That ſcreen'd the fruits of th' earth and ſeats of men
From cold *Septentrion* blaſts, thence in the midſt
Divided by a river, of whoſe banks
On each ſide an Imperial City ſtood,
With Tow'rs and Temples proudly elevate.

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On ſev'n ſmall Hills, with Palaces adorn'd,
Porches and Theatres, Baths, Aqueducts,
Statues and Trophies, and Triumphal Arcs,
Gardens and Groves preſented to his eyes,
Above the heighth of Mountains interpos'd.
By what ſtrange Parallax or Optick skill
Of viſion multiply'd through Air, or Glaſs
Of Teleſcope, were curious to enquire:
And now the Tempter thus his ſilence broke.
The City which thou ſeeſt no other deem
Than great and glorious *Rome*, Queen of the Earth
So far renown'd, and with the ſpoils enricht
Of Nations; there the Capitol thou ſeeſt
Above the reſt lifting his ſtately head
On the *Tarpeian* rock, her Cittadel
Impregnable, and there Mount *Palatine*
Th' Imperial Palace, compaſs huge, and high
The Structure, skill of nobleſt Architects,
With gilded battlements, conſpicuous far,
Turrets and Terraſes, and glitt'ring Spires.
Many a fair Edifice beſides, more like
Houſes of Gods (ſo well I have diſpos'd
My Aery Microſcope) thou may'ſt behold

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Outside and inside both, pillars and roofs
Carv'd work, the hand of fam'd Artificers
In Cedar, Marble, Ivory or Gold.
Thence to the Gates cast round thine eye, and see
What conflux issuing forth, or entring in,
Pretors, Proconsuls to their Provinces
Hasting or on return, in robes of State;
Lictors and rods the ensigns of their pow'r,
Legions and Cohorts, turmes of horse and wings:
Or Embassies from Regions far remote
In various habits on the *Appian* road,
Or on th' *Emilian*, some from farthest South,
Syene, and where the shadow both way falls,
Meroe Nilotic Isle, and more to West,
The Realm of *Bocchus* to the Black-moor Sea;
From th' *Asian* Kings and *Parthian* among these,
From *India* and the golden *Chersonese*,
And utmost *Indian* Isle *Taprobane*,
Dusk faces with white silken Turbants wreath'd:
From *Gallia*, *Gades*, and the *British* West,
Germans and *Scythians*, and *Sarmatians* North
Beyond *Danubius* to the *Tauric* Pool.
All Nations now to *Rome* obedience pay,

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To *Rome*'s great Emperor, whose wide domain
In ample Territory, wealth and pow'r,
Civility of manners, Arts, and Arms,
And long Renown thou justly may'st prefer
Before the *Parthian*; these two Thrones except,
The rest are barb'rous, and scarce worth the sight,
Shar'd among petty Kings too far remov'd;
These having shewn thee, I have shewn thee all
The Kingdoms of the World, and all their glory.
This Emp'ror hath no Son, and now is old,
Old and lascivious, and from *Rome* retir'd
To *Capreæ* an Island small but strong
On the *Campanian* shore, with purpose there
His horrid lusts in private to enjoy,
Committing to a wicked Favourite
All publick cares, and yet of him suspicious,
Hated of all, and hating; with what ease
Indu'd with Regal Virtues as thou art,
Appearing and beginning noble deeds,
Might'st thou expel this monster from his Throne
Now made a stye, and in his place ascending
A victor, people free from servile yoke?
And with my help thou may'st; to me the pow'r

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Is giv'n, and by that right I give it thee.
Aim therefore at no leſs than all the world,
Aim at the higheſt, without the higheſt attain'd
Will be for thee no ſitting, or not long
On *David*'s Throne, be propheſy'd what will.
To whom the Son of God unmov'd reply'd.
Nor doth this grandeur and majeſtick ſhow
Of luxury, though call'd magnificence,
More than of Arms before, allure mine eye,
Much leſs my mind; though thou ſhould'ſt add to tell
Their ſumptuous gluttonies, and gorgeous feaſts
On *Cittron* tables or *Atlantic* ſtone,
(For I have alſo heard, perhaps have read)
Their wines of *Setia*, *Cales*, and *Falerne*,
Chios and *Creet*, and how they quaff in Gold,
Cryſtal and Myrrhine cups imboſs'd with Gems
And ſtuds of Pearl, to me ſhould'ſt tell who thirſt
And hunger ſtill: then Embaſſies thou ſhew'ſt
From Nations far and nigh; what honour that,
But tedious waſte of time to ſit and hear
So many hollow compliments and lies,
Outlandiſh flatteries? then proceed'ſt to talk
Of th' Emperor, how eaſily ſubdu'd,

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How gloriously; I shall, thou say'st, expel
A brutish monster: what if I withal
Expel a Devil who first made him such?
Let his tormenter Conscience find him out,
For him I was not sent, nor yet to free
That People victor once, now vile and base,
Deservedly made vassal, who once just,
Frugal, and mild, and temp'rate, conquer'd well,
But govern ill the Nations under yoke,
Peeling their Provinces, exhausted all
By lust and rapine; first ambitious grown
Of triumph, that insulting vanity;
Then cruel, by their sports to blood enur'd
Of fighting beasts, and men to beasts expos'd,
Luxurious by their wealth, and greedier still,
And from the daily Scene effeminate.
What wise and valiant Man would seek to free
These thus degen'rate, by themselves enslav'd;
Or could of inward slaves make outward free?
Know therefore when my season comes to sit
On *David*'s Throne, it shall be like a tree,
Spreading and overshad'wing all the Earth,
Or as a Stone that shall to pieces dash

All

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All Monarchies beſides throughout the World,
And of my Kingdom there ſhall be no end;
Means there ſhall be to this, but what the means,
Is not for thee to know, nor me to tell.

To whom the Tempter impudent reply'd.

I ſee all offers made by me how ſlight
Thou valu'ſt, becauſe offer'd, and reject'ſt:
Nothing will pleaſe the difficult and nice,
Or nothing more than ſtill to contradict:
On th' other ſide know alſo thou, that I
On what I offer ſet as high eſteem,
Nor what I part with mean to give for naught;
All theſe which in a moment thou behold'ſt,
The Kingdoms of the World to thee I give;
For giv'n to me, I give to whom I pleaſe,
No trifle; yet with this reſerve, not elſe,
On this condition, if thou wilt fall down,
And worſhip me as thy ſuperior Lord,
Eaſily done, and hold them all of me;
For what can leſs ſo great a gift deſerve?

Whom thus our Saviour anſwer'd with diſdain.

I never lik'd thy talk, thy offers leſs,
Now both abhor, ſince thou haſt dar'd to utter

Th' abo-

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Th'abominable terms, impious condition;
But I endure the time, till which expir'd,
Thou hast permission on me. It is written
The first of all Commandments, Thou shalt worship
The Lord thy God, and only him shalt serve;
And dar'st thou to the Son of God propound
To worship thee accurst, now more accurst
For this attempt bolder than that on *Eve*,
And more blasphemous? which expect to rue.
The Kingdoms of the World to thee were giv'n,
Permitted rather, and by thee usurp'd,
Other donation none thou canst produce:
If giv'n, by whom but by the King of Kings,
God over all Supreme? if giv'n to thee,
By thee how fairly is the Giver now
Repaid? But gratitude in thee is lost
Long since. Wert thou so void of fear or shame,
As offer them to me the Son of God,
To me my own, on such abhorred pact,
That I fall down and worship thee as God?
Get thee behind me; plain thou now appear'st
That Evil one, Satan for ever damn'd.

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To whom the Fiend with fear abasht reply'd.
Be not so sore offended, Son of God;
Though Sons of God both Angels are and Men,
If I to try whether in higher sort
Than these thou bear'st that title, have propos'd
What both from men and Angels I receive,
Tetrarchs of fire, air, flood, and on the earth
Nations besides from all the quarter'd winds,
God of this world invok'd and world beneath;
Who then thou art whose coming is foretold
To me so fatal, me it most concerns.
The tryal hath indamag'd thee no way,
Rather more honour left and more esteem;
Me naught advantag'd, missing what I aim'd.
Therefore let pass, as they are transitory,
The Kingdoms of this world; I shall no more
Advise thee, gain them as thou canst, or not.
And thou thy self seem'st otherwise inclin'd
Than to a worldly Crown, addicted more
To contemplation and profound dispute,
As by that early action may be judg'd,
When slipping from thy Mother's eye thou went'st
Alone into the Temple; there was found

Among

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Among the graveſt Rabbies diſputant
On points and queſtions fitting *Moſes* Chair,
Teaching not taught; the childhood ſhews the man
As morning ſhews the day. Be famous then
By wiſdom, as thy Empire muſt extend,
So let extend thy mind o'er all the world,
In knowledge, all things in it comprehend:
All knowledge is not couch'd in *Moſes* Law,
The *Pentateuch* or what the Prophets wrote,
The *Gentiles* alſo know, and write, and teach
To admiration, led by Nature's light;
And with the *Gentiles* much thou muſt converſe,
Ruling them by perſuaſion as thou mean'ſt,
Without their learning how wilt thou with them,
Or they with thee hold converſation meet?
How wilt thou reaſon with them, how refute
Their Idoliſms, Traditions, Paradoxes?
Error by his own arms is beſt evinc'd.
Look once more e'er we leave this ſpecular Mount
Weſtward, much nearer by Southweſt, behold
Where on th' *Aegean* ſhore a City ſtands
Built nobly, pure the air, and light the ſoil,
Athens the eye of *Greece*, Mother of Arts

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And Eloquence, native to famous wits
Or hoſpitable, in her ſweet receſs,
City or Suburban, ſtudious walks and ſhades;
See there the Olive Grove of *Academe*,
Plato's retirement, where the *Attick* Bird
Trills her thick-warbl'd notes the ſummer long,
There flow'ry hill *Hymettus* with the ſound
Of Bees induſtrious murmur oft invites
To ſtudious muſing; there *Iliſſus* rolls
His whiſp'ring ſtream; within the walls then view
The Schools of ancient Sages; his who bred
Great *Alexander* to ſubdue the World,
Lyceum there, and painted *Stoa* next:
There thou ſhalt hear and learn the ſecret pow'r
Of harmony in tones and numbers hit
By voice or hand, and various-meaſur'd verſe,
Æolian charms and *Dorian Lyrick* Odes,
And his who gave them breath, but higher ſung,
Blind *Mœleſigenes* thence *Homer* call'd,
Whoſe Poem *Phœbus* challeng'd for his own.
Thence what the lofty grave Tragœdians taught
In *Chorus* or *Iambick*, teachers beſt
Of moral prudence, with delight receiv'd

In

In brief ſententious precepts while they treat
Of fate and chance, and change in human life;
High actions, and high paſſions beſt deſcribing:
Thence to the famous Orators repair;
Thoſe ancient, whoſe reſiſtleſs eloquence
Wielded at will that fierce Democratie,
Shook th' Arſenal and fulmin'd over *Greece*,
To *Macedon*, and *Artaxerxes* Throne;
To ſage Philoſophy next lend thine ear,
From Heav'n deſcended to the low-rooft houſe
Of *Socrates*, ſee there his Tenement,
Whom well inſpir'd the Oracle pronounc'd
Wiſeſt of men; from whoſe mouth iſſu'd forth
Mellifluous ſtreams that water'd all the Schools
Of Academics old and new, with thoſe
Sirnam'd *Peripateticks*, and the Sect
Epicurean, and the *Stoic* ſevere;
Theſe here revolve, or, as thou lik'ſt, at home,
Till time mature thee to a Kingdom's weight;
Theſe rules will render thee a King compleat
Within thy ſelf, much more with Empire join'd.

To whom our Saviour ſagely thus reply'd.

Think not, but that I know theſe things, or think

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I know them not; not therefore am I short
Of knowing what I aught; he who receives
Light from above, from the fountain of light,
No other doctrine needs, though granted true;
But these are false, or little else but dreams,
Conjectures, fancies, built on nothing firm.
The first and wisest of them all profess'd
To know this only, that he nothing knew;
The next to fabling fell and smooth conceits,
A third sort doubted all things, though plain sense;
Others in virtue plac'd felicity,
But virtue join'd with riches and long life,
In corporal pleasure he, and careless ease,
The Stoic last in Philosophic pride,
By him call'd virtue; and his virtuous man,
Wise, perfect in himself, and all possessing
Equal to God, oft shames not to prefer,
As fearing God nor man, contemning all
Wealth, pleasure, pain or torment, death and life,
Which when he lists, he leaves, or boasts he can,
For all his tedious talk is but vain boast,
Or subtle shifts conviction to evade.
Alas what can they teach, and not mis-lead;

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Ignorant of themſelves, of God much more,
And how the world began, and how man fell
Degraded by himſelf, on grace depending?
Much of the Soul they talk, but all awry,
And in themſelves ſeek virtue, and to themſelves
All glory arrogate, to God give none,
Rather accuſe him under uſual names,
Fortune and Fate, as one regardleſs quite
Of mortal things. Who therefore ſeeks in theſe
True wiſdom, finds her not, or by deluſion
Far worſe, her falſe reſemblance only meets,
An empty cloud. However many books
Wiſe men have ſaid are weariſom; who reads
Inceſſantly, and to his reading brings not
A ſpirit and judgment equal or ſuperior,
(And what he brings, what need he elſewhere ſeek)
Uncertain and unſettled ſtill remains,
Deep verſt in books and ſhallow in himſelf,
Crude or intoxicate, collecting toys,
And trifles for choice matters, worth a ſponge;
As Children gath'ring pibles on the ſhore.
Or if I would delight my private hours
With Muſick or with Poem, where ſo ſoon

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As in our native Language can I find
That ſolace? All our Law and Story ſtrew'd
With Hymens, our Pſalms with artful terms inſcrib'd,
Our Hebrew Songs and Harps in *Babylon*,
That pleas'd ſo well our Victors ear, declare
That rather *Greece* from us theſe arts deriv'd,
Ill imitated, while they loudeſt ſing
The vices of their Deities, and their own
In Fable, Hymn, or Song, ſo perſonating
Their Gods ridiculous, and themſelves paſt ſhame.
Remove their ſwelling Epithetes thick laid
As varniſh on a Harlot's cheek, the reſt,
Thin ſown with aught of profit or delight,
Will far be found unworthy to compare
With *Sion*'s ſongs, to all true taſts excelling,
Where God is prais'd aright, and God-like men,
The Holieſt of Holies, and his Saints;
Such are from God inſpir'd, not ſuch from thee;
Unleſs where moral virtue is expreſs'd
By light of Nature not in all quite loſt.
Their Orators thou then extoll'ſt, as thoſe
The top of Eloquence, Statiſts indeed,
And lovers of their Country, as may ſeem;

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But herein to our Prophets far beneath,
As men divinely taught, and better teaching
The ſolid rules of Civil Government
In their Majeſtic unaffected ſtile
Than all the Oratory of *Greece*, and *Rome*.
In them is plaineſt taught, and eaſieſt learnt,
What makes a Nation happy, and keeps it ſo,
What ruins Kingdoms, and lays Cities flat;
Theſe only with our Law beſt form a King.
So ſpake the Son of God; but Satan now
Quite at a loſs, for all his darts were ſpent,
Thus to our Saviour with ſtern brow reply'd.
Since neither wealth, nor honour, arms nor arts,
Kingdom nor Empire pleaſes thee, nor aught
By me propos'd in life contemplative,
Or active, tended on by glory, or fame,
What doſt thou in this World? the Wilderneſs
For thee is fitteſt place, I found thee there,
And thither will return thee, yet remember
What I foretel thee, ſoon thou ſhalt have cauſe
To wiſh thou never hadſt rejected thus
Nicely or cautiouſly my offer'd aid,
Which would have ſet thee in ſhort time with eaſe

On

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On *David's* Throne; or Throne of all the world,
Now at full age, fulneſs of time, thy ſeaſon,
When Prophecies of thee are beſt fulfill'd.
Now contrary, if I read aught in Heav'n,
Or Heav'n write aught of Fate, by what the Stars
Voluminous, or ſingle Characters,
In their conjunction met, give me to ſpell,
Sorrows and labours, oppoſition, hate,
Attends thee, ſcorns, reproaches, injuries,
Violence and ſtripes, and laſtly cruel death;
A Kingdom they portend thee, but what Kingdom,
Real or Allegoric I diſcern not,
Nor when, eternal ſure, as without end,
Without beginning; for no date perfixt,
Directs me in the Starry Rubric ſet.

So ſaying he took (for ſtill he knew his Pow'r
Not yet expir'd) and to the Wilderneſs
Brought back the Son of God, and left him there,
Feigning to diſappear. Darkneſs now roſe,
As day-light ſunk, and brought in lowring night.
Her ſhad'wy off-ſpring unſubſtantial both,
Privation meer of light and abſent day.
Our Saviour meek and with untroubled mind

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After his aery jaunt, though hurry'd sore,
Hungry and cold betook him to his rest,
Wherever, under some concourse of shades
Whose branching arms thick intertwin'd might shield
From dews and damps of night his shelter'd head,
But shelter'd slept in vain, for at his Head
The Tempter watch'd, and soon with ugly dreams
Disturb'd his sleep; and either Tropic now
'Gan thunder, and both ends of Heav'n the Clouds
From many a horrid rift abortive pour'd
Fierce rain with lightning mixt, water with fire
In ruin reconcil'd: nor slept the winds
Within their stony caves, but rush'd abroad
From the four hinges of the world, and fell
On the vext Wilderness, whose tallest Pines,
Though rooted deep as high, and sturdiest Oaks
Bow'd their stiff necks, loaden with stormy blasts,
Or torn up sheer: ill wast thou shrouded then,
O patient Son of God, yet only stoodst
Unshaken; nor yet staid the terror there,
Infernal Ghosts, and Hellish Furies, round [shriek'd,
Environ'd thee, some howl'd, some yell'd, some
Some bent at thee their fiery darts while thou

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Sat'ſt unappal'd in calm and ſinleſs peace.
Thus paſs'd the night ſo foul till morning fair
Came forth with Pilgrim ſteps in amice gray;
Who with her radiant finger ſtill'd the roar
Of thunder, chas'd the clouds, and laid the winds,
And griſly Spectres which the Fiend had rais'd
To tempt the Son of God with terrors dire.
And now the Son with more effectual beams
Had chear'd the face of Earth, and dry'd the wet
From drooping plant, or dropping tree; the birds,
Who all things now behold more freſh and green,
After a night of ſtorm ſo ruinous,
Clear'd up their choiceſt notes in buſh and ſpray
To gratulate the ſweet return of morn;
Nor yet amidſt this joy and brighteſt morn
Was abſent, after all his miſchief done,
The Prince of darkneſs, glad would alſo ſeem
Of this fair change, and to our Saviour came,
Yet with no new device, they all were ſpent,
Rather by this his laſt affront reſolv'd,
Deſp'rate of better courſe, to vent his rage,
And mad deſpight to be ſo oft repell'd.
Him walking on a Sunny hill he found,

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Back'd on the North and West by a thick wood;
Out of the wood he starts in wonted shape,
And in a careless mood thus to him said.
Fair morning yet betides thee Son of God,
After a dismal night; I heard the rack
As Earth and Sky would mingle; but my self
Was distant; and these flaws, though mortals fear
As dang'rous to the pillar'd frame of Heav'n, [them
Or to the Earth's dark basis underneath,
Are to the main as inconsiderable,
And harmless, if not wholsom, as a sneeze
To mans less universe, and soon are gone;
Yet as being oft times noxious where they light
On man, beast, plant, wastful and turbulent,
Like turbulencies in th' affairs of men,
Over whose heads they rore, and seem to point,
They oft fore-signifie and threaten ill:
This Tempest at this Desart most was bent;
Of men at thee, for only thou here dwell'st.
Did I not tell thee, if thou didst reject
The perfect season offer'd with my aid
To win thy destin'd seat, but wilt prolong
All to the push of Fate, pursue thy way

Of

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Of gaining *David*'s Throne no man knows when,
For both the when and how is no where told,
Thou ſhalt be what thou art ordain'd, no doubt;
For Angels have proclaim'd it, but concealing
The time and means: each act is rightlieſt done,
Not when it muſt, but when it may be beſt.
If thou obſerve not this, be ſure to find,
What I foretold thee, many a hard aſſay
Of dangers, and adverſities, and pains,
E'er thou of *Iſrael*'s Scepter get faſt hold;
Whereof this ominous night that clos'd thee round,
So many terrors, voices, prodigies
May warn thee, as a ſure fore-going ſign.

So talk'd he, while the Son of God went on
And ſtaid not, but in brief him anſwer'd thus.

Me worſe than wet thou find'ſt not; other harm
Thoſe terrors which thou ſpeak'ſt of, did me none;
I never fear'd they could, though noiſing loud
And threat'ning nigh, what they can do as ſigns
Betok'ning, or ill boding, I contemn
As falſe portents, not ſent from God, but thee;
Who knowing I ſhall reign paſt thy preventing,
Obtrud'ſt thy offer'd aid, that I accepting

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At leaſt might ſeem to hold all pow'r of thee,
Ambitious ſpirit, and would'ſt be thought my God,
And ſtorm'ſt refus'd, thinking to terrifie
Me to thy will; deſiſt, thou art diſcern'd
And toil'ſt in vain, nor me in vain moleſt.
To whom the Fiend now ſwoln with rage reply'd:
Then hear, O Son of *David*, Virgin-born;
For Son of God to me is yet in doubt,
Of the Meſſiah I have heard foretold
By all the Prophets; of thy birth at length
Announc'd by *Gabriel* with the firſt I knew,
And of th' Angelic Song in *Bethlehem* field,
On thy birth-night, that ſung thee Saviour born,
From that time ſeldom have I ceas'd to eye
Thy infancy, thy childhood, and thy youth,
Thy manhood laſt, though yet in private bred;
Till at the Ford of *Jordan* whither all
Flock'd to the Baptiſt, I among the reſt,
Though not to be Baptiz'd, by voice from Heav'n
Heard thee pronounc'd the Son of God belov'd.
Thenceforth I thought thee worth my nearer view
And narrower Scrutiny, that I might learn
In what degree or meaning thou art call'd

The

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The Son of God, which bears no single sense;
The Son of God I also am, or was,
And if I was, I am; relation stands;
All men are Sons of God; yet thee I thought
In some respect far higher so declar'd:
Therefore I watch'd thy footsteps from that hour,
And follow'd thee still on to this waste wild;
Where by all best conjectures I collect
Thou art to be my fatal enemy.
Good reason then, if I before-hand seek
To understand my Adversary, who
And what he is; his wisdom, pow'r, intent,
By parl, or composition, truce, or league
To win him, or win from him what I can.
And opportunity I here have had
To try thee, sift thee, and confess have found thee
Proof against all temptation as a rock
Of Adamant, and as a Center, firm
To th' utmost of meer man both wise and good,
Not more; for Honours, Riches, Kingdoms, Glory
Have been before contemn'd, and may again:
Therefore to know what more thou art than man,
Worth naming Son of God by voice from Heav'n,

Another

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Another method I muſt now begin,
So ſaying he caught him up, and without wing
Of *Hippogrif* bore through the Air ſublime
Over the Wilderneſs and o'er the Plain;
Till underneath them fair *Jeruſalem*,
The holy City lifted high her Tow'rs,
And higher yet the glorious Temple rear'd
Her pile, far off appearing like a Mount
Of Alabaſter, top'd with Golden Spires:
There on the higheſt Pinnacle he ſet
The Son of God; and added thus in ſcorn:
There ſtand, if thou wilt ſtand; to ſtand upright
Will ask thee skill; I to thy Father's houſe
Have brought thee, and higheſt plac'd, higheſt is beſt,
Now ſhew thy Progeny; if not to ſtand,
Caſt thy ſelf down; ſafely if Son of God:
For it is written, He will give command
Concerning thee to his Angels, in their hands
They ſhall up lift thee, leſt at any time
Thou chance to daſh thy foot againſt a ſtone.
To whom thus Jeſus: Alſo it is written,
Tempt not the Lord thy God; he ſaid and ſtood.
But Satan ſmitten with amazement fell

As

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As when Earth's Son *Antæus* (to compare
Small things with greateſt) in *Iraſſa* ſtrove
With *Jove*'s *Alcides*, and oft foil'd ſtill roſe,
Receiving from his mother Earth new ſtrength,
Freſh from his fall, and fiercer grapple join'd,
Throttled at length in th' Air, expir'd and fell;
So after many a foil the Tempter proud,
Renewing freſh aſſaults, amidſt his pride
Fell whence he ſtood to ſee his Victor fall.
And as that *Theban* Monſter that propos'd
Her riddle, and him, who ſolv'd it not, devour'd;
That once found out and ſolv'd, for grief and ſpight
Caſt her ſelf headlong from th' *Iſmenian* ſteep,
So ſtrook with dread and anguiſh fell the Fiend,
And to his crew, that ſat conſulting, brought
Joyleſs Triumphals of his hop'd ſucceſs,
Ruin, and deſperation, and diſmay,
Who durſt ſo proudly tempt the Son of God.
So Satan fell; and ſtrait a fiery Globe
Of Angels on full ſail of wing flew nigh,
Who on their plumy Vans receiv'd him ſoft
From his uneaſie ſtation, and upbore
As on a floating couch through the blithe Air;

Then

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Then in a flow'ry valley set him down
On a green bank, and set before him spred
A table of Celestial Food, Divine,
Ambrosial fruits, fetcht from the Tree of Life,
And from the fount of Life Ambrosial drink,
That soon refresh'd him weary'd, and repair'd
What hunger, if aught hunger had impair'd,
Or thirst, and as he fed, Angelic Quires
Sung Heav'nly Anthems of his victory
Over temptation, and the Tempter proud.

True Image of the Father whether thron'd
In the bosom of bliss, and light of light
Conceiving, or remote from Heav'n, enshrin'd
In fleshly Tabernacle, and human form,
Wand'ring the Wilderness, whatever place,
Habite, or state, or motion, still expressing
The Son of God, with God-like force indu'd
Against th' Attempter of thy Father's Throne,
And Thief of Paradise; him long of old
Thou did'st debel, and down from Heav'n cast
With all his Army, now thou hast aveng'd
Supplanted *Adam*, and by vanquishing
Temptation, hath regain'd lost Paradise;

And

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And fruſtrated the conqueſt fraudulent:
He never more henceforth will dare ſet foot
In Paradiſe to tempt; his ſnares are broke:
For though that ſeat of earthly bliſs be fail'd,
A fairer Paradiſe is founded now
For *Adam* and his choſen Sons, whom thou
A Saviour art come down to re-inſtal
Where they ſhall dwell ſecure, when time ſhall be
Of Tempter and Temptation without fear.
But thou, Infernal Serpent, ſhalt not long
Rule in the Clouds; like an Autumnal Star
Or Lightning thou ſhalt fall from Heav'n trod down
Under his feet: for proof, e'er this thou feel'ſt
Thy wound, yet not thy laſt and deadlieſt wound
By this repulſe receiv'd, and hold'ſt in Hell
No triumph; in all her Gates *Abaddon* rues
Thy bold attempt; hereafter learn with aw
To dread the Son of God: he all unarm'd
Shall chaſe thee with the terror of his voice
From thy Demoniac holds, poſſeſſion foul,
Thee and thy Legions, yelling they ſhall fly,
And beg to hide them in a herd of Swine,
Leſt he command them down into the deep
Bound,

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Bound, and to torment ſent before their time.
Hail Son of the moſt High, heir of both Worlds
Queller of Satan, on thy glorious work
Now enter, and begin to ſave mankind.

Thus they the Son of God our Saviour meek
Sung Victor, and from Heav'nly Feaſt refreſht
Brought on his way with joy; he unobſerv'd
Home to his Mother's houſe private return'd.

The E N D.

Samſon

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Samson Agoniſtes,

A

DRAMATICK

POEM.

The AUTHOR

JOHN MILTON.

Ariſtot. Poet. Cap. 6.

Τραγωδία μίμησις πράξεως σπουδαίας, &c.

Tragœdia eſt imitatio actionis ſeriæ, &c. Per miſericordiam & metum perficiens talium affectuum luſtrationem.

LONDON,

Printed for *Jacob Tonſon,* within *Grays-Inn* Gate next *Grays-Inn* Lane. 1707.

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Of that ſort of Dramatick Poem which is call'd Tragedy.

TRagedy, as it was anciently compos'd, hath been ever held the graveſt, moraleſt, and moſt profitable of all other Poems: therefore ſaid by *Ariſtotle* to be of power by raiſing pity and fear, or terrour, to purge the mind of thoſe and ſuch like paſſions, that is, to temper and reduce them to juſt meaſure with a kind of delight, ſtirr'd up by reading or ſeeing thoſe paſſions well imitated. Nor is Nature wanting in her own effects to make good his aſſertion: for, ſo in Phyſick things of melancholick hue and quality are us'd againſt melancholy, ſowr againſt ſowr, ſalt to remove ſalt humours. Hence Philoſophers and other graveſt Writers, as *Cicero*, *Plutarch* and others, frequently cite out of Tragick Poets, both to adorn and illuſtrate their diſcourſe. The Apoſtle St. *Paul* himſelf thought it not unworthy to inſert a verſe of *Euripides* into the Text of Holy Scripture, 1 *Cor.* 15. 33. and *Pareus* commenting on the *Revelation*, divides the whole Book as a Tragedy, into Acts diſtinguiſh'd each by a Chorus of Heavenly Harpings and Song between. Heretofore Men in higheſt dignity have labour'd not a little to be thought able to compoſe a Tragedy. Of that honour *Dionyſius* the elder was no leſs ambitious, than before of his attaining to the Tyran-

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ny. *Auguſtus Cæſar* alſo had begun his *Ajax*, but unable to pleaſe his own judgment with what he had begun, left it unfiniſht. *Seneca* the Philoſopher is by ſome thought the Author of thoſe Tragedies (at leaſt the beſt of them) that go under that name. *Gregory Nazianzen*, a Father of the Church, thought it not unbeſeeming the ſanctity of his perſon to write a Tragedy, which is entitl'd, *Chriſt ſuffering*. This is mention'd to vindicate Tragedy from the ſmall eſteem, or rather infamy, which in the account of many it undergoes at this day with other common interludes; hap'ning through the Poets error of intermixing Comick ſtuff with Tragick ſadneſs and gravity; or introducing trivial and vulgar perſons, which by all judicious hath been counted abſurd; and brought in without diſcretion, corruptly to gratifie the people. And though ancient Tragedy uſe no Prologue, yet uſing ſometimes, in caſe of ſelf-defence, or explanation, that which *Martial* calls an Epiſtle; in behalf of this Tragedy coming forth after the ancient manner, much different from what among us paſſes for beſt, thus much before-hand may be Epiſtl'd; that *Chorus* is here introduc'd after the *Greek* manner, not ancient only but modern, and ſtill in uſe among the *Italians*. In the modelling therefore of this Poem, with good reaſon, the Ancients and *Italians* are rather follow'd, as of much more Authority and fame. The meaſure of Verſe us'd in the Chorus is of all ſorts, call'd by the *Greeks Monoſtrophick*, or rather *Apolelymenon*, without regard had to *Strophe*, *Antiſtrophe* or *Epod*, which were a kind of Stanza's fram'd only for the Muſick, then us'd with the Chorus

that

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that ſung; not eſſential to the Poem, and therefore not material; or being divided into Stanza's or Pauſes, they may be call'd *Allæoſtropha*. Diviſion into Act and Scene referring chiefly to the Stage (to which this work never was intended) is here omitted.

It ſuffices if the whole Drama be found not produc'd beyond the fifth Act, of the ſtyle and uniformity, and that commonly call'd the Plot, whether intricate or explicit, which is nothing indeed but ſuch œconomy, or diſpoſition of the fable as may ſtand beſt with veriſimilitude and decorum; they only will beſt judge who are not unacquainted with *Æſchylus*, *Sophocles* and *Euripides*, the three Tragick Poets unequall'd yet by any, and the beſt rule to all who endeavour to write Tragedy. The circumſcription of time wherein the whole Drama begins and ends is according to ancient rule, and beſt example, within the ſpace of 24 hours.

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The Argument.

SAmſon *made Captive, Blind, and now in the priſon at* Gaza, *there to labour as in a common work-houſe, on a Feſtival day, in the general ceſſation from labour, comes forth into the open Air, to a place nigh, ſomewhat retir'd, there to ſit a while and bemoan his condition. Where he happens at length to be viſited by certain friends and equals of his tribe, which make the Chorus, who ſeek to comfort him what they can; then by his old Father* Manoa, *who endeavours the like, and withal tells him his purpoſe to procure his liberty by ranſom; and laſtly, that this Feaſt was proclaim'd by the* Philiſtins *as a day of Thankſgiving for their deliverance from the hands of* Samſon, *which yet more troubles him.* Manoa *then departs to proſecute his endeavour with the* Philiſtian *Lords for* Samſon's *redemption; who in the mean while is viſited by other perſons; and laſtly by a publick Officer to require his coming to the Feaſt before the Lords and People, to play or ſhew his ſtrength in their preſence; he at firſt refuſes, diſmiſſing the publick Officer with abſolute denial to come; at length perſuaded inwardly that this was from God, he yields*

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yields to go along with him, who came now the ſecond time with great threatnings to fetch him; the Chorus yet remaining on the place, Manoa *returns full of joyful hope, to procure e'er long his Son's deliverance: in the midſt of which diſcourſe an Hebrew comes in haſte confuſedly at firſt; and afterward more diſtinctly relating the Cataſtrophe, what* Samſon *had done to the* Philiſtins, *and by accident to himſelf; wherewith the Tragedy ends.*

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The Perſons.

Samſon.

Manoa, *the Father of* Samſon.

Dalila *his Wife.*

Harapha *of* Gath.

Publick Officer.

Meſſenger.

Chorus *of* Danites.

The Scene before the Priſon in Gaza.

Samſon

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Samſon Agoniſtes.

Samſ. A Little onward lend thy guiding hand
To theſe dark ſteps, a little farther on;
For yonder bank hath choice of Sun or ſhade,
There I am wont to ſit, when any chance
Relieves me from my task of ſervile toil,
Daily in the common Priſon elſe enjoin'd me,
Where I a Pris'ner chain'd, ſcarce freely draw
The air impriſon'd alſo, cloſe and damp,
Unwholeſome draught: but here I feel amends,
The breath of Heav'n freſh blowing, pure and ſweet,
With day-ſpring born; here leave me to reſpire.
This day a ſolemn Feaſt the people hold
To *Dagon* their Sea-Idol, and forbid
Laborious works, unwillingly this reſt
Their Superſtition yields me; hence with leave

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Retiring from the pop'lar noiſe, I ſeek
This unfrequented place to find ſome eaſe,
Eaſe to the body ſome, none to the mind
From reſtleſs thoughts, that like a deadly ſwarm
Of Hornets arm'd, no ſooner found alone,
But ruſh upon me thronging, and preſent
Times paſt, what once I was, and what am now.
O wherefore was my birth from Heav'n foretold
Twice by an Angel; who at laſt in ſight
Of both my Parents all in flames aſcended
From off the Altar, where an Off'ring burn'd,
As in a fiery column charioting
His God-like preſence, and from ſome great act
Or benefit reveal'd to *Abraham*'s race?
Why was my breeding order'd and preſcrib'd
As of a perſon ſeparate to God,
Deſign'd for great exploits; if I muſt die
Betray'd, Captiv'd, and both my Eyes put out,
Made of my Enemies the ſcorn and gaze;
To grind in Brazen Fetters under task
With this Heav'n-gifted ſtrength? O glorious ſtrength
Put to the labour of a Beaſt, debas'd
Lower than bondſlave! Promiſe was that I

Should

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Should *Iſrael* from *Philiſtian* yoke deliver;
Ask for this great deliv'rer now, and find him
Eyeleſs in *Gaza* at the Mill with ſlaves,
Himſelf in bonds under *Philiſtian* yoke;
Yet ſtay, let me not raſhly call in doubt
Divine Prediction: what if all foretold
Had been fulfill'd but thro' mine own default,
Whom have I to complain of but my ſelf?
Who this high gift of ſtrength committed to me,
In what part lodg'd, how eaſily bereft me,
Under the Seal of ſilence could not keep,
But weakly to a Woman muſt reveal it
O'ercome with importunity and tears.
O impotence of mind, in body ſtrong!
But what is ſtrength without a double ſhare
Of wiſdom, vaſt, unwieldy, burthenſome,
Proudly ſecure, yet liable to fall
By weakeſt ſubtleties, not made to rule,
But to ſubſerve where wiſdom bears command.
God, when he gave me ſtrength, to ſhew withal
How ſlight the gift was, hung it in my Hair.
But Peace, I muſt not quarrel with the will

Of

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Of higheſt diſpenſation, which herein
Haply had ends above my reach to know:
Suffices that to me ſtrength is my bane,
And proves the ſource of all my miſeries;
So many, and ſo huge, that each apart
Would ask a life to wail, but chief of all,
O loſs of ſight, of thee I moſt complain!
Blind among Enemies, O worſe than chains,
Dungeon, or beggary, decrepit age!
Light the prime work of God to me is extinct,
And all her various objects of delight
Annull'd, which might in part my grief have eas'd,
Inferior to the vileſt now become
Of man or worm; the vileſt here excel me,
They creep, yet ſee, I dark in light expos'd
To daily fraud, contempt, abuſe and wrong,
Within doors, or without, ſtill as a fool.
In pow'r of others, never in my own;
Scarce half I ſeem to live, dead more than half.
O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
Irrecov'rably dark, total Eclipſe
Without all hope of day!
O firſt created Beam, and thou great Word,

Let

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Let there be light, and light was over all;
Why am I thus bereav'd thy prime decree?
The Sun to me is dark
And silent as the Moon,
When she deserts the night
Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.
Since light so necessary is to life,
And almost life it self, if it be true
That light is in the Soul,
She all in ev'ry part; why was the sight
To such a tender ball as th'eye confin'd?
So obvious and so easie to be quench'd,
And not as feeling through all parts diffus'd,
That she might look at will through ev'ry pore?
Then had I not been thus exil'd from light;
As in the land of darkness yet in light,
To live a life half dead, a living death,
And bury'd; but O yet more miserable!
My self, my Sepulchre, a moving Grave,
Bury'd, yet not exempt
By privilege of death and burial
From worst of other evils, pains and wrongs,
But made hereby obnoxious more

To

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To all the miſeries of Life,
Life in captivity
Among inhuman foes.
But who are theſe? for with joint pace I hear
The tread of many feet ſteering this way;
Perhaps my enemies who come to ſtare
At my affliction, and perhaps t'inſult,
Their daily practice to afflict me more.

Chor. This, this is he; ſoftly a while,
Let us not break in upon him;
O change beyond report, thought or belief!
See how he lies at random, careleſly diffus'd,
With languiſh'd head unpropt,
And one paſt hope, abandon'd,
And by himſelf given over;
In ſlaviſh habit, ill-fitted weeds
O'er-worn and ſoil'd;
Or do my eyes miſrepreſent? Can this be he,
That Heroick, that Renown'd,
Irreſiſtible *Samſon?* whom unarm'd [withſtand;
No ſtrength of man, or fierceſt wild beaſt could
Who tore the Lion, as the Lion tears the Kid,
Ran on imbattl'd Armies clad in Iron,

And

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And weaponleſs himſelf,
Made Arms ridiculous, uſeleſs the forgery
Of brazen Shield and Spear, the hammer'd Cuiraſs,
Chalybean temper'd ſteel, and frock of mail
Adamantean Proof;
But ſafeſt he who ſtood aloof,
When inſupportably his foot advanc'd,
In ſcorn of their proud arms and warlike tools,
Spurn'd them to death by Troops. The bold *Aſcalo-*
Fled from his Lion ramp, old Warriors turn'd [*nite*
Their plated backs under his heel;
Or grov'ling ſoil'd their creſted helmets in the duſt.
Then with what trivial weapon came to hand,
The Jaw of a dead Aſs, his ſword of bone,
A thouſand fore-skins fell, the flow'r of *Paleſtin*
In *Ramath-lechi* famous to this day:
Then by main force pull'd up, and on his ſhoulders bore
The Gates of *Azza*, Poſt, and maſſie Bar
Up to the Hill by *Hebron*, ſeat of Giants old,
No journey of a Sabbath-day, and loaded ſo;
Like whom the Gentiles feign to bear up Heav'n.
Which ſhall I firſt bewail;
Thy Bondage or loſt Sight,

Priſon

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Priſon within Priſon
Inſeparably dark?
Thou art become (O worſt impriſonment!)
The Dungeon of thy ſelf; thy Soul [plain'd)
(Which Men enjoying ſight oft without cauſe com-
Impriſon'd now indeed;
In real darkneſs of the body dwells,
Shut up from outward light
T'incorporate with gloomy night;
For inward light alas
Puts forth no viſual beam.
O mirror of our fickle ſtate,
Since man on earth unparallel'd?
The rarer thy example ſtands,
By how much from the top of wond'rous glory,
Strongeſt of mortal men,
To loweſt pitch of abject fortune thou art fall'n.
For him I reckon not in high eſtate
Whom long deſcent of birth
Or the ſphear of fortune raiſes;
But thee whoſe ſtrength, while virtue was her mate,
Might have ſubdu'd the Earth,
Univerſally crown'd with higheſt praiſes.

Samſ.

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Samſ. I here the ſound of words, their ſenſe the air
Diſſolves unjointed e'er it reach my ear.
Chor. He ſpake, let us draw nigh. Matchleſs in might,
The glory late of *Iſrael*, now the grief,
We come thy friends and neighbours not unknown
From *Eſhtaol* and *Zora*'s fruitful Vale
To viſit or bewail thee, or if better,
Counſel or conſolation we may bring,
Salve to thy Sores, apt words have pow'r to ſwage
The tumours of a troubl'd mind,
And are as Balm to feſter'd wounds.
Samſ. Your coming, Friends, revives me, for I learn
Now of my own experience, not by talk,
How counterfeit a coin they are who friends
Bear in their Superſcription (of the moſt
I would be underſtood) in proſp'rous days
They ſwarm, but in adverſe withdraw their head
Not to be found, though ſought. Ye ſee, O friends,
How many evils have enclos'd me round;
Yet that which was the worſt now leaſt afflicts me,
Blindneſs, for had I ſight, confus'd with ſhame,
How could I once look up, or heave the head,
Who like a fooliſh Pilot have ſhipwreck'd

My

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My Veſſel truſted to me from above,
Gloriouſly rigg'd; and for a word, a tear,
Fool, have divulg'd the ſecret gift of God
To a deceitful Woman; tell me, Friends,
Am I not ſung and proverb'd for a Fool
In ev'ry ſtreet, do they not ſay, how well
Are come upon him his deſerts? yet why?
Immeaſurable ſtrength they might behold
In me, of wiſdom nothing more than mean;
This with the other ſhould, at leaſt, have pair'd,
Theſe two proportion'd ill drove me tranſverſe.

Chor. Tax not divine diſpoſal: wiſeſt Men
Have err'd, and by bad Women been deceiv'd;
And ſhall again, pretend they ne'er ſo wiſe.
Deject not then ſo overmuch thy ſelf,
Who haſt of ſorrow thy full load beſides;
Yet truth to ſay, I oft have heard men wonder
Why thou ſhouldſt wed *Philiſtian* Woman rather
Than of thine own Tribe fairer, or as fair,
At leaſt of thy own Nation, and as noble.

Samſ. The firſt I ſaw at *Timna*, and ſhe pleas'd
Me, not my Parents, that I ſought to wed,
The daughter of an Infidel; they knew not

That

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That what I mention'd was of God, I knew
From intimate impulse, and therefore urg'd
The Marriage on, that by occasion hence
I might begin *Israel*'s Deliverance,
The work to which I was divinely call'd.
She proving false, the next I took to Wife
(O that I never had! fond wish too late,)
Was in the Vale of *Sorec*, *Dalila*,
That specious Monster, my accomplisht snare.
I thought it lawful from my former act,
And the same end, still watching to oppose
Israel's Oppressors: of what now I suffer
She was not the prime cause, but I my self,
Who vanquisht with a peal of words (O weakness!)
Gave up my fort of silence to a Woman.

Chor. In seeking just occasion to provoke
The *Philistin*, thy Country's Enemy,
Thou never wast remiss, I bear thee witness:
Yet *Israel* still serves with all his Sons.

Samf. That fault I take not on me, but transfer
On *Israel*'s Governors, and Heads of Tribes,
Who seeing those great acts which God had done
Singly by me against their Conquerors

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Acknowledg'd not, or not all consider'd
Deliv'rance offer'd: I on th' other side
Us'd no ambition to commend my deeds,
The deeds themselves, though mute, spoke loud the doer;
But they persisted deaf, and would not seem
To count them things worth notice, till at length
Their Lords the *Philistins* with gather'd pow'rs
Enter'd *Judea* seeking me, who then
Safe to the rock of *Etham* was retir'd,
Not flying, but fore-casting in what place
To set upon them what advantag'd best;
Mean while the men of *Judah* to prevent
The harrass of their Land beset me round;
I willingly on some conditions came
Into their hands, and they as gladly yield me
To the uncircumcis'd a welcom prey,
Bound with two cords; but cords to me were threds
Toucht with the flame: on their whole Hoast I flew
Unarm'd, and with a trivial weapon fell'd
Their choicest youth; they only liv'd who fled.
Had *Judah* that day join'd, or one whole Tribe,
They had by this possess'd the Tow'rs of *Gath*,
And lorded over them whom now they serve;

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ut what more oft in Nations grown corrupt,
nd by their vices brought to ſervitude,
han to love Bondage more than Liberty,
ondage with eaſe than ſtrenuous Liberty;
And to deſpiſe, or envy, or ſuſpect
Whom God hath of his ſpecial favour rais'd
As their Deliv'rer; if he aught begin,
How frequent to deſert him, and at laſt
To heap ingratitude on worthieſt deeds?

Chor. Thy words to my remembrance bring
How *Succoth* and the Fort of *Penuel*
Their great Deliverer contemn'd,
The matchleſs *Gideon* in purſuit
Of *Madian* and her vanquiſht Kings:
And how ingrateful *Ephraim*
Had dealt with *Jephtha*, who by argument,
Not worſe than by his ſhield and ſpear
Defended *Iſrael* from the *Ammonite*,
Had not his proweſs quell'd their pride
In that ſore battel when ſo many dy'd
Without Reprieve adjudg'd to death,
For want of well pronouncing *Shibboleth*.

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Samſ. Of ſuch examples add me to the roul,
Me eaſily indeed mine may neglect,
But God's propos'd deliverance not ſo.

Chor. Juſt are the ways of God,
And juſtifiable to Men;
Unleſs there be who think not God at all,
If any be, they walk obſcure;
For of ſuch Doctrine never was there School,
But the heart of the Fool,
And no man therein Doctor but himſelf.

Yet more there be who doubt his ways not juſt,
As to his own edicts found contradicting,
Then give the reins to wandring thought,
Regardleſs of his Glory's diminution;
Till by their own perplexities involv'd
They ravel more, ſtill leſs reſolv'd,
But never find ſelf-ſatisfying ſolution.

As if they would confine th' interminable,
And tie him to his own preſcript,
Who made our Laws to bind us, not himſelf,
And hath full right t' exempt
Whom ſo it pleaſes him by choice
From National obſtriction, without taint

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Of sin, or legal debt;
For with his own Laws he can best dispense.
He would not else who never wanted means,
Nor in respect of th' enemy just cause
To set his people free,
Have prompted this Heroick *Nazarite*
Against his vow of strictest purity,
To seek in marriage that fallacious Bride,
Unclean, unchaste.
Down Reason then, at least vain reasonings down,
Though Reason here aver
That moral verdict quits her of unclean:
Unchaste was subsequent, her stain not his.
But see here comes thy rev'rend Sire
With careful step, Locks white as down,
Old *Manoah*: advise
Forthwith how thou ought'st to receive him.
Samf. Ay me, another inward grief awak'd
With mention of that name renews th' assault.
Man. Brethren and men of *Dan*, for such ye seem,
Though in this uncouth place; if old respect,
As I suppose, toward your once glory'd friend,
My Son now Captive, hither hath inform'd

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Your younger feet, while mine caſt back with age
Came lagging after; ſay if he be here:

Chor. As ſignal now in low dejected ſtate,
As earſt in higheſt, behold him where he lies.

Man. O miſerable change! is this the man,
That invincible *Samſon*, far renown'd
The dread of *Iſrael's* foes, who with a ſtrength
Equivalent to Angels walk'd their ſtreets,
None offering fight; who ſingle combatant
Duell'd their Armies rank'd in proud array,
Himſelf an Army, now unequal match
To ſave himſelf againſt a coward arm'd
At one ſpears length. O ever failing truſt
In mortal ſtrength! and oh what not in man
Deceivable and vain? Nay what thing good
Pray'd for, but often proves our woe, our bane?
I pray'd for Children, and thought barrenneſs
In wedlock a reproach; I gain'd a Son,
Such a Son as all men hail'd me happy;
Who would be now a Father in my ſtead?
O wherefore did God grant me my requeſt,
And as a bleſſing with ſuch pomp adorn'd?
Why are his gifts deſirable, to tempt

Our

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Our earneſt Pray'rs, then giv'n with ſolemn hand
As Graces, draw a Scorpion's tail behind?
For this did th'Angel twice deſcend? for this
Ordain'd thy nurture holy, as of a Plant;
Select and Sacred, Glorious for a while,
The miracle of men; then in an hour
Enſnar'd, aſſaulted, overcome, led bound,
Thy Foes deriſion, Captive, Poor and Blind,
Into a Dungeon thruſt, to work with Slaves?
Alas methinks whom God hath choſen once
To worthieſt deeds, if he through frailty err,
He ſhould not ſo o'erwhelm, and as a thrall
Subject him to ſo foul indignities,
Be it but for honours ſake of former deeds.

Samſ. Appoint not heav'nly diſpoſition, Father,
Nothing of all theſe evils hath befall'n me
But juſtly; I my ſelf have brought them on,
Sole Author, I, ſole cauſe: if ought ſeem vile,
As vile hath been my folly, who have profan'd
The myſtery of God giv'n me under pledge
Of vow, and have betray'd it to a woman,
A *Canaanite*, my faithleſs enemy.
This well I knew, nor was at all ſurpriz'd

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But warn'd by oft experience: did not she
Of *Timna* first betray me, and reveal
The secret wrested from me in her height
Of Nuptial love profest, carrying it streight
To them who had corrupted her, my Spies,
And Rivals? In this other was there found
More Faith? who also in her prime of love,
Spousal embraces, vitiated with Gold,
Though offer'd only, by the scent conceiv'd
Her spurious first-born; Treason against me?
Thrice she assay'd with flatt'ring pray'rs and sighs,
And amorous reproaches to win from me
My capital secret, in what part my strength
Lay stor'd, in what part summ'd, that she might [know;
Thrice I deluded her, and turn'd to sport
Her importunity, each time perceiving
How openly, and with what impudence
She purpos'd to betray me, and (which was worse
Than undissembled hate) with what contempt
She thought to make me Traitor to my self;
Yet the fourth time, when mustring all her wiles,
With blandisht parlies, feminine assaults,
Tongue-batteries, she surceas'd not day nor night

To

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To ſtorm me over-watch'd, and weary'd out.
At times when men ſeek moſt repoſe and reſt,
I yielded, and unlock'd her all my heart,
Who with a grain of manhood well reſolv'd
Might eaſily have ſhook off all her ſnares:
But foul effeminacy held me yok'd
Her bond-ſlave; O indignity, O blot
To Honour and Religion! ſervile mind
Rewarded well with ſervile puniſhment!
The baſe degree to which I now am fall'n,
Theſe raggs, this grinding, is not yet ſo baſe
As was my former ſervitude, ignoble,
Unmanly, ignominious, infamous,
True ſlavery, and that blindneſs worſe than this,
That ſaw not how degen'rately I ſerv'd.

Man. I cannot praiſe thy Marriage choices, Son,
Rather approv'd them not; but thou didſt plead
Divine impulſion prompting how thou might'ſt
Find ſome occaſion to infeſt our Foes.
I ſtate not that; this I am ſure our Foes
Found ſoon occaſion thereby to make thee
Their Captive, and their Triumph; thou the ſooner
Temptation found'ſt, or over-potent charms

To

To violate the ſacred truſt of ſilence
Depoſited within thee; which to have kept
Tacit, was in thy pow'r: true; and thou bear'ſt
Enough, and more the burthen of that fault;
Bitterly haſt thou paid, and ſtill art paying
That rigid ſcore. A worſe thing yet remains,
This day the *Philiſtins* a pop'lar Feaſt
Here celebrate in *Gaza*; and proclaim
Great Pomp, and Sacrifice, and Praiſes loud
To *Dagon*, as their God who hath deliver'd
Thee, *Samſon*, bound and blind into their hands,
Them out of thine, who ſlew'ſt them many a ſlain.
So *Dagon* ſhall be magnify'd, and God,
Beſides whom is no God, compar'd with Idols,
Diſglorify'd, blaſphem'd, and had in ſcorn
By the Idolatrous rout amidſt their wine;
Which to have come to paſs by means of thee,
Samſon, of all thy ſufferings think the heavieſt,
Of all reproach the moſt with ſhame that ever
Could have befall'n thee and thy Father's houſe.

Samſ. Father, I do acknowledge and confeſs
That I this honour, I this pomp have brought
To *Dagon*, and advanc'd his praiſes high

Among

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Among the Heathen round; to God have brought
Dishonour, obloquy, and op't the mouths
Of Idolists, and Atheists; have brought scandal
To *Israel*, diffidence of God, and doubt
In feeble hearts, propense enough before
To waver, or fall off and join with Idols;
Which is my chief affliction, shame and sorrow,
The anguish of my Soul, that suffers not
Mine eye to harbour sleep, or thoughts to rest.
This only hope relieves me, that the strife
With me hath end; all the contest is now
'Twixt God and *Dagon*; *Dagon* hath presum'd,
Me overthrown, to enter lists with God,
His Deity comparing and preferring
Before the God of *Abraham*. He, be sure,
Will not connive, or linger, thus provok'd,
But will arise and his great name assert:
Dagon must stoop, and shall e'er long receive
Such a discomfit, as shall quite despoil him
Of all these boasted Trophies won on me,
And with confusion blank his Worshippers.

Man. With cause this hope relieves thee, and these words
I as a Prophecy receive; for God,

Nothing

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Nothing more certain, will not long defer
To vindicate the glory of his Name
Against all competition, nor will long
Endure it, doubtful whether God be Lord,
Or *Dagon*. But for thee what shall be done?
Thou must not in the mean while here forgot
Lye in this miserable loathsome plight
Neglected. I already have made way
To some *Philistian* Lords, with whom to treat
About thy ransom: well they may by this
Have satisfy'd their utmost of revenge
By pains and slav'ries, worse than death, inflicted
On thee who now no more canst do them harm.

Samf. Spare that proposal, Father, spare the trouble
Of that sollicitation; let me here,
As I deserve, pay on my punishment;
And expiate, if possible, my crime,
Shameful garrulity. To have reveal'd
Secrets of men, the secrets of a friend,
How heinous had the fact been, how deserving
Contempt and scorn of all, to be excluded
All friendship and avoided as a blab,
The mark of fool set on his front?

But

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But I God's counsel have not kept, his holy secret
Presumptuously have publish'd, impiously,
Weakly at least, and shamefully: A Sin
That *Gentiles* in their Parables condemn
To their abyss and horrid pains confin'd.

Man. Be penitent and for thy fault contrite,
But act not in thy own affliction, Son;
Repent the sin, but if the punishment
Thou canst avoid, self-preservation bids;
Or th' execution leave to high disposal,
And let another hand, not thine, exact
Thy penal forfeit from thy-self; perhaps
God will relent, and quit thee all his debt;
Who ever more approves and more accepts
(Best pleas'd with humble and filial submission)
Him who imploring mercy sues for life,
Than who self-rigorous chuses death as due;
Which argues over-just, and self-displeas'd
For self-offence, more than for God offended.
Reject not then what offer'd means, who knows
But God hath set before us, to return thee
Home to thy country and his Sacred house,
Where thou may'st bring thy off'rings, to avert

His

His farther ire, with pray'rs and vows renew'd.

Samſ. His pardon I implore; but as for life,
To what end ſhould I ſeek it? when in ſtrength
All mortals I excell'd, and great in hopes
With youthful courage and magnanimous thoughts
Of birth from Heav'n foretold and high exploits,
Full of divine inſtinct, after ſome proof
Of Acts indeed heroick, far beyond
The Sons of *Anack*, famous now and blaz'd,
Fearleſs of danger, like a petty God
I walk'd about admir'd of all and dreaded
On hoſtile ground, none daring my affront.
Then ſwoll'n with pride into the ſnare I fell
Of fair fallacious looks, venereal trains,
Softn'd with pleaſure and voluptuous life;
At length to lay my head and hollow pledge
Of all my ſtrength in the laſcivious lap
Of a deceitful Concubine who ſhore me
Like a tame Weither, all my precious fleece,
Then turn'd me out ridiculous, deſpoil'd,
Shav'n and diſarm'd among mine enemies.

Chor. Deſire of wine and all delicious drinks
Which many a famous warrior overturns,

Thou

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Thou couldſt repreſs, nor did the dancing Ruby
Sparkling, out-pour'd, the flavour or the ſmell,
Or taſte that cheers the hearts of Gods or Men,
Allure thee from the cool Cryſtalline ſtream.

Samſ. Where-ever fountain or freſh current flow'd
Againſt the Eaſtern ray, tranſlucent, pure,
With touch ætherial of Heav'ns fiery rod
I drank, from the clear milky juice allaying
Thirſt, and refreſht; nor envy'd them the grape
Whoſe heads that turbulent liquor fills with fumes.

Chor. O madneſs, to think uſe of ſtrongeſt wines
And ſtrongeſt drinks our chief ſupport of health,
When God with theſe forbidd'n made choice to rear
His mighty Champion, ſtrong above compare,
Whoſe drink was only from the liquid brook.

Samſ. But what avail'd this temp'rance, not com-
Againſt another object more enticing? [pleat
What boots it at one gate to make defence,
And at another to let in the Foe
Effeminately vanquiſh'd? by which means,
Now blind, diſheartn'd, ſham'd, diſhonour'd, quell'd,
To what can I be uſeful, wherein ſerve
My Nation, and the work from Heav'n impos'd,

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But to sit idle on the Houshold hearth,
A burd'nous drone; to visitants a gaze,
Or pity'd object, these redundant locks
Robustious to no purpose clustring down,
Vain monument of strength; till length of yeare
And sedentary numness craze my limbs
To a contemptible old age obscure.
Here rather let me drudge and earn my bread,
Till vermin or the draff of servile food
Consume me, and oft invocated death
Hasten the welcome end of all my pains.

Man. Wilt thou then serve *Philistians* with that gift
Which was expresly giv'n thee to annoy them?
Better at home lye Bed-rid, not only idle,
Inglorious, unimploy'd, with age out-worn.
But God who caus'd a Fountain at thy pray'r
From the dry ground to spring, thy thirst t'allay
After the brunt of Battel, can as easie
Cause light again within thy eyes to spring,
Wherewith to serve him better than thou hast;
And I persuade me so; why else this strength
Miraculous yet remaining in those locks?
His might continues in thee not for naught,

Nor

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Nor ſhall his wondrous gifts be fruſtrate thus.

Samſ. All otherwiſe to me my thoughts portend,
That theſe dark Orbs no more ſhall treat with light,
Nor th' other light of life continue long,
But yield to double darkneſs nigh at hand:
So much I feel my genial Spirits droop,
My hopes all flat, Nature within me ſeems
In all her functions weary of her ſelf;
My Race of Glory run, and race of ſhame,
And I ſhall ſhortly be with them that reſt.

Man. Believe not theſe ſuggeſtions which proceed
From anguiſh of the mind and humours black,
That mingle with thy fancy. I however
Muſt not omit a Father's timely care
To proſecute the means of thy deliverance
By ranſome, or how elſe: mean while be calm,
And healing words from theſe thy friends admit.

Samſ. O that torment ſhould not be confin'd
To the body's wounds and ſores,
With maladies innumerable
In heart, head, breaſt and reins;
But muſt ſecret paſſage find
To th' inmoſt mind,

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There exerciſe all his fierce accidents,
And on her pureſt ſpirits prey,
As on entrails, joints and limbs
With anſwerable pains, but more intenſe,
Though void of corporal ſenſe.
My griefs not only pain me
As a lingring diſeaſe,
But finding no redreſs, ferment and rage,
Nor leſs than wounds immedicable
Rankle, and feſter, and gangreen,
To black mortification.
Thoughts my Tormenters arm'd with deadly ſtings
Mangle my apprehenſive tendereſt parts,
Exaſperate, exulcerate, and raiſe
Dire inflammation which no cooling herb
Or medicinal liquor can aſſwage.
Nor breath of Vernal Air from ſnowy *Alp*.
Sleep hath forſook and giv'n me o'er
To death's benumming Opium as my only cure,
Thence faintings, ſwoonings of deſpair,
And ſenſe of Heav'ns deſertion.
I was his nurſling once, and choice delight,
His deſtin'd from the womb,

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Promis'd by Heav'nly meſſage twice deſcending.
Under his ſpecial eye
Abſtemious I grew up and thriv'd amain;
He led me on to mightieſt deeds
Above the nerve of mortal arm
Againſt the uncircumcis'd, our enemies.
But now hath caſt me off as never known,
And to thoſe cruel enemies,
Whom I by his appointment had provok'd,
Left me all helpleſs with th' irreparable loſs
Of ſight, reſerv'd alive to be repeated
The ſubject of their cruelty or ſcorn.
Nor am I in the liſt of them that hope;
Hopeleſs are all my evils, all remedileſs,
This one Prayer yet remains, might I be heard;
No long petition, ſpeedy death,
The cloſe of all my miſeries, and the balm.

Chor. Many are the Sayings of the Wiſe
In ancient and in modern books enroll'd;
Extolling Patience as the trueſt fortitude;
And to the bearing well of all calamities,
All chances incident to man's frail life.
Conſolatories writ

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With ſtudy'd argument, and much perſuaſion ſought
Lenient of grief and anxious thought,
But to th' afflicted in his pangs their ſound
Little prevails, or rather ſeems a tune,
Harſh, and of diſſonant mood from his complaint,
Unleſs he feel within
Some ſource of conſolation from above;
Secret refreſhings, that repair his ſtrength,
And fainting ſpirits uphold.
God of our Fathers, what is man!
That thou towards him with hand ſo various,
Or might I ſay contrarious,
Temper'ſt thy providence through his ſhort courſe,
Not ev'nly, as thou rul'ſt
Th' Angelick orders and inferior creatures mute,
Irrational and brute.
Nor do I name of men the common rout,
That wandring looſe about,
Grow up and periſh, as the ſummer flie,
Heads without name no more remembred,
But ſuch as thou haſt ſolemnly elected,
With gifts and graces eminently adorn'd,
To ſome great work, thy glory,

And

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And peoples ſafety, which in part they effect:
Yet toward theſe thus dignify'd, thou oft
Amidſt their height of noon,
Changeſt thy countenance, and thy hand with no re-
[gard
Of higheſt favours paſt
From thee on them, or them to thee of ſervice.
Nor only doſt degrade them, or remit
To life obſcur'd, which were a fair diſmiſſion,
But throw'ſt them lower than thou didſt exalt them
Unſeemly falls in human eye,
[high,
Too grievous for the treſpaſs or omiſſion,
Oft leav'ſt them to the hoſtile ſword
Of Heathen and prophane, their Carcaſſes
To dogs and fowls a prey, or elſe captiv'd:
Or to th' unjuſt tribunals, under change of times,
And condemnation of th' ingrateful multitude.
If theſe they 'ſcape, perhaps in poverty
With ſickneſs and diſeaſe thou bow'ſt them down,
Painful diſeaſes and deform'd,
In crude old age:
Though not diſordinate, yet cauſleſs ſuff'ring
The puniſhment of diſſolute days, in fine,
Juſt or unjuſt, alike ſeem miſerable,

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For oft alike, both come to evil end.

So deal not with this once thy glorious Champion,
The Image of thy ſtrength and mighty Miniſter.
What do I beg? how haſt thou dealt already?
Behold him in his ſtate calamitous, and turn
His labours, for thou canſt, to peaceful end.

But who is this, what thing of Sea or Land?
Female of ſex it ſeems,
That ſo bedeckt, ornate, and gay,
Comes this way ſailing
Like a ſtately Ship
Of *Tarſus*, bound for th'Iſles
Of *Javan* or *Gadier*
With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,
Sails fill'd, and ſtreamers waving,
Courted by all the winds that hold them play,
An Amber ſcent of odorous perfume
Her harbinger, a damſel train behind;
Some rich *Philiſtian* Matron ſhe may ſeem,
And now at nearer view, no other certain
Than *Dalila* thy Wife.

Samſ. My Wife, my Trayt'reſs, let her not come near me.

Chor.

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Chor. Yet on ſhe moves, now ſtands and eyes thee
About t'have ſpoke, but now, with head declin'd, [fix'd.
Like a fair flow'r ſurcharg'd with dew, ſhe weeps
And words addreſs'd ſeem tears diſſolv'd,
Wetting the Borders of her ſilk'n veil:
But now again ſhe makes addreſs to ſpeak.

Dal. With doubtful feet and wavering reſolution
I came, ſtill dreading thy diſpleaſure, *Samſon*,
Which to have merited, without excuſe,
I cannot but acknowledge; yet if tears
May expiate (though the fact more evil drew
In the perverſe event than I foreſaw)
My penance hath not ſlacken'd, though my pardon
No way aſſur'd. But conjugal affection
Prevailing over fear, and timorous doubt
Hath led me on deſirous to behold
Once more thy face, and know of thy eſtate.
If aught in my ability may ſerve
To light'n what thou ſuffer'ſt, and appeaſe
Thy mind with what amends is in my pow'r,
Though late, yet in ſome part to recompence
My raſh, but more unfortunate miſdeed.

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Samſ. Out, out *Hyæna*; theſe are thy wonted arts,
And arts of ev'ry woman falſe like thee,
To break all faith, all vows, deceive, betray,
Then as repentant to ſubmit, beſeech,
And reconcilement move with feign'd remorſe,
Confeſs, and promiſe wonders in her change,
Not truly penitent, but chief to try
Her Husband, how far urg'd his patience bears,
His virtue or weakneſs which way to aſſail:
Then with more cautious and inſtructed skill
Again tranſgreſſes, and again ſubmits;
That wiſeſt and beſt men full oft beguil'd,
With goodneſs principl'd not to reject
The penitent, but ever to forgive,
Are drawn to wear out miſerable days,
Entangl'd with a pois'nous boſom ſnake,
If not by quick deſtruction ſoon cut off
As I by thee, to Ages an example.

Dal. Yet hear me, *Samſon*; not that I endeavour
To leſſen or extenuate my offence,
But that on th'other ſide if it be weigh'd
By it ſelf, with aggravations not ſurcharg'd,
Or elſe with juſt allowance counterpois'd,

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I may, if poſſible, thy pardon find
The eaſier towards me, or thy hatred leſs.
Firſt granting, as I do, it was a weakneſs
In me, but incident to all our ſex,
Curioſity, inquiſitive, importune
Of ſecrets, then with like infirmity
To publiſh them, both common female faults:
Was it not weakneſs alſo to make known
For importunity, that is, for naught,
Wherein conſiſted all thy ſtrength and ſafety?
To what I did thou ſhewd'ſt me firſt the way.
But I to enemies reveal'd, and ſhould not.
Nor ſhould'ſt thou have truſted that to woman's frailty:
E'er I to thee, thou to thy ſelf waſt cruel.
Let weakneſs then with weakneſs come to parl
So near related, or the ſame of kind,
Thine forgive mine; that men may cenſure thine
The gentler, if ſeverely thou exact not
More ſtrength from me, than in thy ſelf was found.
And what if Love, which thou interpret'ſt hate,
The jealouſie of Love, powerful of ſway.
In human hearts, nor leſs in mine tow'rds thee,
Caus'd what I did? I ſaw thee mutable

Of

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Of fancy, fear'd leſt one day thou would'ſt leave me
As her at *Timna*, ſought by all means therefore
How to endear, and hold thee to me firmeſt:
No better way I ſaw than by importuning
To learn thy ſecrets, get into my pow'r
Thy key of ſtrength and ſafety: thou wilt ſay,
Why then reveal'd? I was aſſur'd by thoſe
Who tempted me, that nothing was deſign'd
Againſt thee but ſafe cuſtody, and hold:
That made for me, I knew that liberty
Would draw thee forth to perilous enterpriſes,
While I at home ſate full of cares and fears
Wailing thy abſence in my widow'd bed;
Here I ſhould ſtill enjoy thee day and night
Mine and Love's priſ'ner, not the *Philiſtins*,
Whole to my ſelf, unhazarded abroad,
Fearleſs at home of partners in my love.
Theſe reaſons in Love's law have paſt for good,
Though fond and reaſonleſs to ſome perhaps,
And Love hath oft, well meaning, wrought much wo,
Yet always pity or pardon hath obtain'd.
Be not unlike all others, not auſtere
As thou art ſtrong, inflexible as ſteel.

If

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If thou in ſtrength all mortals doſt exceed,
In uncompaſſionate anger do not ſo.

Samſ. How cunningly the Sorſereſs diſplays
Her own tranſgreſſions, to upbraid me mine?
That malice not repentance brought thee hither,
By this appears: I gave, thou ſay'ſt, th'example,
I led the way, bitter reproach, but true,
I to my ſelf was falſe e'er thou to me,
Such pardon therefore as I give my folly,
Take to thy wicked deed: which when thou ſeeſt
Impartial, ſelf-ſevere, inexorable,
Thou wilt renounce thy ſeeking, and much rather
Confeſs it feign'd, weakneſs is thy excuſe,
And I believe it, weakneſs to reſiſt
Philiſtian gold: if weakneſs may excuſe,
What Murtherer, what Traitor, Paricide,
Inceſtuous, Sacrilegious, but may plead it?
All wickedneſs is weakneſs: that plea therefore
With God or Man will gain thee no remiſſion.
But Love conſtrain'd thee; call it furious rage
To ſatisfie thy luſt: Love ſeeks to have Love;
My love how could'ſt thou hope, who took'ſt the way
To raiſe in me inexpiable hate,

Knowing

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Knowing, as needs I muſt, by thee betray'd?
In vain thou ſtriv'ſt to cover ſhame with ſhame,
For by evaſions thy crime uncover'ſt more.

Dal. Since thou determin'ſt weakneſs for no plea
In man or woman, though to thy own condemning,
Hear what aſſaults I had, what ſnares beſides,
What ſieges girt me round, e'er I conſented;
Which might have aw'd the beſt reſolv'd of Men,
The conſtanteſt, to have yielded without blame.
It was not Gold, as to my charge thou lay'ſt,
That wrought with me: thou know'ſt the Magiſtrates
And Princes of my country came in perſon,
Solicited, commanded, threatn'd, urg'd,
Adjur'd by all the bonds of civil Duty
And of Religion, preſs'd how juſt it was
How honourable, how glorious to entrap
A common enemy, who had deſtroy'd
Such Numbers of our Nation: and the Prieſt
Was not behind, but ever at my ear,
Preaching how meritorious with the Gods
It would be to enſnare an irreligious
Diſhonourer of *Dagon*: what had I
T'oppoſe againſt ſuch pow'rful Arguments?

Only

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Only my love of thee held long debate;
And combated in silence all their reasons
With hard contest: at length that grounded maxim
So rife and celebrated in the mouths
Of wisest men; that to the publick good
Private respects must yield; with grave authority
Took full possession of me and prevail'd;
Virtue, as I thought, truth, duty so enjoyning.

Samf. I thought where all thy circling wiles would end;
In feign'd Religion, smooth hypocrisie.
But had thy love, still odiously pretended,
Been, as it ought, sincere, it would have taught thee
Far other reasonings, brought forth other deeds.
I before all the daughters of my Tribe
And of my Nation chose thee from among
My enemies, lov'd thee, as too well thou knew'st,
Too well, unbosom'd all my secrets to thee,
Not out of levity, but over-powr'd
By thy request, who could deny thee nothing;
Yet now am judg'd an enemy. Why then
Didst thou at first receive me for thy Husband?
Then, as since then, thy country's foe profest:
Being once a Wife, for me thou wast to leave

Parents

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Parents and country; nor was I their subject,
Nor under their protection but my own,
Thou mine, not theirs: if aught against my life
Thy Country sought of thee, it sought unjustly,
Against the law of nature, law of nations,
No more thy Country, but an impious crew
Of men conspiring to uphold their state
By worse than hostile deeds, violating the ends
For which our Country is a name so dear;
Not therefore to be obey'd. But zeal mov'd thee;
To please thy Gods thou didst it; Gods unable
T'acquit themselves and prosecute their Foes
But by ungodly deeds, the contradiction
Of their own Deity, Gods they cannot be:
Less therefore to be pleas'd, obey'd, or fear'd.
These false pretexts and varnish'd colours failing,
Bare in thy guilt how foul must thou appear?

Dal. In argument with Men a Woman ever
Goes by the worse, whatever be her cause.

Samf. For want of words no doubt, or lack of breath,
Witness when I was worried with thy peals.

Dal. I was a fool, too rash, and quite mistaken
In what I thought would have succeeded best.

Let

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Let me obtain forgiveneſs of thee, *Samſon*,
Afford me place to ſhew what recompence
Towards thee I intend for what I have miſdone,
Miſguided; only what remains paſt cure
Bear not too ſenſibly, nor ſtill inſiſt
T'afflict thy ſelf in vain: though ſight be loſt,
Life yet hath many ſolaces, enjoy'd
Where other ſenſes want not their delights
At home in leiſure and domeſtick eaſe,
Exempt from many a care and chance to which
Eye-ſight expoſes daily men abroad.
I to the Lords will intercede, not doubting
Their favourable ear, that I may fetch thee
From forth this loathſom priſon-houſe, t'abide
With me, where my redoubl'd love and care
With nurſing diligence, to me glad office,
May ever tend about thee to old age
With all things grateful chear'd, and ſo ſupply'd,
That what by me thou haſt loſt thou leaſt ſhalt miſs.

Samſ. No, no, of my condition take no care;
It fits not; thou and I long ſince are twain;
Nor think me ſo unwary or accurſt
To bring my feet again into the ſnare

Where

Where once I have been caught; I know thy trains
Though dearly to my coſt, thy ginns, and toyls;
Thy fair enchanted cup, and warbling charms
No more on me have pow'r, their force is null'd;
So much of Adders wiſdom I have learnt
To fence my ear againſt thy Sorceries.
If in my flower of youth and ſtrength, when all men
Lov'd, honour'd, fear'd me, thou alone could'ſt hate
Thy Husband, ſlight me, ſell me, and forgo me; [me
How would'ſt thou uſe me now, blind, and thereby
Deceivable, in moſt things as a child
Helpleſs, thence eaſily contemn'd, and ſcorn'd.
And laſt neglected? How would'ſt thou inſult
When I muſt live uxorious to thy will
In perfect thraldom, how again betray me,
Bearing my words and doings to the Lords
To gloſs upon, and cenſuring, frown or ſmile?
This Goal I count the Houſe of Liberty
To thine, whoſe doors my feet ſhall never enter.

Dal. Let me approach at leaſt and touch thy hand.

Samſ. Not for thy life, leſt fierce remembrance
My ſudden rage to tear thee joint by joint. [wake
At diſtance I forgive thee, go with that;

Bewail

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Bewail thy falſhood, and the pious works
It hath brought forth to make thee memorable
Among illuſtrious Women, faithful Wives:
Cheriſh thy haſtn'd widowhood with the gold
Of Matrimonial treaſon: ſo farewell.

Dal. I ſee thou art implacable, more deaf
To pray'rs than winds and ſeas, yet winds to ſeas
Are reconcil'd at length, and ſea to ſhore:
Thy anger unappeaſable, ſtill rages,
Eternal Tempeſt never to be calm'd.
Why do I humble thus my ſelf, and ſuing
For peace, reap nothing but repulſe and hate?
Bid go with evil omen and the brand
Of infamy upon my name denounc'd?
To mix with thy concernments I deſiſt
Henceforth, nor too much diſapprove my own.
Fame if not double-fac'd is double-mouth'd
And with contrary blaſt proclaims moſt deeds,
On both his Wings, one black, the other white,
Bears greateſt names in his wild aerie flight.
My name perhaps among the Circumcis'd
In *Dan*, in *Judah*, and the bordering Tribes,
To all poſterity may ſtand defam'd,

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With malediction mention'd, and the blot
Of falshood most unconjugal traduc'd.
But in my country where I most desire,
In *Ecron*, *Gaza*, *Asdod*, and in *Gath*
I shall be nam'd among the famousest
Of Women, sung at solemn festivals,
Living and dead recorded, who to save
Her country from a fierce destroyer, chose
Above the faith of wedlock-bands, my tomb
With odours visited and annual flow'rs,
Not less renown'd than in Mount *Ephraim*,
Jael, who with inhospitable guile
Smote *Sisera* sleeping through the Temples nail'd.
Nor shall I count it heinous to enjoy
The publick marks of honour and reward
Conferr'd upon me, for the piety
Which to my country I was judg'd to have shewn.
At this who ever envies or repines
I leave him to his lot, and like my own.

Chor. She's gone, a manifest Serpent by her sting
Discover'd in the end, till now conceal'd.

Samf. So let her go, God sent her to debase me,
And aggravate my folly, who committed

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To ſuch a viper his moſt ſacred truſt
Of ſecreſie, my ſafety, and my life.

Chor. Yet beauty, though injurious, hath ſtrange
After offence returning, to regain [pow'r,
Love once poſſeſt, nor can be eaſily
Repulſt, without much inward paſſion felt
And ſecret ſting of amorous remorſe.

Samſ. Love quarrels oft in pleaſing concord end.
Not wedlock-treachery endang'ring life.

Chor. It is not virtue, wiſdom, valour, wit,
Strength, comlineſs of ſhape, or ampleſt merit
That Woman's love can win or long inherit;
But what it is, hard is to ſay,
Harder to hit,
(Which way ſoever Men refer it)
Much like thy riddle, *Samſon*, in one day
Or ſeven, though one ſhould muſing ſit;

If any of theſe or all, the *Timnian* bride
Had not ſo ſoon preferr'd
Thy Paranymph, worthleſs to thee compar'd
Succeſſor in thy Bed,
Nor both ſo loofly diſally'd
Their nuptials, nor this laſt ſo treacherouſly

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Had ſhorn the fatal Harveſt of thy Head,
Is it for that ſuch outward ornament
Was laviſh'd on their Sex, that inward gifts
Were left for haſte unfiniſh'd, judgment ſcant,
Capacity not rais'd to apprehend
Or value what is beſt
In choice, but oftest to affect the wrong?
Or was too much of ſelf-love mixt,
Of conſtancy no root infix'd,
That either they love nothing, or not long?
Whate'er it be, to wiſeſt Men and beſt
Seeming at firſt all heav'nly under virgin Veil,
Soft, modeſt, meek, demure,
Once joyn'd, the contrary ſhe proves, a Thorn
Inteſtine, far within defenſive arms
A cleaving miſchief, in his way to virtue
Adverſe and turbulent, or by her charms
Draws him awry enſlav'd
With dotage, and his ſenſe deprav'd
To folly and ſhameful deeds which ruin ends.
What Pilot ſo expert but needs muſt wreck
Embarqu'd with ſuch a Stears-mate at the Helm?

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Favour'd of Heav'n who finds
One virtuous rarely found,
That in domeſtick good combines:
Happy that houſe! his way to peace is ſmooth:
But Virtue which breaks through all oppoſition,
And all temptation can remove,
Moſt ſhines and moſt is acceptable above.
Therefore God's univerſal Law
Gave to the Man deſpotick power
Over his Female in due awe,
Nor from that right to part an hour,
Smile ſhe or lowre:
So ſhall he leaſt confuſion draw
On his whole life, not ſway'd
By female uſurpation, or diſmay'd.
But had we beſt retire, I ſee a ſtorm?
Samſ. Fair days have oft contracted wind and rain.
Chor. But this another kind of tempeſt brings.
Samſ. Be leſs abſtruſe, my riddling days are paſt.
Chor. Look now for no inchanting voice, nor fear
The bait of honied words; a rougher tongue
Draws hitherward, I know him by his ſtride,
The Giant *Haraphа* of *Gath*, his look

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Haughty as is his pile high-built and proud.
Comes he in peace? what wind hath blown him hither
I leſs conjecture than when firſt I ſaw
The ſumptuous *Dalila* floating this way:
His habit carries peace, his brow defiance.

Samſ. Or peace or not, alike to me he comes.

Chor. His fraught we ſoon ſhall know, he now arrives.

Har. I come not, *Samſon*, to condole thy chance,
As theſe perhaps, yet wiſh it had not been,
Though for no friendly intent. I am of *Gath*,
Men call me *Harapha*, of ſtock renown'd
As *Og* or *Anak* and the *Emims* old
That *Kariathaim* held, thou know'ſt me now
If thou at all art known. Much I have heard
Of thy prodigious might and feats perform'd
Incredible to me, in this diſpleas'd,
That I was never preſent on the place
Of thoſe encounters, where we might have try'd
Each others force in camp or liſted field:
And now am come to ſee of whom ſuch noiſe
Hath walk'd about, and each limb to ſurvey,
If thy appearance anſwer loud report.

Samſ. The way to know were not to ſee but taſte.

Har.

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Har. Doſt thou already ſingle me? I thought
Gieves and the Mill had tam'd thee. O that fortune
Had brought me to the field where thou art fam'd
To have wrought ſuch wonders with an Aſſes Jaw;
I ſhould have forc'd thee ſoon wiſh other arms,
Or left thy carcaſs where the Aſs lay thrown:
So had the glory of Proweſs been recover'd
To *Paleſtine*, won by a *Philiſtin*
From the unforeskin'd race, of whom thou bear'ſt
The higheſt name for valiant Acts, that honour
Certain to have won by mortal duel from thee,
I loſe, prevented by thy eyes put out.

Samſ. Boaſt not of what thou wouldſt have done, [but do
What then thou wouldſt, thou ſeeſt it in thy hand.

Har. To combat with a blind Man I diſdain,
And thou haſt need much waſhing to be touch'd.

Samſ. Such uſage as your honourable Lords
Afford me aſſaſſinated and betray'd,
Who durſt not with their whole united pow'rs
In fight withſtand me ſingle and unarm'd,
Nor in the houſe with chamber Ambuſhes
Cloſe-banded durſt attaque me, no not ſleeping,
Till they had hir'd a woman with their gold

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Breaking her Marriage Faith to circumvent me.
Therefore without feign'd ſhifts let be aſſign'd
Some narrow place enclos'd, where ſight may give thee,
Or rather flight, no great advantage on me;
Then put on all thy gorgeous arms, thy Helmet
And Brigandine of braſs, thy broad Habergeon,
Vant-braſs and Greves, and Gauntlet, and thy Spear
A Weavers beam, and ſeven-times-folded ſhield,
I only with an Oak'n-ſtaff will meet thee,
And raiſe ſuch out-cries on thy clatter'd Iron,
Which long ſhall not with-hold me from thy head,
That in a little time while breath remains thee,
Thou oft ſhalt wiſh thy ſelf at *Gath* to boaſt
Again in ſafety what thou wouldſt have done
To *Samſon*, but ſhalt never ſee *Gath* more.

Har. Thou durſt not thus diſparage glorious arms
Which greateſt Heroes have in battel worn,
Their ornament and ſafety, had not ſpells
And black enchantments, ſome Magicians Art
Arm'd thee or charm'd thee ſtrong, which thou from Heav'n
Feign'dſt at thy Birth was giv'n thee in thy Hair,
Where ſtrength can leaſt abide, though all thy Hairs
Were briſtles rang'd like thoſe that ridge the back

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Of chaf'd wild Boars, or ruffl'd Porcupines.

Samſ. I know no Spells, uſe no forbidden Arts;
My truſt is in the living God who gave me
At my Nativity this ſtrength, diffus'd
No leſs through all my ſinews, joints and bones,
Than thine, while I preſerv'd theſe locks unſhorn,
The pledge of my unviolated vow.
For proof hereof, if *Dagon* be thy god,
Go to his Temple, invocate his aid
With ſolemneſt devotion, ſpread before him
How highly it concerns his glory now
To fruſtrate and diſſolve theſe Magick ſpells,
Which I to be the power of *Iſrael*'s God
Avow, and challenge *Dagon* to the teſt,
Off'ring to combat thee his Champion bold,
With th'utmoſt of his Godhead ſeconded:
Then thou ſhalt ſee, or rather to thy ſorrow
Soon feel, whoſe God is ſtrongeſt, thine or mine.

Har. Preſume not on thy God, what e'er he be,
Thee he regards not, owns not, hath cut off
Quite from his people, and deliver'd up
Into thy Enemies hand, permitted them
To put out both thine eyes, and fetter'd ſend thee

Into

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Into the common Priſon, there to grind
Among the Slaves and Aſſes thy comrades,
As good for nothing elſe, no better ſervice
With thoſe thy boyſt'rous locks, no worthy match
For valour to aſſail, nor by the ſword
Of noble Warriour, ſo to ſtain his honour,
But by the Barbers razor beſt ſubdu'd.

Samſ. All theſe indignities, for ſuch they are
From thine, theſe evils I deſerve and more,
Acknowledge them from God inflicted on me
Juſtly, yet deſpair not of his final pardon
Whoſe ear is ever open; and his eye
Gracious to re-admit the ſuppliant;
In confidence whereof I once again
Defie thee to the trial of mortal fight,
By combat to decide whoſe God is God,
Thine or whom I with *Iſrael's* Sons adore.

Har. Fair honour that thou doſt thy God, in truſting
He will accept thee to defend his cauſe,
A Murtherer, a Revolter, and a Robber.

Sam. Tongue-doughty Giant, how doſt thou prove me theſe?

Har. Is not thy Nation ſubject to our Lords?
Their Magiſtrates confeſt it, when they took thee

As

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As a League-breaker and deliver'd bound
Into our hands: for hadſt thou not committed
Notorious murther on thoſe thirty men
At *Askalon*, who never did thee harm,
Then like a Robber ſtrip'dſt them of their robes?
The *Philiſtins*, when thou hadſt broke the league,
Went up with armed powers thee only ſeeking,
To others did no violence nor ſpoil.

Samſ. Among the Daughters of the *Philiſtins*
I choſe a Wife, which argu'd me no foe;
And in your City held my Nuptial Feaſt:
But your ill-meaning Politician Lords,
Under pretence of Bridal friends and gueſts,
Appointed to await me thirty Spies,
Who threatning cruel death conſtrain'd the Bride
To wring from me and tell to them my ſecret,
That ſolv'd the riddle which I had propos'd.
When I perceiv'd all ſet on enmity,
As on my enemies, where ever chanc'd,
I us'd hoſtility, and took their ſpoil
To pay my underminers in their coin.
My Nation was ſubjected to your Lords.
It was the force of Conqueſt; force with force

Is

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Is well ejected when the Conquer'd can.
But I a private perſon, whom my Country
As a league-breaker gave up bound, preſum'd
Single Rebellion and did hoſtile Acts.
I was no private but a perſon rais'd
With ſtrength ſufficient and command from Heav'n
To free my Country; if their ſervile minds
Me their deliverer ſent would not receive,
But to their Maſters gave me up for naught,
Th'unworthier they; whence to this day they ſerve,
I was to do my part from Heav'n aſſign'd,
And had perform'd it if my known offence
Had not diſabl'd me, not all your force:
Theſe ſhifts refuted, anſwer thy appellant
Though by his blindneſs maim'd for high attempts,
Who now defies thee thrice to ſingle fight,
As a petty enterpriſe of ſmall enforce.

Har. With thee a man condemn'd, a Slave enrol'd,
Due by the Law to capital puniſhment?
To fight with thee no man of arms will deign.

Samſ. Cam'ſt thou for this, vain boaſter, to ſurvey me,
To deſcant on my ſtrength, and give thy verdict?
Come nearer, part not hence ſo ſlight inform'd;

But

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But take good heed my hand ſurvey not thee.

Har. O *Baal-zebub!* can my ears unus'd
Hear theſe diſhonours, and not render death?

Samſ. No man with-holds thee, nothing from thy hand
Fear I incurable; bring up thy van,
My heels are fetter'd, but my fiſt is free.

Har. This inſolence other kind of anſwer fits.

Samſ. Go baffl'd coward, leſt I run upon thee,
Though in theſe chains, bulk without ſpirit vaſt,
And with one buffet lay thy ſtructure low,
Or ſwing thee in the Air, then daſh thee down
To th' hazard of thy brains and ſhatter'd ſides.

Har. By *Aſtaroth* e'er long thou ſhalt lament
Theſe braveries in Irons loaden on thee.

Chor. His Giantſhip is gone ſomewhat creſt-fall'n,
Stalking with leſs unconſcionable ſtrides,
And lower looks, but in a ſultrie chaſe.

Samſ. I dread him not, nor all his Giant-brood,
Though fame divulg'd him Father of five Sons
All of Gigantick ſize, *Goliah* chief.

Chor. He will directly to the Lords, I fear,
And with malitious counſel ſtir them up
Some way or other farther to afflict thee.

Samſ.

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Samſ. He muſt alledge ſome cauſe, and offer'd fight
Will not dare mention, leſt a queſtion riſe
Whether he durſt accept the offer or not,
And that he durſt not plain enough appear'd.
Much more affliction than already felt
They cannot well impoſe, nor I ſuſtain;
If they intend advantage of my labours
The work of many hands, which earns my keeping
With no ſmall profit daily to my owners.
But come what will, my deadlieſt Foe will prove
My ſpeedieſt friend, by death to rid me hence,
The worſt that he can give, to me the beſt.
Yet ſo it may fall out, becauſe their end
Is hate, not help to me, it may with mine
Draw their own ruin who attempt the dead.

Chor. Oh how comely it is and how reviving
To the Spirits of juſt men long oppreſt!
When God into the hands of their deliverer
Puts invincible might
To quell the mighty of the Earth, th' oppreſſor,
The brute and boiſt'rous force of violent men
Hardy and induſtrious to ſupport
Tyrannick power, but raging to purſue

The

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The righteous and all such as honour Truth;
He all their Ammunition
And feats of War defeats
With plain Heroick magnitude of mind
And celestial vigour arm'd,
Their Armories and Magazins contemns,
Renders them useless, while
With winged expedition
Swift as the light'ning glance he executes
His errand on the wicked, who surpriz'd
Lose their defence distracted and amaz'd.
But patience is more oft the exercise
Of Saints, the trial of their fortitude,
Making them each his own Deliverer,
And Victor over all
That tyranny or fortune can inflict,
Either of these is in thy lot,
Samson, with might endu'd
Above the Sons of men; but sight bereav'd
May chance to number thee with those
Whom Patience finally must crown.
This Idols day hath been to thee no day of rest,

Labouring

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Labouring thy mind
More than the working day thy hands.
And yet perhaps more trouble is behind,
For I descry this way
Some other tending, in his hand
A Scepter or quaint Staff he bears,
Comes on amain, speed in his look,
By his habit I discern him now
A Publick Officer, and now at hand,
His message will be short and voluble.

Off. Hebrews the Pris'ner *Samson* here I seek.

Chor. His manacles remark him, there he sits.

Off. Samson, to thee our Lords thus bid me say;
This day to *Dagon* is a solemn Feast,
With Sacrifices, Triumph, Pomp and Games;
Thy strength they know surpassing human race,
And now some publick proof thereof require
To honour this great Feast, and great Assembly;
Rise therefore with all speed and come along,
Where I will see thee heartn'd and fresh clad
To appear as fits before th'illustrious Lords.

Samf. Thou know'st I am an *Hebrew*, therefore tell them
Our Law forbids at their Religious Rites

My

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My presence; for that cause I cannot come.

Off. This answer, be assur'd, will not content them.

Samf. Have they not sword-players, and ev'ry sort
Of Gymnick Artists, Wrestlers, Riders, Runners,
Jugglers and Dancers, Anticks, Mummers, Mimirs,
But they must pick me out with shackles tir'd,
And over-labour'd at their publick Mill,
To make them sport with blind activity?
Do they not seek occasion of new quarrels
On my refusal to distress me more,
Or make a game of my calamities?
Return the way thou cam'st, I will not come.

Off. Regard thy self, this will offend them highly.

Samf. My self? my conscience and internal peace.
Can they think me so broken, so debas'd
With corporal servitude, that my mind ever
Will condescend to such absurd commands?
Although their drudge, to be their fool or jester,
And in my midst of sorrow and heart-grief
To shew them feats, and play before their god,
The worst of all indignities, yet on me
Join'd with extreme contempt? I will not come.

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Off. My message was impos'd on me with speed,
Brooks no delay: is this thy resolution?

Samf. So take it with what speed thy message needs.

Off. I am sorry what this stoutness will produce.

Samf. Perhaps thou shalt have cause to sorrow indeed.

Chor. Consider, *Samson*; matters now are strain'd
Up to the heighth, whether to hold or break;
He's gone, and who knows how he may report
Thy words by adding fuel to the flame?
Expect another message more imperious,
More Lordly thund'ring than thou well wilt bear.

Samf. Shall I abuse this Consecrated gift
Of strength, again returning with my hair,
After my great transgression, so requite
Favour renew'd, and add a greater sin
By prostituting holy things to Idols;
A *Nazarite* in place abominable
Vaunting my strength in honour to their *Dagon*?
Besides how vile, contemptible, ridiculous,
What act more execrably unclean, prophane?

Chor. Yet with this strength thou serv'st the *Philistins*,
Idolatrous, uncircumcis'd, unclean.

Samf. Not in their Idol-worship, but by labour

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Honeſt and lawful to deſerve my food
Of thoſe who have me in their civil pow'r.
Chor. Where the heart joins not, outw'rd acts defile [not.
Samſ. Where outward force conſtrains, the ſentence holds.
But who conſtrains me to the Temple of *Dagon*,
Not dragging? the *Philiſtian* Lords command.
Commands are no conſtraints. If I obey them,
I do it freely, vent'ring to diſpleaſe
God for the fear of Man, and Man prefer,
Set God behind: which in his jealouſie
Shall never, unrepented, find forgiveneſs.
Yet that he may diſpenſe with me or thee
Preſent in Temples at Idolatrous Rites
For ſome important cauſe, thou need'ſt not doubt.
Chor. How thou wilt here come off ſurmounts my reach.
Samſ. Be of good courage, I begin to feel
Some rouzing motions in me which diſpoſe
To ſomething extraordinary my thoughts.
I with this Meſſenger will go along,
Nothing to do, be ſure, that may diſhonour
Our Law, or ſtain my vow of *Nazarite*.
If there be ought of preſage in the mind,

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This day will be remarkable in my life
By ſome great act, or of my days the laſt.

Char. In time thou haſt reſolv'd, the man returns.

Off. *Samſon*, this ſecond meſſage from our Lords
To thee I am bid ſay. Art thou our Slave,
Our Captive, at the publick Mill our drudge,
And dar'ſt thou at our ſending and command
Diſpute thy coming? come without delay;
Or we ſhall find ſuch Engines to aſſail
And hamper thee, as thou ſhalt come of force,
Though thou art firmlier faſtn'd than a Rock.

Samſ. I could be well content to try their Art,
Which to no few of them would prove pernicious.
Yet knowing their advantages too many,
Becauſe they ſhall not trail me through their ſtreets
Like a wild Beaſt, I am content to go.
Maſters commands come with a power reſiſtleſs
To ſuch as owe them abſolute ſubjection;
And for a life who will not change his purpoſe?
(So mutable are all the ways of men)
Yet this be ſure, in nothing to comply
Scandalous or forbidden in our Law.

Off.

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Off. I praiſe thy reſolution, doff theſe links:
By this compliance thou wilt win the Lords
To favour, and perhaps to ſet thee free.

Samſ. Brethren farewell, your company along
I will not wiſh, leſt it perhaps offend them
To ſee me girt with Friends; and how the ſight
Of me as of a common Enemy,
So dreaded once, may now exaſperate them
I know not: Lords are Lordlieſt in their wine;
And the well-feaſted Prieſt then ſooneſt fir'd
With zeal, if aught Religion ſeem concern'd:
No leſs the People on their Holy-days
Impetuous, inſolent, unquenchable;
Happ'n what may, of me expect to hear
Nothing diſhonourable, impure, unworthy
Our God, our Law; my Nation or my ſelf,
The laſt of me or no I cannot warrant.

Chor. Go, and the Holy One
Of *Iſrael* be thy guide
To what may ſerve his glory beſt, and ſpread his name
Great among the Heathen round;
Send the Angel of thy Birth to ſtand
Faſt by thy ſide, who from thy Father's field

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Rode up in flames after his meſſage told
Of thy conception, and be now a ſhield
Of fire; that Spirit that firſt ruſht on thee
In the Camp of *Dan*
Be efficacious in thee now at need.
For never was from Heaven imparted
Meaſure of ſtrength ſo great to mortal ſeed;
As in thy wond'rous actions hath been ſeen.
But wherefore comes old *Manoa* in ſuch haſte
With youthful ſteps? much livelier than e'er while
He ſeems: ſuppoſing here to find his Son,
Or of him bringing to us ſome glad news?

Man. Peace with you, Brethren; my inducement [hither
Was not at preſent here to find my Son,
By order of the Lords new parted hence
To come and play before them at their Feaſt.
I heard all as I came, the City rings
And numbers thither flock, I had no will,
Leſt I ſhould ſee him forc'd to things unſeemly.
But that which mov'd my coming now, was chiefly
To give you part with me what hope I have
With good ſucceſs to work his liberty.

Chor.

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Chor. That hope would much rejoyce us to partake
With thee; ſay, reverend Sire, We thirſt to hear.
Man. I have attempted one by one the Lords
Either at home, or through the high ſtreet paſſing,
With ſupplication prone and Fathers tears
T'accept of ranſome for my Son their pris'ner.
Some much averſe I found and wondrous harſh,
Contemptuous, proud, ſet on revenge and ſpite;
That part moſt reverenc'd *Dagon* and his prieſts,
Others more moderate ſeeming, but their aim
Private reward, for which both God and State
They eaſily would ſet to ſale, a third
More generous far and civil, who confeſs'd
They had enough reveng'd, having reduc'd
Their foe to miſery beneath their fears,
The reſt was magnanimity to remit,
If ſome convenient ranſome was propos'd.
What noiſe or ſhout was that? it tore the Skie.
Chor. Doubtleſs the people ſhouting to behold
Their once great dread, captive, and blind before them,
Or at ſome proof of ſtrength before them ſhown.
Man. His ranſome, if my whole inheritance
May compaſs it, ſhall willingly be paid

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And number'd down: much rather I shall chuſe
To live the pooreſt in my Tribe, than richeſt,
And he in that calamitous priſon left.
No, I am fixt not to part hence without him.
For his redemption all my Patrimony,
If need be, I am ready to forgo
And quit: not wanting him, I shall want nothing.

Chor. Fathers are wont to lay up for their Sons,
Thou for thy Son art bent to lay out all;
Sons wont to nurſe their Parents in old age,
Thou in old age car'ſt how to nurſe thy Son
Made older than thy age through eye-ſight loſt.

Man. It ſhall be my delight to tend his eyes,
And view him ſitting in the houſe, ennobl'd
With all thoſe high exploits by him atchiev'd,
And on his ſhoulders waving down thoſe locks,
That of a Nation arm'd the ſtrength contain'd:
And I perſuade me God hath not permitted
His ſtrength again to grow up with his hair
Garriſon'd round about him like a Camp
Of faithful Soldiery, were not his purpoſe
To uſe him farther yet in ſome great ſervice,
Not to ſit idle with ſo great a gift

Uſeleſs,

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Uſeleſs, and thence ridiculous about him.
And ſince his ſtrength with eye-ſight was not loſt,
God will reſtore him eye-ſight to his ſtrength.

Chor. Thy hopes are not ill founded nor ſeem vain
Of his delivery, and thy joy thereon
Conceiv'd, agreeable to a Father's love,
In both which we, as next, participate.

Man. I know your friendly minds and-- O what noiſe!
Mercy of Heav'n what hideous noiſe was that!
Horribly loud unlike the former ſhout.

Chor. Noiſe call you it or univerſal groan
As if the whole inhabitation periſh'd,
Blood, death, and deathful deeds are in that noiſe,
Ruin, deſtruction at the utmoſt point.

Man. Of ruin indeed me-thought I heard the noiſe,
Oh it continues, they have ſlain my Son.

Chor. Thy Son is rather ſlaying them, that outcry
From ſlaughter of one Foe could not aſcend.

Man. Some diſmal accident it needs muſt be;
What ſhall we do, ſtay here or run and ſee?

Chor. Beſt keep together here, leſt running thither
We unawares run into danger's mouth.
This evil on the *Philiſtins* is fall'n,

From

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From whom could elſe a general cry be heard?
The ſufferers then will ſcarce moleſt us here,
From other hands we need not much to fear.
What if his eye-ſight (for to *Iſrael's* God
Nothing is hard) by miracle reſtor'd,
He now be dealing dole among his foes,
And over heaps of ſlaughter'd walk his way?

Man. That were a joy preſumptuous to be thought.

Chor. Yet God hath wrought things as incredible
For his people of old; what hinders now?

Man. He can I know, but doubt to think he will;
Yet Hope would fain ſubſcribe and tempts Belief,
A little ſtay will bring ſome notice hither.

Chor. Of good or bad ſo great, of bad the ſooner;
For evil news rides poſt, while good news baits.
And to our wiſh I ſee one hither ſpeeding,
An *Hebrew*, as I gueſs, and of our Tribe.

Meſſ. O whither ſhall I run, or which way flie
The ſight of this ſo horrid ſpectacle
Which earſt my eyes beheld and yet behold?
For dire imagination ſtill purſues me.
But providence or inſtinct of nature ſeems,
Or reaſon though diſturb'd, and ſcarce conſulted

To

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To have guided me aright, I know not how,
To thee first reverend *Manoa*, and to these
My Countrymen, whom here I knew remaining,
As at some distance from the place of horror,
So in the sad event too much concern'd.

Man. The accident was loud, and heard before thee
With rueful cry, yet what it was we hear not,
No Preface needs, thou seest we long to know.

Mess. It would burst forth, but I recover breath
And sense distract, to know well what I utter.

Man. Tell us the sum, the circumstance defer.

Mess. *Gaza* yet stands, but all her Sons are fall'n,
All in a moment overwhelm'd and fall'n.

Man. Sad, but thou know'st to *Israelites* not saddest
The desolation of a Hostile City.

Mess. Feed on that first, there may in grief be surfeit.

Ma. Relate by whom. *Mess.* By *Samson*. *Ma.* That
The sorrow, and converts it nigh to joy. [still lessens

Mess. Ah *Manoa*, I refrain, too suddenly
To utter what will come at last too soon;
Least evil tidings with too rude irruption
Hitting thy aged ear should pierce too deep.

Man. Suspense in news is torture, speak them out.

Mess.

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Meſſ. Then take the worſe in brief, *Samſon* is dead.

Man. The worſt indeed, O all my hope's defeated
To free him hence! but death who ſets all free
Hath paid his ranſome now and full diſcharge.
What windy joy this day had I conceiv'd
Hopeful of his Deliv'ry, which now proves
Abortive as the firſt-born bloom of ſpring
Nipt with the lagging rere of winter's froſt.
Yet e'er I give the reins to grief, ſay firſt,
How dy'd he? death to life is crown or ſhame.
All by him fell thou ſay'ſt, by whom fell he,
What glorious hand gave *Samſon* his deaths wound?

Meſſ. Unwounded of his enemies he fell.

Man. Wearied with ſlaughter then or how? explain.

Meſſ. By his own hands.

Man. Self-violence? what cauſe
Brought him ſo ſoon at variance with himſelf
Among his Foes? *Meſſ.* Inevitable cauſe
At once both to deſtroy and be deſtroy'd;
The Edifice where all were met to ſee him
Upon their heads and on his own he pull'd.

Man. O laſtly over-ſtrong againſt thy ſelf!
A dreadful way thou took'ſt to thy revenge.

More

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More than enough we know; but while things yet
Are in confusion, give us if thou canst,
Eye-witness of what first or last was done,
Relation more particular and distinct.

Mess. Occasions drew me early to this City,
And as the gates I enter'd with Sun-rise,
The morning Trumpets Festival proclaim'd
Through each high street: little had I dispatch'd,
When all abroad was rumour'd that this day
Samson should be brought forth to shew the people
Proof of his mighty strength in feats and games;
I sorrow'd at his captive state, but minded
Not to be absent at that spectacle.
The building was a spacious Theatre
Half-round on two main Pillars vaulted high,
With seats where all the Lords and each degree
Of sort, might sit in order to behold,
The other side was op'n, where the throng
On banks and scaffolds under Skie might stand;
I among those aloof obscurely stood.
The Feast and noon grew high, and Sacrifice
Had fill'd their hearts with mirth, high chear and wine,
When to their sports they turn'd. Immediately

Was

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Was *Samſon* as a publick ſervant brought,
In their ſtate Livery clad; before him Pipes
And Timbrels, on each ſide went armed guards,
Both horſe and foot before him and behind
Archers, and Slingers, Cataphracts and Spears.
At ſight of him the people with a ſhout
Rifted the Air clamouring their god with praiſe,
Who had made their dreadful enemy their thrall.
He patient but undaunted where they led him,
Came to the place, and what was ſet before him
Which without help of eye might be aſſay'd,
To heave, pull, draw, and break he ſtill perform'd
All with incredible, ſtupendious force,
None daring to appear Antagoniſt.
At length for intermiſſion ſake they led him
Between the Pillars; he his guide requeſted
(For ſo from ſuch as nearer ſtood we heard)
As over-tir'd to let him lean a while
With both his arms on thoſe two maſſie Pillars
That to the arched roof gave main ſupport,
He unſuſpicious led him; which when *Samſon*
Felt in his arms, with head a while inclin'd,
And eyes faſt fixt he ſtood as one who pray'd,

Or

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Or ſome great matter in his mind revolv'd.
At laſt with Head erect thus cry'd aloud,
Hitherto, Lords, what your commands impos'd
I have perform'd, as reaſon was, obeying,
Nor without wonder or delight beheld.
Now of my own accord ſuch other tryal
I mean to ſhew you of my ſtrength, yet greater;
As with amaze ſhall ſtrike all who behold.
This utter'd, ſtraining all his nerves he bow'd,
As with the force of winds and waters pent,
When Mountains tremble, thoſe two maſſie Pillars
With horrible confuſion to and fro,
He tugg'd, he took, till down they came and drew
The whole roof after them, with burſt of thunder
Upon the heads of all who ſat beneath,
Lords, Ladies, Captains, Councellors, or Prieſts,
Their choice Nobility and flower, not only
Of this but each *Philiſtian* City round
Met from all parts to ſolemnize this Feaſt.
Samſon with theſe immixt, inevitably
Pull'd down the ſame deſtruction on himſelf;
The vulgar only ſcap'd who ſtood without.

Chor.

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Chor. O dearly-bought revenge, yet glorious!
Living or dying thou haſt fulfill'd
The work for which thou waſt foretold
To *Iſrael*, and now ly'ſt victorious
Among thy ſlain ſelf-kill'd
Not willingly, but tangl'd in the fold,
Of dire neceſſity, whoſe law in death conjoin'd
Thee with thy ſlaughter'd foes in number more
Than all thy life had ſlain before.

Semichor. While their hearts were jocond and ſublime,
Drunk with Idolatry, drunk with Wine,
And fat regorg'd of Bulls and Goats,
Chaunting their Idol, and preferring
Before our living Dread who dwells
In *Silo* his bright Sanctuary:
Among them he a ſpirit of phrenzie ſent,
Who hurt their minds,
And urg'd them on with mad deſire
To call in haſte for their deſtroyer;
They only ſet on ſport and play
Unweetingly importun'd
Their own deſtruction to come ſpeedy upon them.
So fond are mortal men.

Fall'n

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Fall'n into wrath divine,
As their own ruin on themſelves t' invite,
Inſenſate left, or to ſenſe reprobate,
And with blindneſs internal ſtruck.

Semichor. But he though blind of ſight,
Deſpis'd and thought extinguiſh'd quite,
With inward eyes illuminated
His fiery virtue rouz'd
From under aſhes into ſudden flame,
And as ev'ning Dragon came,
Aſſailant on the perched roofts,
And neſts in order rang'd
Of tame villatick Fowl; but as an Eagle
His cloudleſs thunder bolted on their heads.
So virtue giv'n for loſt,
Depreſt, and overthrown, as ſeem'd,
Like that ſelf-begott'n Bird
In the *Arabian* woods emboſt,
That no ſecond knows nor third,
And lay e'er while a Holocauſt,
From out her aſhie womb now teem'd,
Revives, reflouriſhes, then vigorous moſt
When moſt unactive deem'd,

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And though her body die, her fame ſurvives,
A ſecular Bird ages of lives.

Man. Come, come, no time for lamentation now
Nor much more cauſe, *Samſon* hath quit himſelf
Like *Samſon*, and heroickly hath finiſh'd
A life Heroick, on his Enemies
Fully reveng'd, hath left them years of mourning,
And lamentation to the Sons of *Dagon*
Through all *Philiſtian* bounds. To *Iſrael*
Honour hath left, and freedom, let but them
Find courage to lay hold on this occaſion,
To himſelf and Father's houſe eternal fame;
And which is beſt and happieſt yet, all this
With God not parted from him, as was fear'd,
But favouring and aſſiſting to the end.
Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
Or knock the breaſt, no weakneſs, no contempt,
Diſpraiſe, or blame, nothing but well and fair,
And what may quiet us in a death ſo noble.
Let us go find the body where it lies
Sok'd in his enemies blood, and from the ſtream
With lavers pure and cleanſing herbs waſh off
The clodded gore. I with what ſpeed the while

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(*Gaza* is not in plight to say us nay)
Will send for all my kindred, all my friends
To fetch him hence and solemnly attend
With silent obsequie and funeral train
Home to his Father's house: there will I build him,
A Monument, and plant it round with shade
Of Laurel ever green, and branching Palm,
With all his Trophies hung, and Acts enroll'd
In copious Legend, or sweet Lyrick Song.
Thither shall all the valiant youth resort,
And from his memory inflame their breasts
To matchless valour, and adventures high:
The Virgins also shall on feastful days
Visit his Tomb with flowers, only bewailing
His lot unfortunate in nuptial choice,
From whence captivity and loss of eyes.

Chor. All is best, though we oft doubt,
What th'unsearchable dispose
Of highest wisdom brings about,
And ever best found in the close.
Oft he seems to hide his face,
But unexpectedly returns
And to his faithful Champion hath in place

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Bore witneſs glorioufly; whence *Gaza* mourns
And all that band them to reſiſt.
His uncontrollable intent,
His ſervant he with new acquiſt
Of true experience from this great event
With peace and conſolation hath diſmiſt,
And calm of mind all paſſion ſpent.

The END.

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POEMS

UPON

Several Occasions.

Compos'd at several times.

BY

Mr. *JOHN MILTON.*

The Fourth Edition.

LONDON,

Printed for *Jacob Tonson,* within *Grays-Inn* Gate next *Grays-Inn* Lane. 1707.

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POEMS

ON

Several Occaſions.

LYCIDAS.

In this Monody the Author bewails a Learned Friend, unfortunately drown'd in his paſſage from Cheſter *on the* Iriſh *Seas,* 1637. *And by occaſion foretells the ruin of our corrupted Clergie, then in their height.*

YET once more, O ye Laurels, and once more
Ye Myrtles brown, with Ivy never ſear,
I come to pluck your Berries harſh and crude,
And with forc'd fingers rude,
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year,
Bitter conſtraint, and ſad occaſion dear,
Compels me to diſturb your ſeaſon due:

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For *Lycidas* is dead, dead e'er his prime,
Young *Lycidas*, and hath not left his peer:
Who would not ſing for *Lycidas*? he knew
Himſelf to ſing, and build the lofty Rhyme,
He muſt not flote upon his watry bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of ſome melodious tear.

Begin then, Siſters of the Sacred well,
That from beneath the ſeat of *Jove* doth ſpring,
Begin, and ſomewhat loudly ſweep the ſtring.
Hence with denial vain, and coy excuſe,
So may ſome gentle Muſe
With lucky words favour my deſtin'd Urn,
And as he paſſes turn,
And bid fair peace be to my ſable ſhrowd.
For we were nurſt upon the ſelf-ſame Hill,
Fed the ſame flock; by fountain, ſhade, and rill.

Together both, e'er the high Lawns appear'd
Under the opening Eye-lids of the morn,
We drove a field, and both together heard
What time the Gray-fly winds her ſultry horn,
Batt'ning our flocks with the freſh dews of night,
Oft till the Star that roſe, at Ev'ning, bright,

Toward

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Towards Heav'ns deſcent had ſlop'd his weſtering wheel
Mean while the Rural ditties were not mute,
Temper'd to th' Oaten Flute,
Rough *Satyrs* danc'd, and *Fauns* with clov'n heel,
From the glad ſound would not be abſent long,
And old *Damætas* lov'd to hear our Song.

But O the heavy change, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone, and never muſt return!
Thee Shepherd, thee the Woods and deſert Caves
With wild Thyme and the gadding Vine o'ergrown,
And all their echoes mourn.
The Willows, and the Hazel Copſes green,
Shall now no more be ſeen,
Fanning their joyous Leaves to thy ſoft layes,
As killing as the Canker to the Roſe,
Or Taint-worm to the weanling Herds that graze,
Or Froſt to Flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear,
When firſt the white Thorn blows;
Such, *Lycidas*, thy loſs to Shepherds ear.

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorſeleſs deep
Clos'd o'er the head of your lov'd *Lycidas*?
For neither were ye playing on the ſteep,
Where your old *Bards*, the famous *Druids*, lye,

Nor

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Nor on the ſhaggy top of *Mona* high,
Nor yet where *Deva* ſpreads her wiſard ſtream:
Ay me, I fondly dream!
Had ye been there—for what could that have done?
What could the Muſe her ſelf that *Orpheus* bore,
The Muſe her ſelf for her enchanting Son,
Whom Univerſal Nature did lament,
When by the rout that made the hideous roar,
His goary viſage down the ſtream was ſent,
Down the ſwift *Hebrus* to the *Lesbian* ſhoar.
Alas! What boots it with unceſſant care
To end the homely ſlighted Shepherds trade,
And ſtrictly meditate the thankleſs Muſe,
Were it not better done as others uſe,
To ſport with *Amaryllis* in the ſhade,
Or with the tangles of *Neæra's* hair?
Fame is the ſpur that the clear ſpirit doth raiſe
(That laſt infirmity of Noble mind)
To ſcorn delights, and live laborious days;
But the fair Guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burſt out into ſudden blaze,
Comes the blind *Fury* with th' abhorred ſhears,
And ſlits the thin ſpun Life. But not the praiſe,

Phœbus

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Phœbus reply'd, and touch'd my trembling ears;
Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glistering foil
Set off to th' world, nor in broad rumour lies,
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,
And perfect witness of all-judging *Jove*;
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in Heav'n expect thy meed.
O Fountain *Arethuse*, and thou honour'd flood,
Smooth-sliding *Mincius*, crown'd with vocal reeds,
That strain I heard was of a higher mood:
But now my Oat proceeds,
And listens to the Herald of the Sea
That came in *Neptune's* plea,
He ask'd the Waves, and ask'd the Fellon Winds,
What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle swain?
And question'd every gust of rugged winds
That blows from off each beaked Promontory;
They knew not of his story,
And sage *Hippotades* their answer brings,
That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd,
The Air was calm, and on the level brine,
Sleek *Panope* with all her Sisters play'd.

It

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It was that fatal and perfidious Bark
Built in th' eclipſe, and rigg'd with curſes dark,
That ſunk ſo low that Sacred head of thine.
Next *Camus*, reverend Sire, went footing ſlow,
His Mantle hairy, and his bonnet ſedge,
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
Like to that ſanguine flower inſcrib'd with woe.
Ah! Who hath reft (quoth he) my dearеſt pledge?
Laſt came, and laſt did go,
The Pilot of the *Galilean* lake
Two maſſy Keys he bore of metals twain,
(The Golden opes, the Iron ſhuts amain)
He ſhook his Miter'd locks, and ſtern beſpake,
How well could I have ſpar'd for thee, young ſwain,
Anow of ſuch as for their bellies ſake
Creep and intrude, and climb into the fold?
Of other care they little reck'ning make,
That how to ſcramble at the ſhearers feaſt,
And ſhove away the worthy bidden gueſt;
Blind mouths! that ſcarce themſelves know how to hold
A Sheep-hook, or have learn'd ought elſe the leaſt
That to the faithful Herdman's Art belongs!
What recks it them? What need they? They are ſped;

And

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And when they liſt, their lean and flaſhy Songs
Grate on their ſcrannel Pipes of wretched ſtraw,
The hungry Sheep look up, and are not fed,
But ſwoll'n with wind, and the rank miſt they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion ſpread:
Beſides what the grim Woolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing fed,
But that two-handed Engine at the door,
Stands ready to ſmite once, and ſmite no more.

Return *Alpheus*, the dread voice is paſt,
That ſhrunk thy ſtreams; Return *Sicilian* Muſe,
And call the Vales, and bid them hither caſt
Their Bells, and Flourets of a thouſand hues.
Ye Valleys low where the mild whiſpers uſe,
Of ſhades and wanton winds, and guſhing brooks
On whoſe freſh lap the ſwart Star ſparely looks,
Throw hither all your quaint enamell'd eyes,
That on the green terf ſuck the honied ſhowers,
And purple all the Ground with vernal flowers.
Bring the rathe Primroſe that forſaken dies,
The tufted Crow-toe, and pale Geſſamine
The white Pink, and the Panſie freak with jeat,
The glowing Violet,

The

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The Musk-roſe and the well attir'd Woodbine,
With Cowſlips wan that hang the penſive head,
And every flower that ſad embroidery wears,
Bid *Amarantus* all his beauty ſhed,
And Daffadillies fill their Cups with tears,
To ſtrew the Laureat Herſe where *Lycid* lies.
For ſo to interpoſe a little eaſe,
Let our frail thoughts daily with falſe surmiſe.
Ay me! Whilſt thee the ſhores, and ſounding Seas
Waſh far away, where e'er thy bones are hurl'd,
Whether beyond the ſtormy *Hebrides*,
Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide
Viſit'ſt the bottom of the monſtrous World;
Or whether thou to our moiſt vows deny'd,
Sleep'ſt by the Fable of *Bellerus* old
Where the great Viſion of the guarded Mount
Looks toward *Namancos* and *Bayona's* hold;
Look homeward Angel now and melt with ruth!
And, O ye *Dolphins*, waft the helpleſs youth.
Weep no more, woful Shepherds weep no more,
For *Lycidas* your ſorrow is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watry floar;
So ſinks the day-ſtar in the Ocean bed,

And

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And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new spangled Ore,
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:
So *Lycidas* sunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear might of him that walk'd the waves,
Where other groves, and other streams along,
With *Nectar* pure his oozy Locks he laves
And hears the unexpressive nuptial Song,
In the blest Kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the Saints above,
In solemn troops, and sweet Societies
That Sing, and Singing in their Glory move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
Now, *Lycidas*, the Shepherds weep no more;
Henceforth thou art the Genius of the shore,
In thy large recompence, and shalt be good
To all that wander in that perillous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth Swain to th' Okes and rills,
While the still morn went out with Sandals gray,
He touch'd the tender stops of various Quills,
With eager thought warbling his *Dorick* lay:
And now the Sun had stretch'd out all the Hills,
And now was dropt into the Western Bay;

At

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At laſt he roſe, and twitch'd his Mantle blew:
To morrow to freſh Woods, and Paſtures new.

L'Allegro.

HEnce loathed Melancholy
Of *Cerberus*, and blackeſt midnight born,
In *Stygian* Cave forlorne,
'Mongſt horrid ſhapes, and ſhrieks and ſights unholy,
Find out ſome uncouth cell,
Where brooding darkneſs ſpreads his jealous wings,
And the night-Raven ſings;
There under *Ebon* ſhades, and low-brow'd Rocks,
As ragged as thy Locks,
In dark *Cimmerian* deſart ever dwell.
But come thou Goddeſs fair and free,
In Heav'n ycleap'd *Euphroſyne*,
And by men, heart-eaſing Mirth,
Whom lovely *Venus* at a birth
With two Sifter Graces more
To Ivy-crowned *Bacchus* bore;

Or

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Or whether (as ſome Sager ſing)
The frolick Wind that breaths the Spring.
Zephir with *Aurora* playing,
As he met her once a Maying,
There on beds of Violets blew,
And freſh-blown Roſes waſht in dew
Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,
So buckſom, blith, and debonair.
Haſte thee Nymph, and bring with thee
Jeſt and Youthful Jollity,
Quips and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
Nods and Becks, and wreathed Smiles,
Such as hang on *Hebe*'s cheek,
And love to live in dimple ſleek;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his ſides.
Come, and trip it as you go
On the light fantaſtick toe,
And in thy right hand lead with thee,
The Mountain Nymph, ſweet Liberty;
And if I give thee Honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crue

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To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreproved pleaſures free,
To hear the Lark begin his flight,
And ſinging ſtartle the dull night,
From his watch-towre in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth riſe;
Then to come in ſpight of ſorrow,
And at my window bid good morrow,
Through the Sweet-Briar, or the Vine,
Or the twiſted Eglantine.
While the Cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of darkneſs thin,
And to the ſtack, or the Barn-door,
Stoutly ſtruts his Dames before,
Oft liſt'ning how the Hounds and Horn
Chearly rouſe the ſlumb'ring morn,
From the ſide of ſome Hoar Hill,
Through the high wood echoing ſhrill.
Some time walking not unſeen
By Hedge-row Elms, on Hillocks green,
Right againſt the Eaſtern gate,
Where the great Sun begins his ſtate,

Roab'd

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Roab'd in Flames, and Amber light,
The Clouds in thousand Liveries dight,
While the Plow-man near at hand,
Whistles o'er the Furrow'd Land,
And the Milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the Mower whets his sithe,
And every Shepherd tells his tale
Under the Hawthorn in the dale.
Streight mine eye hath caught new pleasures
Whilst the Lantskip round it measures,
Russet Lawns, and Fallows Gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
Mountains on whose barren breast
The labouring Clouds do often rest,
Meadows trim with Daisies pide,
Shallow Brooks, and Rivers wide.
Towers and Battlements it sees
Bosom'd high in tufted Trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes.
Hard by, a Cottage chimney smokes
From betwixt two aged Okes,

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Where *Corydon* and *Thyrſis* met,
Are at their ſavoury dinner ſet
Of Herbs, and other Country Meſſes,
Which the neat-handed *Phillis* dreſſes;
And then in haſte her Bower ſhe leaves,
With *Theſtylis* to bind the Sheaves;
Or if the earlier Seaſon lead
To the tann'd Haycock in the Mead,
Sometimes with ſecure delight
The up-land Hamlets will invite,
When the merry Bells ring round,
And the jocond rebecks ſound
To many a Youth, and many a Maid,
Dancing in the Chequer'd ſhade;
And young and old come forth to play
On a Sunſhine Holy-day,
Till the live-long day-light fail,
Then to the Spicy Nut-brown Ale,
With ſtories told of many a feat,
How *Fairy Mab* the junkets eat,
She was pincht, and pull'd ſhe ſaid,
And by the Friars Lanthorn led

Tells

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Tells how the drudging *Goblin* ſwet,
To earn his Cream-bowle duly ſet,
When in one night, e'er glimps of morn,
His ſhadowy Flale hath threſh'd the Corn,
That ten day-labourers could not end,
Then lies him down the Lubbar Fend.
And ſtretch'd out all the Chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy ſtrength;
And Crop-full out of doors he flings,
E'er the firſt Cock his Mattin rings.
Thus done the Tales, to bed they creep,
By whiſpering Winds ſoon lull'd aſleep.
Towred Cities pleaſe us then,
And the buſie humm of men,
Where throngs of Knights and Barons bold,
In weeds of Peace high triumphs hold,
With ſtore of Ladies, whoſe bright Eyes
Rain influence, and judge the priſe,
Of Wit, or Arms, while both contend
To win her Grace, whom all commend,
There let *Hymen* oft appear
In Saffron robe, with Taper clear,

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And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With mask, and antique Pageantry,
Such sights as Youthful Poets dream
On Summer Eves by haunted stream.
Then to the well-trod Stage anon,
If *Johnson*'s learned Stock be on,
Or sweetest *Shakespear*'s fancy's child,
Warble his native Wood-notes wild,
And ever against eating Cares,
Lap me in soft *Lydian* Aires
Married to immortal verse
Such as the meeting Soul may pierce
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running;
Untwisting all the chains that ty
The hidden Soul of harmony.
That *Orpheus* self may heave his head
From Golden slumber on a Bed
Of heapt *Elysian* flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear

Of

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Of *Pluto*, to have quite ſet free
His half regain'd *Eurydice*.
Theſe delights, if thou canſt give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

Il Penſeroſo.

HEnce vain deluding joyes
The brood of folly without father bred,
How little you beſted,
Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys,
Dwell in ſome idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy ſhapes poſſeſs,
As thick and numberleſs
As the gay motes that People the Sun Beams,
Or likeſt hovering dreams
The fickle Penſioners of *Morpheus* train.
But hail thou Goddeſs, ſage and holy,
Hail divineſt Melancholy,
Whoſe Saintly viſage is too bright
To hit the Senſe of human ſight;

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And therefore to our weaker view,
O'er-laid with black ſtaid Wiſdom's hue,
Black, but ſuch as in eſteem,
Prince *Memnon's* Siſter might beſeem,
Or that ſtarr'd *Ethiope* Queen that ſtrove
To ſet her beauties praiſe above
The Sea Nymphs, and their powers offended,
Yet thou art higher far deſcended,
Thee bright-hair'd *Veſta* long of yore
To ſolitary *Saturn* bore;
His daughter ſhe (in *Saturn's* reign,
Such mixture was not held a ſtain)
Oft in glimmering Bowers, and glades
He met her, and in ſecret ſhades
Of woody *Ida's* inmoſt grove,
While yet there was no fear of *Jove*.
Come penſive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, ſtedfaſt, and demure,
All in a robe of darkeſt grain,
Flowing with majeſtick train,
And ſable ſtole of *Cypres* Lawn,
Over thy decent ſhoulders drawn.

Come,

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Come, but keep thy wonted ſtate,
With ev'n ſtep, and muſing gate,
And looks commerſing with the skies,
Thy rapt Soul ſitting in thine eyes:
There held in holy paſſion ſtill,
Forget thy ſelf to Marble, till
With a ſad Leaden downward caſt,
Thou fix them on the earth as faſt.
And joyn with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
Spare Faſt, that oft with Gods doth diet,
And hears the Muſes in a ring,
Ay round about *Jove's* Altar ſing,
And add to theſe retired Leaſure,
That in trim Gardens takes his pleaſure;
But firſt, and chiefeſt, with thee bring,
Him that yon ſoars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
The Cherub Contemplation,
And the mute Silence hiſt along,
'Leſs *Philomel* will deign a Song,
In her ſweeteſt, ſaddeſt plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of night,

While

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While *Cynthia* checks her Dragon yoke,
Gently o'er th' accuſtom'd Oke;
Sweet Bird that ſhunn'ſt the noiſe of folly,
Moſt Muſical, moſt Melancholy!
Thee Chauntreſs oft the Woods among,
I woo to hear thy Even-Song;
And miſſing thee, I walk unſeen
On the dry ſmooth-ſhaven Green,
To behold the wandring Moon,
Riding near her higheſt noon,
Like one that had been lead aſtray
Through the Heav'ns wide pathleſs way;
And oft, as if her head ſhe bow'd,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft on a Plat of riſing ground,
I hear the far-off *Curfew* ſound,
Over ſome wide water'd ſhoar,
Swinging ſlow with ſullen roar;
Or if the Air will not permit,
Some ſtill removed place will fit,
Where glowing Embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,

Far

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Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the Cricket on the hearth,
Or the Belman's drowsie charm,
To blesse the doors from nightly harm:
Or let my Lamp at midnight hour,
Be seen in some high lonely Tower,
Where I may oft out-watch the *Bear*,
With thrice great *Hermes*, or unsphear
The spirit of *Plato* to unfold
What Worlds, or what vast Regions hold
The immortal mind that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook:
And of those *Dæmons* that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whose power hath a true consent
With Planet, or with Element.
Sometime let Gorgeous Tragedy
In Sceptred Pall come sweeping by,
Presenting *Thebs*, or *Pelops* line,
Or the tale of *Troy* divine.
Or what (though rare) of later age,
Ennobled hath the Buskin'd stage.

But, O ſad Virgin, that thy power
Might raiſe *Muſæus* from his bower,
Or bid the Soul of *Orpheus* ſing
Such notes as warbled to the ſtring,
Drew Iron tears down *Pluto's* cheek
And made Hell grant what Love did ſeek,
Or call up him that left half told
The ſtory of *Cambuſcan* bold
Of *Camball*, and of *Algarſife*,
And who had *Canace* to wife,
That own'd the virtuous Ring and Glaſs,
And of the wondrous Horſe of Braſs,
On which the *Tartar* King did ride;
And if ought elſe, great *Bards* beſide,
In ſage and ſolemn tunes have ſung,
Of Turneys and of Trophies hung;
Of Foreſts, and Inchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear,
Thus night oft ſee me in thy pale career,
Till civil-ſuited Morn appear,
Not trickt and frounc't as ſhe was wont,
With the Attick Boy to hunt,

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But Cherchef't in a comely Cloud,
While rocking Winds are Piping loud,
Or uſher'd with a ſhower ſtill,
When the guſt hath blown his fill,
Ending on the ruſsling Leaves,
With minute drops from off the Eaves.
And when the Sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me Goddeſs bring
To arched walks of twilight groves
And ſhadows brown that *Sylvan* loves
Of Pine, or monumental Oake,
Where the rude Ax with heaved ſtroke,
Was never heard the Nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.
There in cloſe covert by ſome Brook,
Where no prophaner eye may look,
Hide me from Day's gariſh eye,
While the Bee with Honied thie,
That at her flowry work doth ſing,
And the Waters murmuring
With ſuch conſort as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feather'd Sleep;

And

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And let ſome ſtrange myſterious dream,
Wave at his wings in Airy ſtream
Of lively portrature diſplay'd,
Softly on my eye-lids laid.
And as I wake, ſweet muſick breath
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by ſome ſpirit to mortals good,
Or th'unſeen Genius of the Wood.
But let my due feet never fail,
To walk the ſtudious Cloyſters pale,
And love the high embowed Roof,
With antick Pillars maſſy proof,
And ſtoried Windows richly dight,
Caſting a dim religious light.
There let the pealing Organ blow,
To the full voic'd Quire below,
In Service high, and Anthems clear,
As may with ſweetneſs through mine ear
Diſſolve me into extaſies,
And bring all Heav'n before mine eyes.
And may at laſt my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,

The

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The Hairy Gown and Moſſy Cell,
Where I may ſit and rightly ſpell
Of every Star that Heav'n doth ſhew,
And every Herb that ſipis the dew;
Till old experience do attain
To ſomething like Prophetic ſtrain.
Theſe pleaſures *Melancholy* give,
And I with thee will chuſe to live.

A Mask preſented at Lud-Low-Caſtle, 1634. *&c. The firſt Scene diſcovers a wild Wood.*

The attendant Spirit deſcends or enters.

BEfore the ſtarry threſhold of *Jove's* Court
My manſion is, where thoſe immortal ſhapes
Of bright aerial Spirits live inſphear'd
In Regions mild of calm and ſerene Air,
Above the ſmoak and ſtirr of this dim ſpot,
Which men call Earth, and with low thoughted care
Confin'd, and peſter'd in this pin-fold here,

Strive

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Strive to keep up a frail, and Feaveriſh being
Unmindful of the Crown that Virtue gives
After this mortal change, to her true Servants
Amongſt the enthron'd Gods on Sainted ſeats.
Yet ſome there be that by due ſteps aſpire
To lay their juſt hands on that Golden Key
That ope's the Palace of Eternity:
To ſuch my errand is, and but for ſuch,
I would not ſoil theſe pure Ambroſial weeds,
With the rank vapours of this Sin-worn mould.
But to my task. *Neptune* beſides the ſway
Of every ſalt Flood, and each ebbing ſtream,
Took in by lot 'twixt high and neather *Jove*,
Imperial rule of all the Sea-girt Iſles
That like to rich and various Gemms inlay
The unadorned boſom of the Deep,
Which he to grace his tributary Gods
By courſe commits to ſeveral Governments,
And gives them leave to wear their Saphire Crowns,
And weild their little Tridents, but this Iſle
The greateſt and the beſt of all the Main
He quarters to his blue-hair'd Deities,
And all this tract that fronts the falling Sun

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A noble Peer of mickle truſt and power
Has in his charge, with temper'd awe to guide
An old, and haughty Nation proud in Arms:
Where his fair off-ſpring nurs'd in Princely lore,
Are coming to attend their Father's ſtate,
And new-entruſted Scepter, but their way
Lies through the perplex'd paths of this drear Wood,
The nodding horror of whoſe ſhady brows
Threats the forlorn and wandring Paſſenger;
And here their tender age might ſuffer peril,
But that by quick command from Soveraign *Jove*
I was diſpatcht for their defence and guard;
And liſten why, for I will tell you now
What never yet was heard in Tale or Song,
From old or modern Bard, in Hall or Bow'r.
Bacchus, that firſt from out the purple Grape
Cruſht the ſweet poyſon of miſ-uſed Wine,
After the *Tuſcan* Mariners transform'd,
Coaſting the *Tyrrhene* ſhore, as the Winds liſted,
On *Circes* Iſland fell (Who knows not *Circe*
The daughter of the Sun? whoſe charmed Cup
Whoever taſted, loſt his upright ſhape,
And downward fell into a groveling Swine)

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This Nymph that gaz'd upon his clustring locks,
With Ivy Berries wreath'd, and his blithe youth,
Had by him, e'er he parted thence, a Son
Much like his Father, but his Mother more,
Whom therefore she brought up and *Comus* nam'd
Who ripe, and frollick of his full grown age,
Roaving the *Celtick*, and *Iberian* fields,
At last betakes him to this ominous Wood,
And in thick shelter of black shades imbowr'd,
Excels his Mother at her mighty Art,
Offring to every weary Traveller
His orient Liquor in a Crystal Glass,
To quench the drouth of *Phœbus*, which as they taste
(For most do taste through fond intemperate thirst)
Soon as the Potion works, their human count'nance,
Th'express resemblance of the Gods, is chang'd
Into some brutish form of Wolf, or Bear,
Or Ounce, or Tiger, Hog, or bearded Goat,
All other parts remaining as they were,
And they, so perfect is their misery,
Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,
But boast themselves more comely than before,
And all their friends, and native home forget,

To

To roule with pleaſure in a ſenſual ſtie.
Therefore when any favour'd of high *Jove*
Chances paſs through this advent'rous glade,
Swift as the Sparkle of a glancing Star
I ſhoot from Heav'n, to give him ſafe convoy,
As now I do: But firſt I muſt put off
Theſe my skie robes ſpun out of *Iris* Wooff,
And take the Weeds and likeneſs of a Swain
That to the ſervice of this houſe belongs,
Who with his ſoft Pipe, and ſmooth dittied ſong,
Well knows to ſtill the wild winds when they roar,
And huſh the waving Woods, nor of leſs faith,
And in this office of his Mountain watch,
Likelieſt, and neareſt to the preſent aid
Of this occaſion. But I hear the tread
Of hateful ſteps, I muſt be viewleſs now.

Comus *enters with a charming Rod in one hand, his Glaſs in the other, with him a rout of Monſters, headed like ſundry ſorts of wild Beaſts, but otherwiſe like Men and Women, their Apparel glitſtering, they come in making a riotous and unruly noiſe, with Torches in their hands.*

Comus. The Star that bids the Shepherd fold,
Now the top of Heav'n doth hold,

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And the gilded Car of Day,
His glowing Axle doth allay
In the ſteep *Atlantick* ſtream,
And the ſlope Sun his upward beam
Shoots againſt the dusky Pole,
Pacing toward the other gole
Of his Chamber in the Eaſt.
Mean while welcome Joy, and Feaſt,
Midnight ſhout, and revelry,
Tipſie dance, and Jollity.
Braid your Locks with roſie Twine
Dropping odours, dropping Wine.
Rigor now is gon to bed,
And Advice with ſcrupulous head,
Strict Age, and ſowre Severity,
With their grave Saws in ſlumber lie.
We that are of purer fire
mitate the Starry Quire,
Who in their nightly watchful Sphears,
Lead in ſwift round the Months and Years.
The Sounds and Seas, with all their finny drove,
Now to the Moon in wavering Morrice move,

And

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And on the Tawny Sands and Shelves,
Trip the pert Fairies and the dapper Elves;
By dimpled Brook, and Fountain brim,
The Wood-Nymphs deckt with Daiſies trim,
Their merry wakes and paſtimes keep:
What hath night to do with ſleep?
Night hath better ſweets to prove,
Venus now wakes, and wak'ns Love.
Come lets us our rights begin,
'Tis only day-light that makes Sin
Which theſe dun ſhades will ne'er report,
Hail Goddeſs of Nocturnal ſport
Dark vail'd *Cotytto*, t'whom the ſecret flame
Of mid-night Torches burns; myſterious Dame
That ne'er art call'd, but when the Dragon woom
Of Stygian darkneſs ſpets her thickeſt gloom,
And makes one blot of all the air,
Stay thy cloudy Ebon Chair,
Wherein thou rid'ſt with *Heceat*, and befriend
Us thy vow'd Prieſts, till utmoſt end
Of all thy dues be done, and none left out,
E'er the blabing Eaſtern ſcout,

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The nice Morn on th' *Indian* ſteep
From her cabin'd loop-hole peep,
And to the tell-tale Sun diſcry
Our conceal'd Solemnity.
Come, knit hands, and beat the ground
In a light fantaſtick round.

The Meaſure.

Break off, break off, I feel the different pace
Of ſome chaſt footing near about this ground.
Run to your ſhrouds, within theſe Brakes and Trees,
Our number may affright: Some Virgin ſure
(For ſo I can diſtinguiſh by mine Art)
Benighted in theſe Woods. Now to my charms,
And to my wily trains, I ſhall e'er long
Be well-ſtock't with as fair a heard as graz'd
About my Mother *Circe*. Thus I hurl
My dazling Spells into the ſpungy air,
Of power to cheat the eye with blear illuſion,
And give it falſe preſentments, leſt the place
And my quaint habits breed aſtoniſhment,
And put the Damſel to ſuſpicious flight,
Which muſt not be, for that's againſt my courſe,
I under fair pretence of friendly ends,

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And well plac'd words of glozing courtesie,
Baited with reasons not unplausible,
Wind me into the easie-hearted man,
And hug him into snares. When once her eye
Hath met the virtue of this Magick dust,
I shall appear some harmless Villager,
And harken, if I may, her business here.
But here she comes, I fairly step aside.

The Lady Enters.

This way the noise was, if mine ear be true,
My best guide now, methought it was the sound
Of Riot, and ill manag'd Merriment,
Such as the jocond Flute, or gamesome Pipe
Stirs up among the loose unletter'd Hinds,
When for their teeming Flocks, and granges full
In wanton dance they praise the bounteous *Pan*,
And thank the Gods amiss. I should be loath
To meet the rudeness, and swill'd insolence
Of such late Wassailers; yet O where else
Shall I inform my unacquainted feet
In the blind mazes of this tangl'd Wood?
My Brothers when they saw me wearied out
With this long way, resolving here to lodge

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Under the ſpreading favour of theſe Pines,
Stept as they ſaid to the next Thicket ſide
To bring me Berries, or ſuch cooling fruit
As the kind hoſpitable Woods provide.
They left me then, when the gray-hooded Ev'n
Like a ſad Votariſt in Palmers weed
Roſe from the hindmoſt wheels of *Phœbus* wain.
But where they are, and why they came not back,
Is now the labour of my thoughts, 'tis likelieſt
They had ingag'd their wandring ſteps too far,
And envious darkneſs, e'er they could return,
Had ſtole them from me, elſe O theeviſh night
Why ſhould'ſt thou, but for ſome fellonious end,
In thy dark Lantern thus cloſe up the Stars
That Nature hung in Heav'n, and fill'd their Lamps
With everlaſting oil, to give due light
To the miſs-led and lonely Traveller?
This is the place, as well as I may gueſs,
Whence ev'n now the tumult of loud Mirth
Was riſe, and perfect in my liſt'ning ear,
Yet nought but ſingle darkneſs do I find,
What might this be? A thouſand fantaſies
Begin to throng into my memory

Of

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Of calling ſhapes, and beckning ſhadows dire,
And airy tongues, that ſyllable mens names
On Sands, and Shores, and deſart Wilderneſſes.
Theſe thoughts may ſtartle well, but not aſtound
The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended
By a ſtrong ſiding champion Conſcience.—
O welcome pure-ey'd Faith, white-handed Hope,
Thou hovering Angel girt with golden wings,
And thou unblemiſht form of Chaſtity,
I ſee ye viſibly, and now believe
That he, the Supreme good, t' whom all things ill
Are but as ſlaviſh Officers of vengeance,
Would ſend a gliſt'ring Guardian if need were
To keep my life and honour unaſſail'd.
Was I deceiv'd, or did a ſable cloud
Turn forth her ſilver lining on the night?
I did not err, there does a ſable cloud
Turn forth her ſilver lining on the night,
And caſts a gleam over this tufted Grove.
I cannot hallow to my Brothers, but
Such noiſe as I can make to be heard fartheſt
I'll venture, for my new eliv'nd ſpirits
Prompt me; and they perhaps are not far off.

SONG.

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SONG.

SWeet Echo, ſweeteſt Nymph that liv'ſt unſeen
Within thy airy ſhell
By ſlow Meander's *margent green*
And in the violet imbroider'd vale
Where the love-lorn Nightingale
Nightly to thee her ſad Song mourneth well.
Canſt thou not tell me of a gentle Pair
That likeſt thy Narciſſus *are?*
O if thou have
Hid them in ſome flowry Cave,
Tell me but where
Sweet Queen of Parly, Daughter of the Sphear,
So may'ſt thou be tranſlated to the skies.
And give reſounding grace to all Heav'ns Harmonies.

Comus. Can any mortal mixture of Earth's mould
Breath ſuch Divine inchanting ravilhment?
Sure ſomething holy lodges in that breaſt,
And with theſe raptures moves the vocal air
To teſtifie his hidden reſidence;

How

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How ſweetly did they float upon the wings
Of ſilence, through the empty-vaulted night
At every fall ſmoothing the Raven down
Of darkneſs till it ſmil'd: I have oft heard
My Mother *Circe* with the Sirens three,
Amid'ſt the flowry-kirtl'd *Naiades*
Culling their potent herbs, and baleful drugs,
Who as they Sung, would take the priſon'd Soul,
And lap it in *Elyſium*, *Scylla* wept,
And chid her barking waves into attention,
And fell *Charybdis* murmur'd ſoft applauſe:
Yet they in pleaſing ſlumber lull'd the Senſe,
And in ſweet madneſs robb'd it of it ſelf,
But ſuch a ſacred, and home-felt delight,
Such ſober certainty of waking bliſs
I never heard till now. I'll ſpeak to her,
And ſhe ſhall be my Queen. Hail foreign wonder
Whom certain theſe rough ſhades did never breed
Unleſs the Goddeſs that in rural ſhrine
Dwell'ſt here with *Pan*, or *Silvan*, by bleſt Song
Forbidding every bleak unkindly Fog
To touch the proſperous growth of this tall Wood.

La.

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La. Nay gentle Shepherd, ill is loſt that praiſe
That is addreſt to unattending Ears,
Not any boaſt of skill, but extreme ſhift
How to regain my ſever'd company,
Compell'd me to awake the courteous Echo
To give me anſwer from her moſſie Couch.

Co. What chance, good Lady, hath bereft you thus?

La. Dim darkneſs, and this leafy Labyrinth.

Co. Could that divide you from neer-uſhering guides?

La. They left me weary on a graſſie terf.

Co. By falſhood, or diſcourteſie, or why?

La. To ſeek i'th' Vally ſome cool friendly Spring.

Co. And left your fair ſide all unguarded, Lady?

La. They were but twain, and purpos'd quick return,

Co. Perhaps fore-ſtalling night prevented them.

La. How eaſie my misfortune is to hit!

Co. Imports their loſs, beſide the preſent need?

La. No leſs than if I ſhould my Brothers loſe.

Co. Were they of manly prime, or youthful bloom?

La. As ſmooth as *Hebe's* their unrazor'd lips.

Co. Too ſuch I ſaw, what time the labour'd Ox
In his looſe traces from the furrow came,
And the ſwink't hidger at his Supper ſate;

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I ſaw them under a green mantling Vine
That crawls along the ſide of yon ſmall hill,
Plucking ripe cluſters from the tender ſhoots,
Their port was more than human, as they ſtood;
I took it for a Fairy viſion
Of ſome gay creatures of the Element,
That in the colours of the Rainbow live,
And play i'th' plighted clouds. I was aw-ſtrook,
And as I paſt, I worſhipt; if thoſe you ſeek,
It were a journey like the path to Heav'n,
To help you find them. *La.* Gentle Villager
What readieſt way would bring me to that place?
Co. Due weſt it riſes from this ſhrubby point.
La. To find out that, good Shepherd, I ſuppoſe,
In ſuch a ſcant allowance of Star-light,
Would overtask the beſt Land-Pilot's art
Without the ſure gueſs of well-practis'd feet.
Co. I know each lane, and every alley green
Dingle, or buſhy dell of this wild Wood,
And every bosky bourn from ſide to ſide,
My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood,
And if your ſtray-attendance be yet lodg'd,
Or ſhroud within theſe limits, I ſhall know

F'er

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E'er morrow, or the low rooſted Lark
From her thatch't pallat rowſe, if otherwiſe
I can conduct you, Lady, to a low
But loyal cottage, where you may be ſafe
Till further queſt'. *La.* Shepherd I take thy word,
And truſt thy honeſt offer'd courteſie,
Which oft is ſooner found in lowly ſheds
With ſmoaky rafters, than in tap'ſtry Halls
And Courts of Princes, where it firſt was nam'd,
And yet is moſt pretended: In a place
Leſs warranted than this, or leſs ſecure
I cannot be, that I ſhould fear to change it;
Eye me, bleſt Providence, and ſquare my trial
To my proportion'd ſtrength. Shepherd lead on.——

The two Brothers.

[Moon

Eld. Bro. Unmuffle ye faint Stars, and thou fair
That wont'ſt to love the Travellers benizon,
Stoop thy pale viſage through an amber cloud,
And diſinherit *Chaos*, that reigns here
In double night of darkneſs, and of ſhades;
Or if your influence be quite damn'd up

With

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With black uſurping miſts, ſome gentle taper,
Though a Ruſh-Candle from the wicker hole
Of ſome clay habitation, viſit us
With thy long levell'd rule of ſtreaming light,
And thou ſhalt be our Star of *Arcady*,
Or *Tyrian* Cynoſure. 2. *Bro.* Or if our eyes
Be barr'd that happineſs, might we but hear
The folded flocks pen'd in their wattled coats,
Or ſound of paſtoral reed with oaten ſtops,
Or whiſtle from the Lodge, or village Cock
Count the night watches to his feathery Dames,
'Twould be ſome ſolace yet, ſome little chearing
In this cloſe dungeon of innumerous boughs.
But O that hapleſs Virgin! our loſt ſiſter,
Where may ſhe wander now, whither betake her
From the chill dew, amongſt rude burs and thiſtles?
Perhaps ſome cold bank is her Boulſter now,
Or 'gainſt the rugged bark of ſome broad Elm
Leans her unpillow'd head, fraught with ſad fears,
What if in wild amazement, and affright,
Or, while we ſpeak, within the direful graſp
Of Savage hunger, or of Savage heat?

Eld. Bro. Peace, Brother, be not over-exquiſite

To

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To caſt the faſhion of uncertain evils;
For grant they be ſo, while they reſt unknown,
What need a man foreſtall his date of grief,
And run to meet what he would moſt avoid?
Or if they be but falſe alarms of Fear,
How bitter is ſuch ſelf-deluſion?
I do not think my Siſter ſo to ſeek,
Or ſo unprincipl'd in Virtue's book,
And the ſweet peace that goodneſs boſoms ever,
As that the ſingle want of light and noiſe
(Not being in danger, as I truſt ſhe is not)
Could ſtir the conſtant mood of her calm Thoughts,
And put them into miſ-becoming plight.
Virtue could ſee to do what Virtue would
By her own radiant light, though Sun and Moon
Were in the flat Sea ſunk. And Wiſdom's ſelf
Oft ſeeks to ſweet retired Solitude,
Where with her beſt nurſe Contemplation
She plumes her feathers and lets grow her wings,
That in the various buſtle of reſort
Were all to ruffl'd, and ſometimes impair'd.
He that has light within his own clear breaſt
May ſit i'th' Center, and enjoy bright day,

But

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But he that hides a dark ſoul, and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the mid-day Sun;
Himſelf is his own dungeon.

2. *Bro.* 'Tis moſt true,
That muſing meditation moſt affects
The penſive ſecrecy of deſart Cell,
Far from the chearful haunt of men and herds,
And ſits as ſafe as in a Senat Houſe,
For who would rob a Hermit of his Weeds,
His few Books, or his Beads, or Maple Diſh,
Or do his gray Hairs any violence?
But Beauty, like the fair Heſperian Tree
Laden with blooming Gold, had need the guard
Of Dragon-watch with uninchanted eye,
To ſave her bloſſoms, and defend her fruit
From the raſh hand of bold Incontinence.
You may as well ſpread out the unſun'd heaps
Of Miſers Treaſure by an Out-law's den,
And tell me it is ſafe, as bid me hope
Danger will wink on Opportunity,
And let a ſingle helpleſs Maiden paſs
Uninjur'd in this wilde ſurrounding waſt.
Of night, or lonelineſs it wreaks me not,

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I fear the dread events that dog them both,
Leſt ſome ill-greeting touch attempt the perſon
Of our unowned Siſter.

Eld. Bro. I do not, Brother,
Inferr, as if I thought my Siſter's ſtate
Secure without all doubt, or controverſie:
Yet where an equal poiſe of hope and fear
Does arbitrate th' Event, my Nature is
That I encline to hope, rather than fear,
And gladly baniſh ſquint ſuſpicion.
My Siſter is not ſo defenceleſs left
As you imagine, ſhe has a hidden ſtrength
Which you remember not.

2. *Bro.* What hidden ſtrength,
Unleſs the ſtrength of Heav'n, if you mean that?

Eld. Bro. I mean that too, but yet a hidden ſtrength,
Which if Heav'n gave it, may be term'd her own:
'Tis chaſtity, my Brother, chaſtity:
She that has that, is clad in compleat ſteel,
And like a quiver'd Nymph with Arrows keen
May trace huge Forreſts, and unharbour'd Heaths,
Infamous Hills, and ſandy perilous wildes,
Where through the ſacred rays of Chaſtity,

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No ſavage fierce Bandite, or Mountaneer
Will dare to ſoyl her Virgin purity,
Yea there, where very deſolation dwells
By grots, and caverns ſhag'd with horrid ſhades,
She may paſs on with unblench'd majeſty,
Be it not done in pride, or in preſumption.
Some ſay no evil thing that walks by night,
In fog, or fire, by lake, or moorish fen,
Blew meager Hag, or ſtubborn unlaid Ghoſt,
That breaks his magick chains at *Curfew* time,
No Goblin, or ſwart Faiery of the mine,
Hath hurtful power o'er true Virginity.
Do ye believe me yet, or ſhall I call
Antiquity from the old Schools of *Greece*
To teſtifie the arms of Chaſtity?
Hence had the huntreſs *Diana* her dreadful bow,
Fair ſilver-ſhafted Queen for ever chaſte,
Wherewith ſhe tam'd the brinded Lionels
And ſpotted mountain Pard, but ſet at nought
The frivolous bolt of *Cupid*, gods and men
Fear'd her ſtern frown, and ſhe was Queen o'th' Woods.
What was that ſnaky-headed *Gorgon* ſhield
That wiſe *Minerva* wore, unconquer'd Virgin,

Wherewith ſhe freez'd her foes to congeal'd ſtone?
But rigged looks of chaſte auſterity,
And noble grace that dash'd brute violence
With ſudden adoration, and blank aw.
So dear to Heav'n is Saintly Chaſtity,
That when a Soul is found ſincerely ſo,
A thouſand liveried Angels lacky her,
Driving far off each thing of ſin and guilt,
And in clear dream, and ſolemn viſion,
Tell her of things that no groſs ear can hear,
Till oft converſe with Heav'nly habitants
Begin to caſt a beam on th' outward ſhape,
The unpolluted Temple of the mind,
And turns it by degrees to the Soul's eſſence,
Till all be made immortal: but when Luſt,
By unchaſte looks, looſe geſtures, and foul talk,
But moſt by leud and laviſh act of ſin,
Lets in defilement to the inward parts,
The Soul grows clotted by contagion,
Imbodies, and imbrutes, till ſhe quit loſe
The divine property of her firſt being.
Such are thoſe thick and gloomy ſhadows damp
Oft ſeen in Charnel Vaults, and Sepulchers,

Lingring,

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Lingring, and ſitting by a new made grave,
As loath to leave the Body that it lov'd,
And linkt it ſelf by carnal ſenſuality
To a degenerate and degraded ſtate.

2. *Bro.* How charming is divine Philoſophy!
Not harſh, and crabbed, as dull Fools ſuppoſe,
But muſical as is *Apollo*'s Lute,
And a perpetual feaſt of Nectar'd ſweets,
Where no crude ſurfeit reigns. *Eld. Bro.* Liſt, liſt, I hear
Some far off hallow break the ſilent Air.

2. *Bro.* Methought ſo too; what ſhould it be?

Eld. Bro. For certain
Either ſome one like us night-founder'd here,
Or elſe ſome Neighbour Wood-man, or, at worſt,
Some roaving Robber calling to his fellows.

2. *Bro.* Heav'n keep my Siſter. Agen, agen, and near;
Beſt draw, and ſtand upon our guard.

Eld. Bro. I'll hallow;
If he be friendly he comes well, if not,
Defence is a good cauſe, and Heav'n be for us.

The attendant Spirit, habited like a Shepherd.

That hallow I ſhould know, what are you? ſpeak;
Come not too near, you fall on Iron ſtake elſe.

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Spir. What voice is that, my young Lord? ſpeak agen.

2. *Bro.* O brother, 'tis my father's Shepherd, ſure.

Eld. Bro. Thyrſis? whoſe artful ſtrains have oft
The hudling brook to hear his madrigal, [delaid
And ſweetn'd every muskroſe of the dale?
How cam'ſt thou here, good Swain? hath any Ram
Slipt from the Fold, or young Kid loſt his dam,
Or ſtraggling Weather the pen't flock forſook?
How could'ſt thou find this dark ſequeſter'd nook?

Spir. O my lov'd Maſter's heir, and his next joy,
I came not here on ſuch a trivial toy
As a ſtray'd Ewe, or to purſue the ſtealth
Of pilfering Wolf, not all the fleecy wealth
That doth inrich the Downs, is worth a thought
To this my errand, and the care it brought.
But, O my Virgin Lady, where is ſhe?
How chance ſhe is not in your company? [blame,

Eld. Bro. To tell thee ſadly, Shepherd, without
Or our neglect, we loſt her as we came.

Spir. Ay me unhappy! then my fears are true.

Eld. Bro. What fears, good *Thyrſis*? Prethee briefly

Spir. I'll tell ye; 'tis not vain or fabulous, [ſhew.
(Though ſo eſteem'd by ſhallow ignorance)

What

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What the ſage Poets, taught by th' Heav'nly Muſe,
Story'd of old in high immortal verſe,
Of dire *Chimera*'s and inchanted Iſles,
And rifted Rocks whoſe entrance leads to Hell,
For ſuch there be, but unbelief is blind.
Within the navel of this hideous Wood,
Immur'd in Cypreſs ſhades a Sorcerer dwells,
Of *Bacchus* and of *Circe* born, great *Comus*,
Deep skill'd in all his Mother's Witcheries,
And here to every thirſty wanderer,
By ſly enticement gives his baneful cup,
With many murmurs mixt, whoſe pleaſing poiſon
The viſage quite transforms of him that drinks,
And the inglorious likeneſs of a beaſt
Fixes inſtead, unmoulding reaſon's mintage
Character'd in the face; this have I learnt
Tending my flocks hard by i'th' hilly crofts,
That brow this bottom glade, whence night by night
He and his monſtrous rout are heard to howl
Like ſtabl'd Wolves, or Tigers at their prey,
Doing abhorred rites to *Hecate*
In their obſcured haunts of inmoſt bowers,
Yet have they many baits, and guileful ſpells,

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To inveigle and invite th'unwary ſenſe
Of them that paſs unweeting by the way.
This evening late, by then the chewing flocks
Had ta'ne their ſupper on the ſavoury Herb
Of Knot-graſs dew-beſpent, and were in fold,
I ſate me down to watch upon a bank
With Ivy canopied, and interwove
With flaunting Hony-ſuckle, and began,
Wrapt in a pleaſing fit of melancholy,
To meditate upon my rural minſtrelſie,
Till fancy had her fill, but e'er a cloſe
The wonted roar was up amidſt the Woods
And fill'd the Air with barbarous diſſonance,
At which I ceas't, and liſten'd them a while,
Till an unuſual ſtop of ſudden ſilence
Gave reſpite to the drowſie frighted ſteeds
That draw the litter of cloſe curtain'd ſleep;
At laſt a ſoft and ſolemn breathing ſound
Roſe like a ſteam of rich diſtill'd perfumes,
And ſtole upon the Air, that even Silence
Was took e'er ſhe was ware, and wiſht ſhe might
Deny her Nature, and be never more
Still to be ſo diſplac'd. I was all ear,

And

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And took in ſtrains that might create a Soul
Under the ribs of Death, but O e'er long
Too well I did perceive it was the voice
Of my moſt honour'd Lady, your dear Siſter.
Amaz'd I ſtood, harrow'd with grief and fear,
And, O poor hapleſs Nightingale thought I,
How ſweet thou ſing'ſt, how near the deadly ſnare!
Then down the Lawns I ran with headlong haſte,
Through paths and turnings oft'n trod by day,
Till guided by my ear I found the place
Where that damn'd wiſard hid in ſly diſguiſe
(For ſo by certain ſigns I knew) had met
Already, e'er my beſt ſpeed could now prevent,
The aidleſs innocent Lady his wiſht prey,
Who gently ask't if he had ſeen ſuch two,
Suppoſing him ſome neighbour villager;
Longer I durſt not ſtay, but ſoon I gueſs'd
Ye were the two ſhe meant, with that I ſprung
Into ſwift flight, till I had found you here.
But further know I not. 2. *Bro.* O night and ſhades,
How are ye join'd with Hell in tripple knot,
Againſt th' unarmed weakneſs of one Virgin
Alone, and helpleſs! Is this the confidence

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You gave me; Brother? *Eld. Bro.* Yes, and keep it ſtill,
Lean on it ſafely, not a period
Shall be unſaid for me: againſt the threats
Of malice or of ſorcery, or that power
Which erring men call Chance, this I hold firm,
Virtue may be aſſaill'd, but never hurt,
Surpriz'd by unjuſt force, but not inthrall'd,
Yea even that which miſchief meant moſt harm,
Shall in the happy trial prove moſt glory.
But evil on it ſelf ſhall back recoyl,
And mix no more with goodneſs, when at laſt
Gather'd like ſcum, and ſettl'd to it ſelf,
It ſhall be in eternal reſtleſs change
Self-fed, and ſelf-conſum'd, if this fail,
The pillar'd firmament is rott'nneſs,
And earth's baſe built on ſtubble. But come let's on,
Againſt th' oppoſing will and arm of Heav'n
May never this juſt Sword be lifted up,
But for that damn'd Magician, let him be girt
With all the grieſly legions that troop
Under the ſooty flag of *Acheron*,
Harpyes and *Hydra's*, or all the monſtrous forms
Twixt *Africa* and *Inde*, I'll find him out,

And

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And force him to restore his purchase back,
Or drag him by the curls, to a foul death,
Curs'd as his life.

Spir. Alas! good ventrous Youth,
I love thy courage yet, and bold Emprise,
But here thy Sword can do thee little stead,
Far other arms, and other weapons must
Be those that quell the might of Hellish charms,
He with his bare wand can unthred thy joynts,
And crumble all thy sinews.

Eld. Bro. Why prethee, Shepherd,
How durst thou then thy self approach so near,
As to make this Relation?

Spir. Care and utmost shifts
How to secure the Lady from surprisal,
Brought to my mind a certain Shepherd Lad,
Of small regard to see to, yet well skill'd
In every virtuous Plant and healing Herb
That spreads her verdant leaf to 'morning ray,
He lov'd me well, and oft would beg me sing,
Which when I did, he on the tender grass
Would sit, and hearken even to extasie,
And in requital ope his leathern scrip,

And

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And ſhew me ſimples of a thouſand names,
Telling their ſtrange and vigorous faculties;
Amongſt the reſt a ſmall unſightly root,
But of divine effect, he cull'd me out;
The leaf was darkiſh, and had prickles on it,
But in another Country, as he ſaid,
Bore a bright Golden flowre, but not in this ſoil:
Unknown, and like eſteem'd, and the dull Swain
Treads on it daily with his clouted ſhoon,
And yet more med'cinal is it than that *Moly*
That *Hermes* once to wiſe *Ulyſſes* gave;
He call'd it *Hæmony*, and gave it me,
And bad me keep it as of Sov'raign uſe
'Gainſt all inchantments, mildew, blaſt or damp,
Or gaſtly Furies apparition;
I purs'd it up, but little reck'ning made,
Till now that this extremity compell'd.
But now I find it true; for by this means
I knew the foul Inchanter, though diſguis'd,
Enter'd the very lime-twigs of his ſpells,
And yet came off: if you have this about you
(As I will give you when we go) you may
Boldly aſſault the Necromancer's Hall;

Where

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Where if he be, with dauntleſs hardihood,
And brandiſht blade ruſh on him, break his glaſs,
And ſhed the luſhious liquor on the ground,
But ſeiſe his wand, though he and his curſt crew
Fierce ſign of Battail make, and menace high,
Or like the Sons of *Vulcan* vomit ſmoak,
Yet will they ſoon retire, if he but ſhrink.

Eld. Bro. Thyrſis lead on apace, I'll follow thee,
And ſome good Angel bear a ſhield before us.

The Scene changes to a ſtately Palace, ſet out with all manner of deliciouſneſs: ſoft Muſick, Tables ſpread with all dainties. Comus *appears with his rabble, and his Lady ſet in an inchanted Chair, to whom he offers his Glaſs, which ſhe puts by, and goes about to riſe.*

Comus. Nay, Lady, ſit; if I but wave this wand,
Your nerves are all chain'd up in Alablaſter,
And you a Statue, or as *Daphne* was,
Root-bond, that fled *Apollo.*

La. Fool, do not boaſt,
Thou can'ſt not touch the freedom of my mind
With all thy Charms, although this corporal rind
Thou haſt immanacl'd, while Heav'n ſees good.

Co. Why are you vext, Lady? why do you frown?
Here dwell no frowns, nor anger, from theſe gates

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Sorrow flies far: See here be all the pleasures
That fancy can beget on Youthful thoughts,
When the fresh blood grows lively, and returns
Brisk as the *April* buds in Primrose-season.
And first behold this cordial Julep here
That flames, and dances in his crystal bounds
With spirits of balm, and fragent Syrops mixt.
Not that *Nephentes* which the Wife of *Thone*,
In *Egypt* gave to *Jove*-born *Helena*
Is of such power to stir up joy as this,
To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst.
Why should you be so cruel to your self,
And to those dainty limbs which Nature lent
For gentle usage, and soft delicacy?
But you invert the Cov'nants of her trust,
And harshly deal like an ill borrower
With that which you receiv'd on other terms,
Scorning the unexempt condition
By which all mortal frailty must subsist,
Refreshment after toil, ease after pain,
That have been tir'd all day without repast,
And timely rest have wanted, but fair Virgin
This will restore all soon.

Lin.

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La. 'Twill not, falſe traitor,
'Twill not reſtore the truth and honeſty
That thou haſt baniſht from thy tongue with lies.
Was this the cottage, and the ſafe abode
Thou told'ſt me of? What grim aſpects are theſe,
Theſe ugly-headed Monſters? Mercy guard me!
Hence with thy brew'd inchantments, foul deceiver,
Haſt thou betray'd my credulous Innocence
With viſor'd falſhood, and baſe forgery?
And would'ſt thou ſeek again to trap me here
With lickeriſh baits fit to inſnare a brute?
Were it a draft for *Juno* when ſhe banquets,
I would not taſte thy treaſonous offer; none
But ſuch as are good men can give good things,
And that which is not good, is not delicious
To a well-govern'd and wiſe appetite.

Co. O fooliſhneſs of men! that lend their ears
To thoſe budge Doctors of the *Stoick* Furr,
And fetch their precepts from the *Cynick* Tub,
Praiſing the lean and ſallow Abſtinence.
Wherefore did Nature pour her bounties forth,
With ſuch a full and unwithdrawing hand,
Covering the Earth with odours, fruits, and flocks,

Thronging

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Thronging the Seas with ſpawn innumerable,
But all to pleaſe, and ſate the curious taſte?
And ſet to work millions of ſpinning Worms,
That in their green ſhops weave the ſmooth-hair'd ſilks
To deck her Sons, and that no corner might
Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loyns
She hutch't th'all-worſhipt Ore, and precious Gems
To ſtore her children with; if all the world
Should in a pet of temperance feed on Pulſe,
Drink the clear ſtream, and nothing wear but Freize,
Th'all-giver would be unthank't, would be unprais'd,
Not half his riches known, and yet deſpis'd,
And we ſhould ſerve him as a grudging Maſter,
As a penurious niggard of his wealth,
And live like Nature's baſtards, not her Sons,
Who would be quite ſurcharg'd with her own weight,
And ſtrangl'd with her waſte fertility;
Th'earth cumber'd, and the wing'd air dark't with plumes,
The herds would over-multitude their Lords,
The Sea o'erfraught would ſwell, and th'unſought Diamonds
Would ſo emblaze the forehead of the Deep,
And ſo beſtud with Stars, that they below
Would grow inur'd to light, and come at laſt

To

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To gaze upon the Sun with ſhameleſs brows.
Liſt Lady, be not coy, and be not cozen'd
With that ſame vaunted name Virginity,
Beauty is Nature's coyn, muſt not be hoorded,
But muſt be currant, and the good thereof
Conſiſts in mutual and partak'n bliſs,
Unſavoury in th' injoyment of it ſelf;
If you let ſlip time, like a neglected roſe
It withers on the ſtalk with languiſh't head.
Beauty is Nature's brag, and muſt be ſhown
In Courts, at Feaſts, and high Solemnities,
Where moſt may wonder at the workmanſhip;
It is for homely features to keep home,
They had their name thence; courſe complexions
And cheeks of ſorry grain will ſerve to ply
The ſampler, and to teize the huſwifes wooll.
What need a vermil-tinctur'd lip for that,
Love-darting eyes, or treſſes like the Morn?
There was another meaning in theſe gifts,
Think what, and be advis'd, you are but young yet.

La. I had not thought to have unlockt my lips
In this unhallow'd air, but that this Jugler
Would think to charm my judgment, as mine eyes,

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Obtruding false Rules, prankt in Reason's garb.
I hate when vice can bolt her arguments,
And virtue has no tongue to check her pride:
Impostor, do not charge most innocent Nature:
As if she would her children should be riotous;
With her abundance she good cateres,
Means her provision only to the good,
That live according to her sober laws,
And holy dictate of spare Temperance:
If every just man, that now pines with want,
Had but a moderate and beseeming share
Of that which lewdly-pamper'd Luxury
Now heaps upon some few with vast excess,
Nature's full blessings would be well dispenc'd,
In unsuperfluous even proportion,
And she no whit encumber'd with her store,
And then the giver will be better thank'd,
His praise due paid; for swinish gluttony
Ne'er looks to Heav'n amidst his gorgeous feast,
But with besotted base ingratitude
Cramms, and blasphemes his feeder. Shall I go on?
Or have I said enough? To him that dares
Arm his prophane tongue with contemptuous words

Against

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Against the Sun-clad power of Chastity;
Fain would I something say, yet to what end?
Thou hast nor Ear, nor Soul to apprehend
The sublime notion, and high mystery
That must be utter'd to unfold the sage
And serious doctrine of Virginity,
And thou art worthy that thou should'st not know
More happiness than this thy present lot.
Enjoy your dear Wit, and gay Rhetorick
That hath so well been taught her dazling fence,
Thou art not fit to hear thy self convinc'd;
Yet should I try, the uncontrouled worth
Of this pure cause would kindle my rap'd spirits
To such a flame of sacred vehemence,
That dumb things would be mov'd to sympathize,
And the brute Earth would lend her nerves, and shake,
Till all thy magick structures rear'd so high,
Were shatter'd into heaps o'er thy false head.

Co. She fables not, I feel that I do fear
Her words set off by some superior power;
And though not mortal, yet a cold shudd'ring dew
Dips me all o'er, as when the wrath of *Jove*
Speaks thunder, and the chains of *Erebus*

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To ſome of *Saturn*'s crew: I muſt diſſemble,
And try her yet more ſtrongly. Come, no more,
This is meer moral babble, and direct
Againſt the Canon Laws of our Foundation;
I muſt not ſuffer this, yet 'tis but the lees
And ſetlings of a melancholy blood:
But this will cure all ſtreight, one ſip of this
Will bathe the drooping ſpirits in delight,
Beyond the bliſs of dreams. Be wiſe, and taſte.—

The Brothers ruſh in with Swords drawn, wreſt his Glaſs out of his hand, and break it againſt the ground; his rout make ſign of reſiſtance, but are all driven in; The attendant Spirit comes in.

Spir. What, have you let the falſe Enchanter ſcape?
O ye miſtook, ye ſhould have ſnatcht his wand
And bound him faſt; without his rod revers'd,
And backward mutters of diſſevering power,
We cannot free the Lady that ſits here
In ſtony fetters fixt, and motionleſs;
Yet ſtay, be not diſturb'd, now I bethink me,
Some other means I have which may be us'd,
Which once of *Melibæus* old I learnt,
The ſoothſt Shepherd that e'er pip't on plains.

There

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There is a gentle Nymph not far from hence,
That with moiſt curb ſways the ſmooth *Severn* ſtream,
Sabrina is her name, a Virgin pure,
Whilom ſhe was the daughter of *Locrine*,
That had the Scepter from his Father *Brute*.
The guiltleſs damſel flying the mad purſuit
Of her enraged Stepdam *Guendolen*,
Commended her fair innocence to the flood
That ſtay'd her flight with his croſs-flowing courſe.
The water Nymphs that in the bottom plaid,
Held up their pearled wriſts and took her in,
Bearing her ſtreight to aged *Nereus* Hall,
Who piteous of her woes, rear'd her lank head,
And gave her to his daughters to imbathe
In nectar'd lavers ſtrew'd with Aſphodil,
And through the porch and inlet of each ſenſe
Dropt in Ambroſial Oyls till ſhe reviv'd,
And underwent a quick immortal change,
Made Goddeſs of the River, ſtill ſhe retains
Her Maid'n gentleneſs, and oft at Ev'n
Viſits the herds along the twilight meadows,
Helping all Urchin blaſts, and ill-luck ſigns
That the ſhrewd medling Elfe delights to make,

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Which ſhe with precious viol'd liquors heals.
For which the Shepherds at their Feſtivals
Carrol her goodneſs lowd in ruſtick lays,
And throw ſweet garland wreaths into her ſtream
Of Pancies, Pinks and gaudy Daffadils.
And, as the old Swain ſaid, ſhe can unlock
The claſping charm, and thaw the numming ſpell,
If ſhe be right invok'd in warbled Song,
For maid'ahood ſhe loves, and will be ſwift
To aid a Virgin, ſuch as was her ſelf,
In hard-beſetting need; this will I try,
And add the power of ſome adjuring verſe.

SONG.

Sabrina *fair*,
Liſten where thou art ſitting
Under the glaſſie, cool, tranſlucent Wave,
In twiſted Braids of Lillies knitting
The looſe train of thy Amber-dropping Hair;
Liſten for dear Honour's ſake,
Goddeſs of the Silver Lake,
Liſten and ſave.

Liſten

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Liſten and appear to us,
In name of great *Oceanus*,
By the earth-ſhaking *Neptune*'s mace,
And *Tethys* grave majeſtick pace,
By hoary *Nereus* wrinkled look,
And the *Carpathian* wiſard's hook,
By ſcaly *Triton*'s winding ſhell,
And old ſooth-ſaying *Glaucus* ſpell,
By *Leucothea*'s lovely hands,
And her Son that rules the ſtrands,
By *Thetis* tinſel-ſlipper'd feet,
And the Songs of *Sirens* ſweet,
By dead *Parthenope*'s dear tomb,
Wherewith ſhe ſits on Diamond rocks,
Sleeking her ſoft alluring locks,
By all the *Nymphs* that nightly dance
Upon thy ſtreams with wily glance,
Riſe, riſe, and heave thy roſie head
From thy coral-pav'n bed,
And bridle in thy headlong wave,
Till thou our ſummons anſwer'd have.
Liſten and ſave.

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Sabrina *rises, attended by Water-Nymphs, and Sings.*

By the rushy-fringed bank,
Where grows the Willow and the Osier dank,
My sliding Chariot stays,
Thick set with Agat, and the azure sheen
Of Turkis blew, and Emrauld green
That in the channel strays,
Whilst from off the waters fleet
Thus I set my printless feet
O'er the Cowslips Velvet head,
That bends not as I tread,
Gentle swain at thy request
I am here.

Spir. Goddess dear
We implore thy powerful hand
To undo the charmed band
Of true Virgin here distrest,
Through the force, and through the wile
Of unblest inchanter vile,

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Sab. Shepherd, 'tis my Office beſt
To help inſnared chaſtity;
Brighteſt Lady look on me,
Thus I ſprinkle on thy breaſt
Drops that from my fountain pure,
I have kept of precious cure,
Thrice upon thy fingers tip,
Thrice upon thy rubied lip,
Next this marble venom'd ſeat
Smear'd with gumms of glutenous heat
I touch with chaſte palms moiſt and cold,
Now the ſpell hath loſt his hold;
And I muſt haſte e'er morning hour
To wait in *Amphitrite*'s bow'r.

Sabrina *deſcends, and the Lady riſes out of her Seat.*

Spir. Virgin daughter of *Locrine*,
Sprung of old *Anchiſes* line,
May thy brimmed waves for this
Their full tribute never miſs
From a thouſand petty rills,
That tumble down thy ſnowy hills:

Summer

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Summer drouth, or ſinged air
Never ſcorch thy treſſes fair,
Nor wet *October's* torrent flood
Thy molten cryſtal fill with mudd,
May thy billows rowl aſhoar
The Beryl, and the golden Oar,
May thy lofty head be crown'd
With many a Tower and Terras round,
And here and there thy banks upon
With Groves of Myrrhe, and Cinnamon.
Come, Lady, while Heav'n lends us grace,
Let us fly this curſed place,
Leſt the Sorcerer us intice
With ſome other new device
Not a waſte, or needleſs ſound,
Till we come to holier ground,
I ſhall be your faithful guide
Through this gloomy Covert wide,
And not many furlongs thence
Is your Father's Reſidence,
Where this night are met in ſtate
Many a friend to gratulate

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His wiſh't preſence, and beſide,
All the Swains that there abide,
With Jiggs, and rural dance reſort,
We ſhall catch them at their ſport,
And our ſudden coming there
Will double all their mirth and chere;
Come let us haſte, the Stars grow high,
But night ſits Monarch yet in the mid ſky.

The Scene changes, preſenting Ludlow *Town and the Preſident's Caſtle, then come in Country Dancers, after them the attendant Spirit, with the two Brothers and the Lady.*

SONG.

Spir. *Back, Shepherds, back, enough your play,*
Till next Sun-ſhine holiday,
Here be without duck or nod
Other trippings to be trod
Of lighter toes, and ſuch Court guiſe
As Mercury *did firſt deviſe*
With the mincing Dryades
On the Lawns, and on the Leas.

This

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This ſecond Song preſents them to their Father and Mother.

Noble Lord, and Lady bright,
I have brought ye new delight,
Here behold ſo goodly grown
Three fair branches of your own,
Heav'n hath timely try'd their youth,
Their faith, their patience, and their truth,
And ſent them here through hard aſſays
With a Crown of deathleſs Praiſe,
To triumph in victorious dance
O're ſenſual Folly, and Intemperance.

The Dances ended, the Spirit Epiloguizes.

Spir. To the Ocean now I fly,
And thoſe happy climes that ly
Where day never ſhuts his eye,
Up in the broad fields of the sky:
There I ſuck the liquid air
All amidſt the Gardens fair

Of

Of *Heſperus*, and his daughters three
That ſing about the golden tree:
Along the criſped ſhades and bowers
Revels the ſpruce and jocond Spring,
The Graces, and the roſie-boſom'd Hours,
Thither all their bounties bring,
That there eternal Summer dwells,
And Weſt winds, with musky wing
About the cedar'd alleys fling
Nard and *Caſſia*'s balmy ſmells.
Iris there with humid bow,
Waters the odorous banks that blow
Flowers of more mingled hew
Than her purfl'd ſcarf can ſhew,
And drenches with *Elyſian* dew
(Liſt mortals if your ears be true)
Beds of Hyacinth, and Roſes
Where young *Adonis* oft repoſes,
Waxing well of his deep wound
In ſlumber ſoft, and on the ground
Sadly ſits th'*Aſſyrian* Queen;
But far above in ſpangled ſheen

Celeſtial

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Celeſtial *Cupid* her fam'd Son advanc'd,
Holds his dear *Pſyche* ſweet intranc'd,
After her wandring labours long,
Till free conſent the Gods among
Make her his eternal Bride,
And from her fair unſpotted ſide
Two bliſsful twins are to be born,
Youth and joy; ſo *Jove* hath ſworn.
But now my task is ſmoothly done,
I can fly, or I can run
Quickly to the green earth's end,
Where the bow'd welkin ſlow doth bend,
And from thence can ſoar as ſoon
To the corners of the Moon.
Mortals that would follow me,
Love virtue, ſhe alone is free,
She can teach ye how to clime
Higher than the Sphery chime;
Or if virtue feeble were,
Heav'n it ſelf would ſtoop to her.

ARCADES.

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ARCADES.

Part of an Entertainment preſented to the Counteſs Dowager of Darby *and* Harefield, *by ſome Noble Perſons of her Family, who appear on the Scene in Paſtoral Habit, moving toward the ſeat of State, with this Song.*

I. SONG.

LOOK Nymphs, and Shepherds look,
What ſudden blaze of Majeſty
Is that which we from hence deſcry
Too divine to be miſtook:
This is ſhe,
To whom our vows and wiſhes bend,
Here our ſolemn ſearch hath end.

Fame, that her high worth to raiſe,
Seem'd erſt ſo laviſh and profuſe,
We may juſtly now accuſe
Of detraction from her praiſe,
Leſs than half we find expreſt,
Envy bid conceal the reſt.

Mark

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Mark what radiant ſtate ſhe ſpreads,
In circle round her ſhining throne,
Shooting her beams like Silver threds,
This this is ſhe alone,
Sitting like a Goddeſs bright,
In the center of her light.

Might ſhe the wiſe *Latona* be,
Or the towred *Cybele*,
Mother of a hundred Gods;
Juno dares not give her odds;
Who had thought this clime had held
A deity ſo unparallel'd?

As they come forward, the Genius of the Wood appears, and turning toward them, ſpeaks.

GEN. Stay gentle Swains, for though in this diſ-
[guiſe,
I ſee bright honour ſparkle through your eyes,
Of famous *Arcady* ye are, and ſprung
Of that renowned flood, ſo often ſung,
Divine *Alpheus*, who by ſecret ſluſe,
Stole under Seas to meet his *Arethuſe*;
And ye, the breathing Roſes of the Wood,

Fair

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And ye, the breathing Roſes of the Wood,
Fair Silver-buskin'd Nymphs as great and good,
I know this queſt of yours, and free intent
Was all in Honour and Devotion meant
To the great Miſtreſs of your princely ſhrine,
Whom with low reverence I adore as mine,
And with all helpful ſervice will comply
To further this night's glad ſolemnity;
And lead ye where ye may more near behold
What ſhallow-ſearching *Fame* hath left untold;
Which I full oft amidſt theſe ſhades alone
Have ſate to wonder at, and gaze upon:
For know by lot from *Jove* I am the pow'r
Of this fair Wood, and live in Oak'n bow'r,
To nurſe the Sapplings tall, and curl the grove,
With Ringlets quaint; and wanton windings wove.
And all my Plants I ſave from nightly ill
Of noiſom winds, and blaſting vapours chill:
And from the Boughs bruſh off the evil dew,
And heal the harms of thwarting thunder blew,
Or what the croſs dire-looking Planet ſmites,
Or hurtful Worm with canker'd venom bites.

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When Ev'ning gray doth rise, I fetch my round
Over the mount, and all this hallow'd ground,
And early e'er the odorous breath of morn
Awakes the slumb'ring leaves, or tassel'd horn
Shakes the high thicket, haste I all about,
Number my ranks, and visit every sprout
With puissant words, and murmurs made to bless,
But else in deep of night when drowsiness
Hath lock'd up mortal Sense, then listen I
To the celestial *Sirens* harmony,
That sit upon the nine enfolded Spheares,
And sing to those that hold the vital shears,
And turn the Adamantine spindle round,
On which the fate of Gods and men is wound.
Such sweet compulsion doth in musick ly,
To lull the daughters of *Necessity*,
And keep unruffled Nature to her Law,
And the low World in measur'd motion draw
After the Heavenly tune, which none can hear
Of human mould with gross unpurged ear;
And yet such Musick worthiest were to blaze
The peerless height of her immortal praise,

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Whose lustre leads us, and for her most fit,
If my inferior hand or voice could hit
Inimitable sounds, yet as we go,
What e'er the skill of lesser Gods can show,
I will assay her worth to celebrate,
And so attend ye toward her glittering state;
Where ye may all that are of noble stemm
Approach, and kiss her sacred vesture's hemm.

II. *SONG.*

O'ER the smooth enamel'd green,
Where no print of step hath been,
Follow me as I sing,
And touch the warbled string.
Under the shady roof
Of branching Elm-Star-proof,
Follow me,
I will bring you where she sits
Clad in splendor as befits
Her deity.
Such a rural Queen
All *Arcadia* hath not seen.

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III. *SONG.*

NYmphs and Shepherds dance no more
By sandy *Ladons* Lillied banks,
On old *Lycæus* or *Cyllene* hoar,
Trip no more in twilight ranks,
Though *Erymanth* your loss deplore,
A better soyl shall give ye thanks.
From the stony *Mænalus*,
Bring your flocks and live with us,
Here ye shall have greater grace,
To serve the Lady of this Place.
Though *Syrinx* your *Pan*'s Mistress were,
Yet *Syrinx* well might wait on her.
Such a rural Queen
All *Arcadia* hath not seen.

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ON THE

MORNING

OF

CHRIST's NATIVITY.

I.

THIS is the Month, and this the happy Morn
Wherein the Son of Heav'ns eternal King,
Of wedded Maid, and Virgin Mother born,
Our great Redemption from above did bring;
For ſo the holy Sages once did ſing,
That he our deadly forfeit ſhould releaſe,
And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.

II.

That glorious Form, that Light unſufferable,
And that far-beaming blaze of Majeſty,
Wherewith he wont at Heav'ns high Council-Table
To ſit the midſt of Trinal Unity,
He laid aſide; and here with us to be,

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Forsook the Courts of everlasting Day,
And chose with us a darksom House of mortal Clay.

III.

Say Heavenly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein
Afford a Present to the Infant God?
Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strein,
To welcome him to this his new abode,
Now while the Heav'n by the Sun's team untrod,
Hath took no print of the approaching light,
And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons [bright?

IV.

See how from far upon the Eastern rode
The Star-led Wisards haste with odours sweet,
O run, prevent them with thy humble ode,
And lay it lowly at his blessed feet;
Have thou the honour first, thy Lord to greet,
And joyn thy voice unto the Angel Quire,
From out his secret Altar toucht with hallow'd fire.

The Hymn.

I.

IT was the Winter wild,
While the Heav'n-born-child,

All

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All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies;
Nature in awe to him
Had doff't her gawdy trim,
With her great Maſter ſo to ſympathize:
It was no ſeaſon then for her
To wanton with the Sun her luſty Paramour.

II.

Only with ſpeeches fair
She woo's the gentle Air
To hide her guilty front with innocent Snow,
And on her naked ſhame,
Pollute with ſinful blame,
The Saintly Veil of Maiden white to throw,
Confounded, that her Maker's eyes
Should look ſo near upon her foul deformities.

III.

But he her fears to ceaſe,
Sent down the meek-ey'd Peace,
She crown'd with Olive green, came ſoftly ſliding
Down through the turning ſphear
His ready Harbinger,
With Turtle wing the amorous clowds dividing,

And waving wide her mirtle wand,
She ſtrikes an univerſal Peace through Sea and Land.

IV.

No War, or Battles ſound
Was heard the World around
The idle Spear and Shield were high up hung,
The hooked Chariot ſtood,
Unſtain'd with hoſtile blood,
The Trumpet ſpake not to the armed throng,
And Kings ſat ſtill with awful Eye,
As if they ſurely knew their Soveraign Lord was by.

V.

But peaceful was the night
Wherein the Prince of light
His reign of peace upon the earth began;
The Winds with wonder whiſt,
Smoothly the Waters kiſt,
Whiſpering new joys to the mild Ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While Birds of Calm ſit brooding on the charmed [Wave.

VI.

The Stars with deep amaze
Stand fixt in ſteadfaſt gaze,

Bending

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Bending one way their precious influence,
And will not take their flight,
For all the morning light,
Or *Lucifer* that often warn'd them thence;
But in their glimmering Orbs did glow,
Until their Lord himſelf beſpake, and bid them go.

VII.

And though the ſhady gloom
Had given day her room,
The Sun himſelf with-held his wonted ſpeed,
And hid his head for ſhame,
As his inferiour flame,
The new enlightn'd world no more ſhould need;
He ſaw a greater Sun appear
Than his bright Throne, or burning Axletree could bear.

VIII.

The Shepherds on the Lawn,
Or e'er the point of dawn,
Sate ſimply chatting in a ruſtick row;
Full little thought they than,
That the mighty *Pan*
Was kindly come to live with them below;

Per-

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Perhaps their loves, or elſe their ſheep,
Was all that did their ſilly thoughts ſo buſie keep.

IX.

When ſuch muſick ſweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,
As never was by mortal finger ſtrook,
Divinely-warbl'd voice
Anſwering the ſtringed noiſe,
As all their ſouls in bliſsful rapture took:
The Air ſuch pleaſure loth to loſe,
With thouſand echo's ſtill prolongs each heav'nly cloſe.

X.

Nature that heard ſuch ſound
Beneath the hollow round
Of *Cynthia*'s ſeat, the Airy region thrilling,
Now was almoſt won
To think her part was done,
And that her reign had here its laſt fulfilling;
She knew ſuch harmony alone
Could hold all Heav'n and Earth in happier union.

XI.

At laſt ſurrounds their ſight
A Globe of circular light,

That

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That with long beams the shame-fac'd night array'd,
The helmed Cherubim
And sworded Seraphim,
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings displaid,
Harping in loud and solemn quire,
With unexpressive notes to Heav'ns new-born Heir.

XII.

Such Musick (as 'tis said)
Before was never made,
But when of old the sons of morning sung,
While the Creator great
His Constellations set,
And the well-ballanc'd world on hinges hung,
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltring waves their oozy channel keep.

XIII.

Ring out ye Crystal sphears,
Once bless our humane ears,
(If ye have power to touch our senses so)
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time;
And let the Base of Heav'ns deep Organ blow,

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And with your ninefold Harmony
Make up full conſort to th'Angelick ſymphony.

XIV.

For if ſuch holy Song
Enwrap our fancy long,
Time will run back, and fetch the Age of Gold,
And ſpeckl'd vanity
Will ſicken ſoon and die,
And leprous ſin will melt from earthly mould,
And Hell it ſelf will paſs away,
And leave her dolorous manſions to the peering day.

XV.

Yea Truth and Juſtice then
Will down return to men,
Orb'd in a Rain-bow; and like glories wearing
Mercy will ſit between,
Thron'd in Celeſtial ſheen,
With radiant feet the tiſſued Clouds down ſteering,
And Heav'n, as at ſome Feſtival,
Will open wide the Gates of her high Palace Hall.

XVI.

But wiſeſt Fate ſays no,
This muſt not yet be ſo,

The

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The Babe lies yet in smiling Infancy,
That on the bitter cross
Must redeem our loss;
So both himself and us to glorifie:
Yet first to those ychain'd in sleep,
The wakeful trump of doom must thunder through [the deep.

XVII.

With such a horrid clang
As on mount *Sinai* rang,
While the red fire, and smouldring clouds out brake:
The aged Earth aghast
With terrour of that blast,
Shall from the Surface to the Center shake;
When at the World's last Session,
The dreadful Judge in middle Air shall spread his [throne.

XVIII.

And then at last our bliss
Full and perfect is,
But now begins; for from this happy day
Th' old Dragon under ground
In straiter limits bound,
Not half so far casts his usurped sway,

And

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And wroth to see his Kingdom fail,
Swindges the scaly Horrour of his foulded tail.

XIX.

The Oracles are dum,
No voice or hideous hum
Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving.
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow shriek the steep of *Delphos* leaving.
No nightly trance, or breathed spell,
Inspires the pale-ey'd Priest from the prophetic cell.

XX.

The lonely mountains o're,
And the resounding shore,
A voice of weeping heard, and loud lament;
From haunted spring, and dale
Edg'd with poplar pale,
The parting Genius is with sighing sent;
With flowre-inwov'n tresses torn [mourn.
The Nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets

XXI.

In consecrated Earth,
And on the holy Hearth,

The

The *Lars*, and *Lemures* moan with midnight plaint,
In Urns, and Altars round,
A drear and dying sound,
Affrights the *Flamins* at their service quaint;
And the chill Marble seems to sweat,
While each peculiar power forgoes his wonted seat.

XXII.

Peor, and *Baalim*,
Forsake their Temples dim,
With that twice batter'd god of *Palestine*,
And mooned *Ashtaroth*,
Heav'ns Queen and Mother both,
Now sits not girt with Tapers holy shine,
The Libyc *Hammon* shrinks his horn,
In vain the *Tyrian* Maids their wounded *Thamuz* mourn.

XXIII.

And sullen *Moloch* fled,
Hath left in shadows dred,
His burning Idol all of blackest hue,
In vain with Cymbals ring,
They call the grisly King,
In dismal dance about the furnace blue;

The

The brutish gods of *Nile* as fast,
Isis and *Orus*, and the Dog *Anubis* hast.

XXIV.

Nor is *Osiris* seen
In *Memphian* Grove, or Green,
Trampling the unshowr'd Grass with lowings loud:
Nor can he be at rest
Within his sacred chest,
Nought but profoundest Hell can be his shroud,
In vain with Timbrel'd Anthems dark
The sable-stoled Sorcerers bear his worship'd Ark.

XXV.

He feels from *Juda*'s Land
The dreaded Infant's hand,
The rayes of *Bethlehem* blind his dusky eyn;
Nor all the Gods beside,
Longer dare abide,
Not *Typhon* huge ending in snaky twine:
Our Babe to shew his Godhead true,
Can in his swadling bands controul the damned crew.

XXVI.

So when the Sun in bed,
Curtain'd with cloudy red,

Pillows

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Pillows his Chin upon an Orient Wave,
The flocking ſhadows pale,
Troop to th'infernal Jail,
Each fetter'd Ghoſt ſlips to his ſeveral grave,
And the yellow-skirted *Fayes*,
Fly after the Night-ſteeds, leaving their Moon-lov'd maze.

XXVII.

But ſee the Virgin bleſt,
Hath laid her Babe to reſt.
Time is our tedious Song ſhould here have ending:
Heav'ns youngeſt teemed Star,
Hath fixt her poliſht Car,
Her ſleeping Lord with Handmaid Lamp attending:
And all about the Courtly Stable,
Bright-harneſt Angels ſit in order ſerviceable.

A Paraphraſe on *Pſal.* 114.

This and the following *Pſalm* were done by the Author at fifteen years old.

WHen the bleſt ſeed of *Terah*'s faithful Son,
After long toil their liberty had won,

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And paſt from *Pharian* Fields to *Canaan* Land,
Led by the ſtrength of the Almighties hand,
Jehovah's wonders were in *Iſrael* ſhown,
His Praiſe and Glory was in *Iſrael* known.
That ſaw the troubled Sea, and ſhivering fled,
And ſought to hide his froth-becurled head
Low in the Earth, *Jordan*'s clear ſtreams recoil,
As a faint Hoſt that hath receiv'd the foil.
The high, huge-bellied Mountains skip like Rams
Amongſt their Ews, the little Hills like Lambs.
Why fled the Ocean? And why skipt the Mountains?
Why turned *Jordan* towards his Chryſtal Fountains?
Shake Earth, and at the preſence be agaſt
Of him that ever was, and ay ſhall laſt,
That glaſſy floods from rugged rocks can cruſh,
And make ſoft rills from fiery flint-ſtones guſh.

Pſalm 136.

LET us with a gladſom mind
Praiſe the Lord, for he is kind,
For his mercies ay endure,
Ever faithful, ever ſure.

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Let us blaze his Name abroad,
For of gods he is the God;
For his, *&c.*
O let us his praiſes tell,
Who doth the wrathful Tyrants quell.
For his, *&c.*
Who with his miracles doth make
Amazed Heav'n and Earth to ſhake.
For his, *&c.*
Who by his Wiſdom did create
The painted Heav'ns ſo full of ſtate.
For his, *&c.*
Who did the ſolid Earth ordain
To riſe above the watry Plain.
For his, *&c.*
Who by his all-commanding might
Did fill the new-made World with light.
For his, *&c.*
And caus'd the Golden-treſſed Sun,
All the day long his courſe to run.
For his, *&c.*
The horned Moon to ſhine by night,
Amongſt her ſpangled ſiſters bright.
For his, *&c.*

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He with his thunder-claſping hand
Smote the firſt-born of *Egypt* Land.
For his, *&c.*
And in deſpight of *Pharao* fell,
He brought from thence his *Iſrael.*
For his, *&c.*
The ruddy waves he cleft in twain,
Of the *Erythræan* main.
For, *&c.*
The floods ſtood ſtill like Walls of Glaſs,
While the Hebrew Bands did paſs.
For, *&c.*
But full ſoon they did devour
The tawny King with all his power.
For, *&c.*
His choſen People he did bleſs
In the waſteful Wilderneſs.
For, *&c.*
In bloody batted he brought down
Kings of proweſs and renown.
For, *&c.*
He foil'd bold *Seon* and his Hoſt,
That rul'd the *Amorrean* coaſt.
For, *&c.*

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And large-limb'd *Og* he did ſubdue,
With all his over-hardy crew.
For, *&c.*
And to his Servant *Iſrael*
He gave their Land therein to dwell.
For, *&c.*
He hath with a piteous eye
Beheld us in our miſery.
For, *&c.*
And freed us from the ſlavery
Of the invading enemy.
For, *&c.*
All living creatures he doth feed,
And with full hand ſupplies their need.
For, *&c.*
Let us therefore warble forth
His mighty Majeſty and worth.
For, *&c.*
That his manſion hath on high
Above the reach of mortal eye.
For his mercies ay endure,
Ever faithful, ever ſure.

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Anno ætatis 17.

On the Death of a fair Infant, dying of a Cough.

I.

O Faireſt flower no ſooner blown but blaſted,
Soft ſilken Primroſe fading timeleſſy,
Summer's chief Honour, if thou hadſt out-laſted
Bleak winter's force that made thy bloſſom drie;
For he being amorous on that lovely die
That did thy cheek envermeil, thought to kiſs
But kill'd, alas, and then bewail'd his fatal bliſs.

II.

For ſince grim *Aquilo* his charioteer
By boiſtrous rape th' *Athenian* damſel got,
He thought it toucht his Deity full neer,
If likewiſe he ſome fair one wedded not,
Thereby to wipe away th' infamous blot,
Of long-uncoupled bed, and childleſs eld,
Which 'mongſt the wanton Gods a foul reproach was held.

III. So

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III.

So mounting up in ycie-pearled car,
Through middle empire of the freezing air
He wander'd long, till thee he spy'd from far,
There ended was his queſt, there ceaſt his care.
Down he deſcended from his Snow-ſoft chair,
But all unwares with his cold-kind embrace
Unhous'd thy Virgin Soul from her fair biding place.

IV.

Yet art thou not inglorious in thy fate;
For ſo *Apollo*, with unweeting hand
Whilom did ſlay his dearly-loved mate
Young *Hyacinth* born on *Eurota*'s ſtrand,
Young *Hyacinth* the pride of *Spartan* land;
But then transform'd him to a purple flower,
Alack that ſo to change thee winter had no power.

V.

Yet can I not perſwade me thou art dead,
Or that thy coarſe corrupts in earth's dark womb,
Or that thy beauties lie in wormie bed,
Hid from the World in a low delved tomb;
Could Heav'n for pity thee ſo ſtrictly doom?

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Oh no! for ſomething in thy face did ſhine
Above mortality, that ſhew'd thou waſt divine.

VI.

Reſolve me then, oh Soul moſt ſurely bleſt,
(If ſo it be that thou theſe plaints doſt hear)
Tell me bright Spirit where e'er thou hovereſt,
Whether above that high firſt-moving Sphere,
Or in the Eliſian fields (if ſuch there were.)
O ſay me true, if thou wert mortal wight,
And why from us ſo quickly thou didſt take thy flight.

VII.

Wert thou ſome Star which from the ruin'd roof
Of ſhak't *Olympus* by miſchance didſt fall;
Which careful *Jove* in Nature's true behoof
Took up, and in fit place did reinſtal?
Or did of late earth's Sons beſiege the wall
Of ſheenie Heav'n, and thou ſome goddeſs fled
Amongſt us here below to hide thy nectar'd head.

VIII.

Or wert thou that juſt Maid who once before
Forſook the hated earth; O tell me ſooth,
And cam'ſt again to viſit us once more?
Or wert thou that ſweet ſmiling Youth?

Or

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Or that crown'd Matron ſage white-robed Truth?
Or any other of that Heav'nly brood
Let down in clowdie throne to do the World ſome [good.

IX.

Or wert thou of the golden-winged hoaſt,
Who having clad thy ſelf in humane weed,
To earth from thy præfixed ſeat didſt poaſt,
And after ſhort abode flie back with ſpeed,
As if to ſhew what creatures Heav'n doth breed,
Thereby to ſet the hearts of men on fire
To ſcorn the ſordid world, and unto Heav'n aſpire.

X.

But oh why didſt thou not ſtay here below
To bleſs us with thy Heav'n-lov'd innocence,
To ſlake his wrath whom ſin hath made our foe,
To turn ſwift-ruſhing black perdition hence,
Or drive away the ſlaughtering peſtilence,
To ſtand 'twixt us and our deſerved ſmart?
But thou canſt beſt perform that office where thou art.

XI.

Then thou the Mother of ſo ſweet a Child
Her falſe imagin'd loſs ceaſe to lament,
And wiſely learn to curb thy ſorrows wild,
Think

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Think what a preſent thou to God haſt ſent,
And render him with patience what he lent;
This if thou do, he will an off-ſpring give,
That till the World's laſt end ſhall make thy name to [live.

The Paſſion.

I.

E'ER-while of Muſick, and Ethereal mirth,
Wherewith the ſtage of Air and Earth did ring,
And joyous news of Heav'nly Infants birth,
My muſe with Angels did divide to ſing;
But headlong joy is ever on the wing,
In Wintry ſolſtice like the ſhorten'd light
Soon ſwallow'd up in dark and long out-living night.

II.

For now to ſorrow muſt I tune my ſong,
And ſet my Harp to notes of ſaddeſt wo,
Which on our deareſt Lord did ſeiſe e'er long,
Dangers, and ſnares, and wrongs, and worſe than ſo,
Which he for us did freely undergo.
Moſt perfect *Hero*, try'd in higheſt plight
Of labours huge and hard, too hard for human wight.

III. He

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III.

He sov'ran Priest stooping his regal head
That dropt with odorous oil down his fair eyes,
Poor fleshly Tabernacle entered,
His starry front low-roost beneath the skies;
O what a mask was there, what a disguise!
Yet more; the stroke of death he must abide,
Then lies him meekly down fast by his Brethrens side.

IV.

These latest scenes confine my roving verse,
To this Horizon is my *Phœbus* bound;
His Godlike acts, and his temptations fierce,
And former sufferings other where are found;
Loud o'er the rest *Cremona*'s Trump doth sound;
Me softer airs befit, and softer strings
Of Lute, or Viol still, more apt for mournful things.

V.

Befriend me night, best Patroness of grief,
Over the Pole thy thickest mantle throw,
And work my flatter'd fancy to belief,
That Heav'n and Earth are colour'd with my wo;
My sorrows are too dark for day to know:

The

The leaves ſhould all be black whereon I write,
And letters where my tears have waſh'd a wanniſh [white.

VI.

See, ſee the Chariot, and thoſe ruſhing wheels,
That whirl'd the Prophet up at *Chebar* flood,
My ſpirit ſome tranſporting *Cherub* feels,
To bear me where the Towers of *Salem* ſtood,
Once glorious Towers, now ſunk in guiltleſs blood;
There doth my Soul in holy viſion ſit,
In penſive trance, and anguiſh, and ecſtatick fit.

VII.

Mine eye hath found that ſad Sepulchral rock
That was the Casket of Heav'ns richeſt ſtore,
And here through grief my feeble hands up lock,
Yet on the ſoftned Quarry would I ſcore
My plaining verſe as lively as before;
For ſure ſo well inſtructed are my tears,
That they would fitly fall in order'd Characters.

VIII.

Or ſhould I thence hurried on viewleſs wing,
Take up a weeping on the Mountains wild,
The gentle neighbourhood of grove and ſpring
Would ſoon unboſom all their Echoes mild,

And

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And I (for grief is eaſily beguil'd)
Might think th'infection of my ſorrows loud,
Had got a race of mourners on ſome pregnant cloud.

This Subject the Author finding to be above the years he had, when he wrote it, and nothing ſatisfi'd with what was begun, left it unfiniſht.

On TIME.

FLY envious *Time*, till thou run out thy race,
Call on the lazy leaden-ſtepping hours
Whoſe ſpeed is but the heavy Plummets pace;
And glut thy ſelf with what thy womb devours,
Which is no more than what is falſe and vain,
And meerly mortal droſs;
So little is our loſs,
So little is thy gain.
For when as each thing bad thou haſt entomb'd,
And laſt of all thy greedy ſelf conſum'd,
Then long Eternity ſhall greet our bliſs
With an individual kiſs;
And Joy ſhall overtake us as a flood,
When every thing that is ſincerely good

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And perfectly divine,
With Truth, and Peace, and Love shall ever shine
About the supreme Throne
Of him, t' whose happy-making sight alone,
When once our Heav'nly-guided Soul shall clime,
Then all this Earthy grosness quit,
Attir'd with Stars, we shall for ever sit,
Triumphing over Death, and Chance, and thee O [Time.

Upon the Circumcision.

YE flaming Powers, and winged Warriours bright
That erst with Musick, and triumphant Song,
First heard by happy watchful Shepherds ear,
So sweetly sung your Joy the Clouds along
Through the soft silence of the list'ning night,
Now mourn, and if sad share with us to bear
Your fiery essence can distil no tear,
Burn in your sighs, and borrow
Seas wept from our deep sorrow,
He who with all Heav'ns heraldry whilear
Enter'd the World, now bleeds to give us ease,

Alas

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Alas, how ſoon our ſin
Sore doth begin
His Infancy to ſeaſe!
O more exceeding love or law more juſt?
Juſt law indeed, but more exceeding love!
For we by rightful doom remedileſs
Were loſt in death, till he that dwelt above
High thron'd in ſecret bliſs, for us frail duſt
Emptied his glory, ev'n to nakedneſs;
And that great Cov'nant which we ſtill tranſgreſs
Intirely ſatisfi'd,
And the full wrath beſide
Of vengeful Juſtice bore for our exceſs,
And ſeals obedience firſt with wounding ſmart
This day, but O e'er long
Huge pangs and ſtrong
Will pierce more near his heart.

At a ſolemn Muſick.

BLeſt pair of *Sirens*, pledges of Heav'ns joy,
Sphear-born harmonious Siſters, Voice and Verſe,
Wed your divine ſounds, and mixt power employ
Dead things with inbreath'd ſenſe able to pierce,

And

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And to our high-rais'd phantaſie preſent
That undiſturbed Song of pure conſent,
Ay ſung before the ſaphire-colour'd throne
To him that ſits thereon
With Saintly ſhout, and ſolemn Jubily,
Where the bright Seraphim in burning row
Their loud up-lifted Angel trumpets blow,
And the Cherubick hoſt in thouſand quires
Touch their immortal Harps of golden wires,
With thoſe juſt Spirits that wear victorious Palms,
Hymns devote and holy Pſalms
Singing everlaſtingly;
That we on Earth with undiſcording voice
May rightly anſwer that melodious noiſe;
As once we did, till diſproportion'd ſin
Jarr'd againſt nature's chime, and with harſh din
Broke the fair Muſick that all creatures made
To their great Lord, whoſe love their motion ſway'd
In perfect Diapaſon, whilſt they ſtood
In firſt obedience, and their ſtate of good.
O may we ſoon again renew that Song,
And keep in tune with Heav'n, till God e'er long

To

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To his celeſtial conſort us unite,
To live with him, and ſing in endleſs morn of light.

AN
EPITAPH
ON THE
Marchioneſs of *Wincheſter*.

THIS rich Marble doth enter
The honour'd Wife of *Wincheſter*,
A Viſcount's daughter, an Earl's heir,
Beſides what her Virtues fair
Added to her noble Birth,
More than ſhe could own from Earth.
Summers three times eight ſave one
She had told, alas too ſoon,
After ſo ſhort time of breath,
To houſe with darkneſs, and with death.

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Yet had the number of her days
Been as compleat as was her praise,
Nature and fate had had no strife
In giving limit to her life.
Her high birth, and her graces sweet,
Quickly found a lover meet;
The Virgin quire for her request
The God that sits at marriage feast;
He at their invoking came
But with a scarce-well-lighted flame;
And in his Garland as he stood,
Ye might discern a Cypress bud.
Once had the early Matrons run
To greet her of a lovely Son,
And now with second hope she goes,
And calls *Lucina* to her throws;
But whether by mischance or blame
Atropos for *Lucina* came;
And with remorseless cruelty
Spoil'd at once both fruit and tree:
The hapless Babe before his birth
Had burial, yet not laid in earth,

And

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And the languiſht Mother's Womb
Was not long a living Tomb.
So have I ſeen ſome tender ſlip,
Sav'd with care from Winter's nip,
The pride of her carnation train,
Pluck'd up by ſome unheedy ſwain,
Who only thought to crop the flow'r
New ſhot up from vernal ſhow'r;
But the fair bloſſom hangs the head
Side-ways, as on a dying bed,
And thoſe Pearls of dew ſhe wears,
Prove to be preſaging tears
Which the ſad morn had let fall
On her haſt'ning Funeral.
Gentle Lady may thy grave
Peace and quiet ever have;
After this thy travel ſore
Sweet reſt ſeiſe thee evermore,
That to give the World encreaſe,
Shortned haſt thy own life's leaſe;
Here, beſides the ſorrowing
That thy noble Houſe doth bring,

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Here be tears of perfect moan
Wept for thee in *Helicon*,
And ſome Flowers, and ſome Bays,
For thy Herſe, to ſtrew the ways,
Sent thee from the banks of *Came*,
Devoted to thy virtuous name;
Whilſt thou, bright Saint, high ſit'ſt in glory,
Next her much like to thee in ſtory,
That fair *Syrian* Shepherdeſs,
Who after years of barrenneſs,
The highly favour'd *Joſeph* bore
To him that ſerv'd for her before,
And at her next birth, much like thee,
Through pangs fled to felicity,
Far within the boſom bright
Of blazing Majeſty and Light,
There with thee, new welcom Saint,
Like fortunes may her ſoul acquaint,
With thee there clad in radiant ſheen,
No Marchioneſs, but now a Queen.

SONG.

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SONG. *On May Morning.*

NOW the bright morning Star, Day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the Eaſt, and leads with her
The Flow'ry *May*, who from her green lap throws
The yellow Cowſlip, and the pale Primroſe.
Hail bounteous *May* that doſt inſpire
Mirth and Youth and warm deſire,
Woods and Groves are of thy dreſſing,
Hill and Dale doth boaſt thy bleſſing.
Thus we ſalute thee with our early Song,
And welcome thee, and wiſh thee long.

On *SHAKESPEAR.* 1630.

WHAT needs my *Shakeſpear*, for his honour'd Bones,
The labour of an age in piled Stones,
Or that his hallow'd reliques ſhould be hid
Under a Star-ypointing *Pyramid?*
Dear Son of memory, great heir of Fame,
What need'ſt thou ſuch weak witneſs of thy name?

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Thou in our wonder and aſtoniſhment
Haſt built thy ſelf a live-long Monument.
For whilſt to th' ſhame of ſlow-endeavouring art
Thy eaſie numbers flow, and that each heart
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalu'd Book,
Thoſe Delphick lines with deep impreſſion took,
Then thou our fancy of it ſelf bereaving,
Doſt make us Marble with too much conceiving;
And ſo Sepulcher'd in ſuch pomp doſt lie,
That Kings for ſuch a Tomb would wiſh to die.

On the Univerſity Carrier, who ſickn'd in the time of his vacancy, being forbid to go to London, *by reaſon of the Plague.*

HEre lies old *Hobſon*, Death hath broke his girt,
And here, alas! hath laid him in the dirt,
Or elſe the ways being foul, twenty to one,
He's here ſtuck in a ſlough, and overthrown.
'Twas ſuch a ſhifter, that if truth were known,
Death was half glad when he had got him down;
For he had any time this ten years full,
Dodg'd with him, betwixt *Cambridge* and the Bull.

And

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And surely Death could never have prevail'd,
Had not his weekly course of carriage fail'd;
But lately finding him so long at home,
And thinking now his journeys end was come,
And that he had ta'ne up his latest Inn,
In the kind Office of a Chamberlin
Shew'd him his room where he must lodge that night,
Pull'd off his Boots, and took away the light:
If any ask for him, it shall be said,
Hobson has supt, and's newly gon to bed.

Another on the same.

HERE lieth one, who did most truly prove
That he could never die while he could move,
So hung his destiny, never to rot
While he might still jog on and keep his trot,
Made of sphear-metal, never to decay
Until his revolution was at stay.
Time numbers motion, yet (without a crime
'Gainst old truth) motion number'd out his time:
And like an Engine mov'd with wheel and waight,
His principles being ceast, he ended strait,

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Reſt that gives all men life, gave him his death,
And too much breathing put him out of breath;
Nor were it contradiction to affirm
Too long vacation haſten'd on his term.
Meerly to drive the time away he ſickn'd,
Fainted, and died, nor would with Ale be quickn'd,
Nay, quoth he, on his ſwooning bed out-ſtretch'd,
If I mayn't carry, ſure I'll ne'er be feteh'd,
But vow, though the croſs Doctors all ſtood hearers,
For one Carrier put down to make ſix bearers.
Eaſe was his chief diſeaſe, and to judge right,
He dy'd for heavineſs that his Cart went light,
His leiſure told him that his time was come,
And lack of load, made his life burdenſom,
That even to his laſt breath (there be that ſay't)
As he were preſt to death, he cry'd more waight;
But had his doings laſted as they were,
He had been an immortal Carrier.
Obedient to the Moon he ſpent his date
In courſe reciprocal, and had his fate
Link'd to the mutual flowing of the Seas,
Yet (ſtrange to think) his wain was his increaſe:

His

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His Letters are deliver'd all and gon,
Only remains this Superſcription.

Anno Ætatis. 19. *At a Vacation Exerciſe in the Colledge, part* Latin, *part* Engliſh. *The* Latin *ſpeeches ended, the* Engliſh *thus began.*

HAil native Language, that by ſinews weak
Didſt move my firſt endeavouring tongue to ſpeak,
And madſt imperfect words with childiſh trips,
Half unpronounc'd ſlide through my infant-lips,
Driving dumb ſilence from the portal door,
Where he had mutely ſate two years before:
Here I ſalute thee, and thy pardon ask,
That now I uſe thee in my latter task:
Small loſs it is that thence can come unto thee,
I know my tongue but little Grace can do thee:
Thou need'ſt not be ambitious to be firſt,
Believe me I have thither packt the worſt:
And, if it happen as I did forecaſt,
The daintieſt diſhes ſhall be ſerv'd up laſt.
I pray thee then deny me not thy aid
For this ſame ſmall neglect that I have made:

But

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But haſte thee ſtrait to do me once a Pleaſure,
And from thy wardrobe bring thy chiefeſt treaſure;
Not thoſe new fangled toys, and trimings ſlight
Which takes our late fantaſticks with delight,
But cull thoſe richeſt Robes, and gay'ſt attire
Which deepeſt Spirits, and choiceſt Wits deſire:
I have ſome naked thoughts that rove about
And loudly knock to have their paſſage out;
And weary of their place do only ſtay
Till thou haſt deck'd them in thy beſt aray?
That ſo they may without ſuſpect or feare
Fly ſwiftly to this fair Aſſembly's eare;
Yet I had rather, if I were to chuſe,
Thy ſervice in ſome graver ſubject uſe,
Such as may make thee ſearch thy coffers round,
Before thou cloath my fancy in fit ſound:
Such where the deep tranſported mind may ſoar
Above the wheeling poles, and at Heav'ns door
Look in, and ſee each bliſsful Deity
How he before the thunderous throne doth lie,
Liſtening to what unſhorn *Apollo* ſings
To th' touch of golden wires, while *Hebe* brings

Immortal

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mmortal Nectar to her Kingly Sire:
hen paſſing through the Sphears of watchful fire,
And miſtie Regions of wide air next under,
And hills of Snow and lofts of piled Thunder,
May tell at length how green-ey'd *Neptune* raves,
In Heav'ns defiance muſtering all his waves;
Then ſing of ſecret things that came to paſs
When Beldam Nature in her cradle was;
And laſt of Kings and Queens and *Hero's* old,
Such as the wiſe *Demodocus* once told
In ſolemn Songs at King *Alcinous* feaſt.
While ſad *Ulyſſes* ſoul and all the reſt
Are held with his melodious harmony
In willing chains and ſweet captivity.
But fie, my wand'ring Muſe, how thou doſt ſtray!
Expectance calls thee now another way,
Thou know'ſt it muſt be now thy only bent
To keep in compaſs of thy Predicament:
Then quick about thy purpos'd buſineſs come
That to the next I may reſign my Room.

Then

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Then Ens *is repreſented as Father of the Prædicaments his ten Sons, whereof the Eldeſt ſtood for* Subſtance *with his Canons, which* Ens, *thus ſpeaking, explains.*

GOod luck befriend thee, Son; for at thy birth
The Faiery Ladies danc'd upon the hearth;
Thy drowſie Nurſe hath ſworn ſhe did them ſpie
Come tripping to the Room where thou didſt lie;
And ſweetly ſinging round about thy Bed
Strew all their bleſſings on thy ſleeping Head.
She heard them give thee this, that thou ſhould'ſt ſtill
From eyes of mortals walk inviſible;
Yet there is ſomething that doth force my fear,
For once it was my diſmal hap to hear
A *Sybil* old, bow-bent with crooked Age,
That far Events full wiſely could preſage,
And in Time's long and dark Proſpective Glaſs
Fore-ſaw what future days ſhould bring to paſs,
Your Son, ſaid ſhe, (nor can you it prevent)
Shall ſubject be to many an Accident.
O'er all his Brethren he ſhall Reign as King,
Yet every one ſhall make him underling,

And

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And thoſe that cannot live from him aſunder,
Ungratefully ſhall ſtrive to keep him under,
In worth and excellence he ſhall out-go them,
Yet being above them, he ſhall be below them;
From others he ſhall ſtand in need of nothing,
Yet on his Brothers ſhall depend for Cloathing.
To find a Foe it ſhall not be his hap,
And peace ſhall lull him in her flow'ry lap;
Yet ſhall he live in ſtrife, and at his door
Devouring War ſhall never ceaſe to roar:
Yea it ſhall be his natural property
To harbour thoſe who are at enmity.
What pow'r, what force, what mighty ſpell, if not
Your learned hands, can looſe this Gordian knot?

The next Quantity *and* Quality *ſpake in Proſe, then* Relation *was call'd by his name.*

RIvers ariſe; whether thou be the Son
Of utmoſt *Tweed*, or *Ooſe*, or gulphie *Dun*,
Or *Trent*, who like ſome earth-born Giant ſpreads
His thirty Arms along the indented Meads,
Or ſullen *Mole* that runneth underneath,
Or *Severn* ſwift, guilty of Maidens death,

Or

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Or Rockie *Avon*, or of Sedgie *Lee*,
Or Coaly *Tine*, or ancient hallowed *Dee*,
Or *Humber* loud that keeps the *Scythians* Name,
Or *Medway* ſmooth, or Royal Towred *Thame*.

The reſt was Proſe.

On the new forcers of Conſcience under the Long PARLIAMENT.

BEcauſe you have thrown off your Prelate Lord,
And with ſtiff Vows renounc'd his Liturgie,
To ſeiſe the widow'd whore Pluralitie
From them whoſe ſin ye envi'd, not abhorr'd,
Dare ye for this adjure the Civil Sword
To force our Conſciences that Chriſt ſet free,
And ride us with a claſſic Hierarchy
Taught ye by meer *A. S.* and *Rotherford?*
Men whoſe Life, Learning, Faith and pure intent
Would have been held in high eſteem with *Paul*
Muſt now be nam'd and printed Hereticks
By ſhallow *Edwards* and Scotch what d'ye call:
But we do hope to find out all your tricks,

Your

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Your plots and packing worse than those of *Trent*,
That so the Parliament
May with their wholsom and preventive shears
Clip your Phylacteries, though bank your Ears,
And succour our just Fears
When they shall read this clearly in your charge,
New Presbyter is but *Old Priest* writ Large.

SONNETS.

O Nightingale, that on yon bloomy Spray
Warbl'st at eeve, when all the Woods are still,
Thou with fresh hope the Lover's heart dost fill,
While the jolly hours lead on propitious *May*,
Thy liquid notes that close the eye of Day,
First heard before the shallow Cuccoo's bill
Portend success in love; O if *Jove*'s will
Have link'd that amorous power to thy soft lay,
Now timely sing, e'er the rude Bird of Hate
Foretel my hopeless doom in some Grove ny;
As thou from year to year hast sung too late
For my relief; yet hadst no reason why,

Whether

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Whether the Muse, or Love call thee his mate,
Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

II.

Donna leggiadra il cui bel nome honora
L'herbosa val di Rheno, e il nobil varco,
Bene è colui d'ogni valore scarco
Qual tuo spirto gentil non innamora,
Che dolcemente mostra si di fuora
De sui atti soavi giamai parco,
E i don', che son d'amor saette ed arco.
La onde l'alta tua virtu s'infiora.
Quando tu vaga parli, o lieta canti
Che mover possa duro alpestre legno,
Guardi ciascun a gli occhi, ed a gli orecchi
L'entrata, chi di te si truova indegno;
Gratia sola di su gli vaglia, inanti
Che'l disio amoroso al cuor s'invecchi.

III.

Qual in colle aspro, al imbrunir di sera
L'avezza giovinetta pastorella
Va bagnando l'herbetta strana e bella
Che mal si spande a disusata spera

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Fuor di sua natia alma primavera,
Così amor meco in su la lingua snella
Desta il fior novo di strania favella,
Mentre io di te, vezzosamente altera,
Canto, dal mio buon popol non inteso
E'l bel Tamigi cangio col bel Arno.
Amor lo volse, ed io a l'altrui peso
Seppi ch' Amor cosa mai volse indarno.
Deh! foss' il mio cuor lento e'l duro seno
A chi pianta dal ciel si buon terreno.

Canzone.

Ridonsi donne e giovani amorosi
Maccostandosi attorno, e perche scrivi,
Perche tu scrivi in lingua ignota e strana
Versseggiando d'amor, e come t'osi?
Dinne, se la tua speme sia mai vana,
E de pensieri lo miglior t'arrivi;
Così mi van burlando, altri rivi
Altri lidi t'aspettan, & altre onde
Nelle cui verdi sponde
Spuntati ad hor, ad hor a da tua chioma
L'immortal guiderdon d'eterne frondi

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Perche alle ſpalle tue ſoverchia ſoma?
Canzon dirotti, e tu per me riſpondi
Dice mia Donna, e'l ſuo dir, e il mio cuore
Queſta e lingua di cui ſi vanta Amore.

IV.

Diodati, e te'l diro con maraviglia,
Quel ritroſo io ch'amor ſpreggiar ſolea
E de ſuoi lacci ſpeſſo mi ridea
Gia eàddi, ov'huom dabben talhor s'impiglia.
Ne treccie d'ore, ne guancia vermiglia
M'abbaglian ſi, ma ſotto nova idea
Pellegrina bellezza che'l cuor bea,
Portamenti alti heneſti, e nelle ciglia
Quel ſereno fulgor d'amabil nero,
Parole adorne di lingua piu d'una,
E'l cantar che di mezzo l'hemiſpero
Traviar ben puo la faticoſa Luna,
E degli occhi ſuoi auventa ſi gran fuoco
Che l'incerar gli orecchi mi fia poco.

V.

Per certo i bei voſtr'occhi, Donna mia
Eſſer non puo che non ſian lo mio ſole

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Si mi percuoton forte, come ei ſuole
Per l'arene di Libia chi s'invia,
Mentre un caldo vapor (ne ſenti pria)
Da quel lato ſi ſpinge ove mi duole,
Che forſe amanti nelle lor parole
Chiaman ſoſpir; io non ſo che ſi ſia:
Parte rinchiuſa, e turbida ſi cela
Scoſſe mi il petto, e poi n'uſcendo poco
Quivi d'attorno a s'agghiaccia, o s'ingiela;
Ma quanto a gli occhi giunge e trovar loco
Tutte le notti a me ſuol far piovoſe
Finche mia Alba rivien colma di roſe.

VI.

Giovane piano, e ſemplicetto amante
Poi che fuggir me ſteſſo indubbio ſono,
Madonna a voi del mio cuor l'humil dono
Faro divoto; io certo a prove tante
L'hebbi fedele, intrepido, coſtante,
De penſieri leggiadro, accorto, e buono;
Quando rugge il gran mondo, e ſcocca il tuono,
S'arma di ſe, d'intero diamante,
Tanto del forſe, e d'invidia ſicuro,

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Di timori, e speranze al popol use
Quanto d'ingegno, e d'alto valor vago,
E di cetra sonora, e delle muse:
Sol troverete in tal parte men duro
Ove amor mise l'insanabil ago.

VII.

How soon hath Time, the suttle thief of youth,
Stoln on his wing my three and twentieth year!
My hasting days flie on with full career,
But my late spring no bud or blossom shew'th.
Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,
That I to manhood am arriv'd so near,
And inward ripeness doth much less appear,
That some more timely-happy spirits indu'th.
Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,
It shall be still in strictest measure ev'n,
To that same lot, however mean or high,
Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heav'n;
All is, if I have grace to use it so,
As ever in my great task-Master's eye.

VIII.

Captain or Colonel, or Knight in Arms,
Whose chance on these defenceless doors may sease,

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If deed of honour did thee ever pleaſe,
Guard them, and him within protect from harms,
He can requite thee, for he knows the charms
That call Fame on ſuch gentle acts as theſe,
And he can ſpread thy name o'er Lands and Seas,
What ever clime the Sun's bright circle warms.
Lift not thy ſpear againſt the Muſes Bowre,
The great *Emathian* Conquerot bid ſpare
The houſe of *Pindarus*, when Temple and Towre
Went to the ground: And the repeated air
Of ſad *Electra*'s Poet had the power
To ſave th'*Athenian* Walls from ruin bare.

IX.

Lady that in the prime of earlieſt youth,
Wiſely hath ſhun'd the broad way and the green,
And with thoſe few art eminently ſeen,
That labour up the Hill of Heav'nly Truth,
The better part with *Mary* and with *Ruth*
Choſen thou haſt, and they that overween,
And at thy growing virtues fret their ſpleen,
No anger find in thee, but pity and ruth.
Thy care is fixt and zealouſly attends
To fill thy odorous Lamp with deeds of light,

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And Hope that reaps not ſhame. Therefore be ſure
Thou, when the bridegroom with his feaſtful friends
Paſſes to bliſs at the mid hour of night,
Haſt gain'd thy entrance, Virgin wiſe and pure.

X.

Daughter to that good Earl, once Preſident
Of *England*'s Council, and her Treaſury,
Who liv'd in both, unſtain'd with gold or fee,
And left them both, more in himſelf content,
Till the ſad breaking of that Parliament
Broke him, as that diſhoneſt victory
At *Chæronea*, fatal to Liberty,
Kill'd with report that Old man eloquent,
Though later born, than to have known the days
Wherein your Father flouriſht, yet by you,
Madam, methinks I ſee him living yet;
So well your words his noble virtues praiſe,
That all both judge you to relate them true,
And to poſſeſs them, Honour'd *Margaret*.

XI.

A Book was writ of late call'd *Tetrachordon*;
And woven cloſe, both matter, form and ſtile;
The Subject new: it walk'd the Town a while,

Num-

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Numb'ring good intellects; now ſeldom por'd on.
Cries the ſtall-reader, bleſs us! what a word on
A title page is this! and ſome in file
Stand ſpelling falſe, while one might walk to Mile-
End Green. Why is harder Sirs than Gordon,
Colikkto, or Macdonnel, or Galaſp?
Thoſe rugged Names to our like mouths grow ſleek
That would have made *Quintilian* ſtare and gaſp.
Thy age, like ours, O Soul of Sir *John Cheek*,
Hated not Learning worſe than Toad or Aſp;
When thou taught'ſt *Cambridge*, and King *Edward* [Greek.

XII. *On the ſame*

I did but prompt the Age to quit their clogs
By the known rules of ancient Liberty,
When ſtrait a barbarous noiſe environs me
Of Owls and Cuckoes, Aſſes, Apes and Dogs.
As when thoſe Hinds that were transform'd to Frogs
Rail'd at *Latona*'s twin-born Progenie
Which after held the Sun and Moon in fee.
But this is got by caſting Pearl to Hogs;
That bawle for freedom in their ſenſeleſs mood,
And ſtill revolt when truth would ſet them free.
Licence they mean when they cry Liberty;

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For who loves that, muſt firſt be wiſe and good;
But from that mark how far they roave we ſee
For all this waſte of wealth, and loſs of blood.

To Mr. H. Lawes *on his Aires.*

XIII.

Harry whoſe tuneful and well meaſur'd Song
Firſt taught our Engliſh Muſick how to ſpan
Words with juſt note and accent, not to ſcan
With *Midas* Ears, committing ſhort and long;
Thy worth and skill exempts thee from the throng,
With praiſe enough for Envy to look wan;
To after age thou ſhalt be writ the man,
That with ſmooth air could'ſt humour beſt our tongue.
Thou honour'ſt Verſe, and Verſe muſt ſend her wing
To honour thee, the Prieſt of *Phœbus* Quire
That tun'ſt the happieſt lines in Hymn, or Story,
Dante ſhall give Fame leave to ſet thee higher
Than his *Caſella*, whom he woo'd to ſing
Met in the milder ſhades of Purgatory.

XIV.

When Faith and Love, which parted from thee never,
Had ripen'd thy juſt Soul to dwell with God,

Meek-

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Meekly thou didst resign this earthly load
Of Death, call'd Life; which us from Life doth se-
Thy Works and Alms and all thy good Endeavour [ver.
Staid not behind, nor in the Grave were trod;
But as Faith pointed with her Golden rod,
Follow'd thee up to joy and bliss for ever.
Love led them on, and Faith who knew them best
Thy hand-maids, clad them o'er with purple beams
And azure wings, that up they flew so dreſt,
And speak the truth of thee on glorious Theams
Before the Judge, who thenceforth bid thee rest
And drink thy fill of pure immortal streams.

On the late Massacher in Piemont.

XV.

Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughter'd Saints, whose bones
Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold,
Ev'n them who kept thy truth so pure of old
When all our Fathers worship'd Stocks and Stones,
Forget not: in thy book record their groans
Who were thy Sheep, and in their ancient Fold
Slain by the bloody *Piemontese* that roll'd

Mo-

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Mother with Infant down the Rocks. Their moans
The Vales redoubl'd to the Hills, and they
To Heav'n. Their martyr'd blood and aſhes ſow
O'er all th' *Italian* Fields where ſtill doth ſway
The triple Tyrant: that from theſe may grow
A hundred-fold, who having learnt thy way
Early may fly the *Babylonian* wo.

XVI.

When I conſider how my light is ſpent,
E'er half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one Talent which is death to hide,
Lodg'd with me uſeleſs, though my Soul more bent
To ſerve therewith my Maker, and preſent
My true account, leſt he returning chide,
Doth God exact day-labour, light deny'd,
I fondly ask; But patience to prevent
That murmur, ſoon replies, God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts, who beſt
Bear his mild yoak, they ſerve him beſt, his State
Is Kingly. Thouſands at his bidding ſpeed
And poſt o're Land and Ocean without reſt,
They alſo ſerve who only ſtand and wait.

XVII. *Law-*

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XVII.

Lawrence of virtuous Father virtuous Son,
Now that the Fields are dank, and ways are mire,
Where ſhall we ſometimes meet, and by the fire
Help waſte a ſullen day; what may be won
From the hard Seaſon gaining: time will run
On ſmoother, till *Favonius* re-inſpire
The frozen earth; and cloath in freſh attire
The Lillie and Roſe, that neither ſow'd nor ſpun.
What neat repaſt ſhall feaſt us, light and choice,
Of Attick taſte, with Wine, whence we may riſe
To hear the Lute well toucht, or artful voice
Warble immortal Notes and *Tuskan* Air?
He who of thoſe delights can judge, and ſpare
To interpoſe them oft, is not unwiſe.

XVIII.

Cyriack, whoſe Grandſire on the Royal Bench
Of Britiſh *Themis*, with no mean applauſe
Pronounc'd and in his Volumes taught our Laws,
Which others at their Barr ſo often wrench;
To day deep thoughts reſolve with me to drench
In mirth, that after no repenting draws;
Let *Euclid* reſt and *Archimedes* pauſe,

And

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And what the *Swede* intend, and what the *French*.
To meaſure life, learn thou betimes, and know
Toward ſolid good what leads the neareſt way;
For other things mild Heav'n a time ordains,
And diſapproves that care, though wiſe in ſhow,
That with ſuperfluous burden loads the day,
And when God ſends a chearful hour, refrains.

XIX.

Methought I ſaw my late eſpouſed Saint
Brought to me like *Alceſtis* from the grave,
Whom *Jove*'s great Son to her glad Husband gave,
Reſcu'd from death by force though pale and faint.
Mine as whom waſht from ſpot of child-bed taint,
Purification in the old Law did ſave,
And ſuch, as yet once more I truſt to have
Full ſight of her in Heaven without reſtraint,
Came veſted all in white, pure as her mind:
Her face was vail'd, yet to my fancied ſight,
Love, Sweetneſs, Goodneſs, in her Perſon ſhin'd
So clear, as in no face with more delight.
But O as to embrace me ſhe enclin'd
I wak'd, ſhe fled, and day brought back my night.

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The Fifth ODE of Horace, *Lib.* I.

Quis multa gracilis te puer in Roſa, *Rendred almoſt word for word without Rhyme, according to the Latin Meaſure, as near as the Language will permit.*

WHAT ſlender Youth bedew'd with liquid [odours
Courts thee on Roſes in ſome pleaſant Cave,
Pyrrha for whom bind'ſt thou
In wreaths thy golden Hair,
Plain in thy neatneſs; O how oft ſhall he
On Faith and changed Gods complain: and Seas
Rough with black winds and ſtorms
Unwonted ſhall admire:
Who now enjoys thee credulous, all Gold,
Who always vacant always amiable
Hopes thee; of flattering gales
Unmindful. Hapleſs they
To whom thou untry'd ſeem'ſt fair. Me in my vow'd
Picture the ſacred wall declares t'have hung
My dank and dropping weeds
To the ſtern God of Sea.

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AD PYRRHAM. ODE V.

Horatius ex Pyrrhæ illecebris tanquam è naufragio enataverat, cujus amore irretitos, affirmat eſſe miſeros.

QUis multa gracilis te puer in roſa
Perfuſus liquidis urget odoribus,
Grato, Pyrrha, *ſub antro?*
Cui flavam religas comam
Simplex munditie? heu quoties fidem
Mutatoſque deos flebit, & aſpera
Nigris æquora ventis
Emirabitur inſolens,
Qui nunc te fruitur credulus aurea:
Qui ſemper vacuam, ſemper amabilem
Sperat, neſcius auræ
Fallacis. Miſeri quibus
Intentata nites. Me tabula ſacer
Votava paries indicat uvida
Suſpendiſſe potenti
Veſtimenta maris Deo.

PSALM

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PSALM I.

Done into VERSE, 1653.

BLeſs'd is the man who hath not walk'd aſtray
In counſel of the wicked, and i'th' way
Of ſinners hath not ſtood, and in the ſeat
Of ſcorners hath not ſate. But in the great
Jehovah's Law is ever his delight,
And in his Law he ſtudies day and night.
He ſhall be as a tree which planted grows
By watry ſtreams, and in his ſeaſon knows
To yield his fruit, and his leaf ſhall not fall,
And what he takes in hand ſhall proſper all.
Not ſo the wicked, but as chaff which fann'd
The wind drives, ſo the wicked ſhall not ſtand
In judgement, or abide their tryal then,
Nor ſinners in th'aſſembly of juſt men.
For the Lord knows th' upright way of the juſt,
And the way of bad men to ruin muſt.

PSAI

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PSALM II. *done* Aug. 8. 1653. *Terzette.*

WHy do the Gentiles tumult, and the Nations
Muſe a vain thing, the Kings of th' earth up-[ſtand
With power, and Princes in their Congregations
Lay deep their plots together through each Land
Againſt the Lord and his Meſſiah dear?
Let us break off, ſay they, by ſtrength of hand
Their bonds, and caſt from us, no more to wear,
Their twiſted cords: he who in Heav'n doth dwell
Shall laugh, the Lord ſhall ſcoff them, then ſevere
Speak to them in his wrath, and in his fell
And fierce ire trouble them; but I, ſaith he,
Anointed have my King (though ye rebel)
On Sion my holy hill. A firm decree
I will declare; the Lord to me hath ſaid
Thou art my Son, I have begotten thee
This day; ask of me, and the grant is made:
As thy poſſeſſion I on thee beſtow
Th' Heathen, and as thy conqueſt to be ſway'd
Earth's utmoſt bounds: them ſhalt thou bring full low
With Iron Scepter bruis'd, and them diſperſe

Like

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Like to a potter's veſſel ſhiver'd ſo.
And now be wiſe at length ye Kings averſe,
Be taught ye Judges of the earth; with fear
Jehovah ſerve, and let your joy converſe
With trembling; kiſs the Son leaſt he appear
In anger and ye periſh in the way,
If once his wrath take fire like fuel ſere.
Happy all thoſe who have in him their ſtay.

PSAL. III. *Aug.* 9. 1653.

When he fled from Abſalom.

LOrd how many are my foes!
How many thoſe
That in arms againſt me riſe!
Many are they
That of my life diſtruſtfully thus ſay,
No help for him in God there lies.
But thou Lord art my ſhield my glory,
Thee through my ſtory
Th' exalter of my head I count;

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Aloud I cry'd
Unto Jehovah, he full soon reply'd
And heard me from his holy mount.
I lay and slept, I wak'd again,
For my sustain
Was the Lord. Of many millions
The populous rout
I fear not, though incamping round about
They pitch against me their Pavilions.
Rise, Lord, save me my God, for thou
Hast smote e'er now
On the cheek-bone all my foes,
Of men abhor'd
Hast broke the teeth. This help was from the Lord;
Thy blessing on thy people flows.

PSAL. IV. *Aug.* 10. 1653.

ANswer me when I call,
God of my righteousness,
In straights and in distress
Thou didst me disinthrall

And

And set at large; now spare,
Now pity me, and hear my earnest pray'r.
Great ones how long will ye
My glory have in scorn,
How long be thus forborn
Still to love vanity,
To love, to seek, to prize
Things false and vain, and nothing else but lies?
Yet know the Lord hath chose,
Chose to himself apart,
The good and meek of heart
(For whom to chuse he knows)
Jehovah from on high
Will hear my voice what time to him I cry.
Be aw'd, and do not sin,
Speak to your hearts alone,
Upon your beds, each one,
And be at peace within.
Offer the offerings just
Of righteousness, and in Jehovah trust.
Many there be that say
Who yet will shew us good?
Talking like this world's brood;

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But, Lord, thus let me pray,
On us lift up the light
Lift up the favour of thy count'nance bright.
Into my heart more joy
And gladneſs thou haſt put,
Than when a year of glut
Their ſtores doth over-cloy,
And from their plenteous grounds
With vaſt increaſe their corn and wine abounds.
In peace at once will I
Both lay me down and ſleep,
For thou alone doſt keep
Me ſafe where e'er I lie;
As in a rocky Cell
Thou Lord alone in ſafety mak'ſt me dwell.

PSAL. V. *Aug.* 12. 1653.

JEhovah to my words give ear,
My meditation weigh,
The voice of my complaining hear
My King and God; for unto thee I pray.

Jehovah

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Jehovah thou my early voice
Shalt in the morning hear,
I'th' morning I to thee with choice
Will rank my Prayers, and watch till thou appear.
For thou art not a God that takes
In wickedneſs delight,
Evil with thee no biding makes,
Fools or mad men ſtand not within thy ſight.
All workers of iniquity
Thou hat'ſt; and them unbleſt
Thou wilt deſtroy that ſpeak a ly;
The bloody and guileful man God doth deteſt.
But I will in thy mercies dear
Thy numerous mercies go
Into thy Houſe; I in thy fear
Will towards thy Holy Temple worſhip low;
Lord lead me in thy righteouſneſs,
Lead me becauſe of thoſe
That do obſerve if I tranſgreſs,
Set thy ways right before, where my ſtep goes.
For in his faltring mouth unſtable
No word is firm or ſooth

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Their inside, troubles miserable;
An open grave their throat, their tongue they smooth;
God, find them guilty, let them fall
By their own counsels quell'd;
Push them in their rebellions all
Still on; for against thee they have rebell'd;
Then all who trust in thee shall bring
Their joy, while thou from blame
Defend'st them, they shall ever sing
And shall triumph in thee, who love thy name.
For thou Jehovah wilt be found
To bless the just man still,
As with a shield thou wilt surround
Him with thy lasting favour and good will.

PSAL. VI. *Aug.* 13. 1653.

LOrd in thine anger do not reprehend me,
Nor in thy hot displeasure me correct;
Pity me, Lord, for I am much deject,
Am very weak and faint; heal and amend me,

For

For all my bones, that even with anguish ake,
Are troubled, yea my Soul is troubled sore,
And thou, O Lord, how long? turn Lord, restore
My soul, O save me for thy goodness sake:
For in death no remembrance is of thee;
Who in the grave can celebrate thy praise?
Wearied I am with sighing out my days,
Nightly my Couch I make a kind of Sea;
My Bed I water with my tears, mine Eye
Through grief consumes, is waxen old and dark
I'th' midst of all mine enemies that mark.
Depart all ye that work iniquity,
Depart from me, for the voice of my weeping
The Lord hath heard, the Lord hath heard my pray'r,
My supplication with acceptance fair,
The Lord will own, and have me in his keeping.
Mine enemies shall all be blank and dash'd
With much confusion; then grow red with shame,
They shall return in haste the way they came,
And in a moment shall be quite abash'd.

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PSALM VII. *Aug.* 14. 1653.

Upon the words of Chush *the* Benjamite *against him.*

LOrd my God to thee I flie,
Save me and secure me under
Thy protection while I cry,
Lest as a Lion (and no wonder)
He haste to tear my Soul asunder,
Tearing and no rescue nigh.

Lord my God if I have thought
Or done this, if wickedness
Be in my hands, if I have wrought
Ill to him that meant me peace,
Or to him have render'd less,
And not free'd my foe for naught;

Let th'Enemy pursue my Soul
And overtake it, let him tread
My life down to the earth, and roul

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In the duſt my Glory dead,
In the duſt and there out ſpread
Lodge it with diſhonour foul.

Riſe Jehovah in thine ire,
Rouze thy ſelf amidſt the rage
Of my foes that urge like fire;
And wake for me, their fury aſſwage;
Judgment here thou didſt ingage
And command which I deſire.

So th' aſſemblies of each Nation
Will ſurround thee, ſeeking right,
Thence to thy glorious habitation
Return on high, and in their ſight.
Jehovah judgeth moſt upright
All people from the world's foundation.

Judge me Lord, be judge in this
According to my righteouſneſs
And the innocence which is
Upon me: cauſe at length to ceaſe

Of

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Of evil men the wickedness
And their power that do amiss.

But the just establish fast,
Since thou art the just God that tries
Hearts and Reins. Oh God is cast
My defence, and in him lies
In him who both just and wise
Saves th' upright of Heart at last.

God is a just judge and severe,
And God is every day offended,
If th' unjust will not forbear,
His Sword he whets, his Bow hath bended
Already, and for him intended
The tools of death, that waits him near.

(His arrows purposely made he
For them that persecute.) Behold
He travels big with vanity,
Trouble he hath conceiv'd of old
As in a womb, and from that mould,
Hath at length brought forth a Lie.

He

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He dig'd a pit, and delv'd it deep,
And fell into the pit he made,
His mischief that due course doth keep,
Turns on his head, and his ill trade
Of violence will undelay'd
Fall on his crown with ruin steep.

Then will I Jehovah's praise
According to his justice raise,
And sing the Name and Deity
Of Jehovah the most high.

PSAL. VIII. *Aug.* 14. 1653.

O Jehovah our Lord! how wondrous great
And glorious is thy name through all the Earth?
So as above the Heav'ns thy praise to set
Out of the tender mouths of latest breath.

Out of the mouths of Babes and Sucklings thou
Hast founded strength because of all thy foes,

To

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To ſtint th'enemy, and ſlack th'avengers brow,
That bends his rage thy providence to oppoſe.

When I behold thy Heavens, thy Fingers art,
The Moon and Stars which thou ſo bright haſt ſet,
In the pure firmament, then ſaith my heart,
O what is man that thou remembreſt yet,
And think'ſt upon him; or of man begot,
That him thou viſit'ſt, and of him art found;
Scarce to be leſs than Gods, thou mad'ſt his lot,
With honour and with ſtate thou haſt him crown'd.

O'er the works of thy hand thou mad'ſt him Lord,
Thou haſt put all under his Lordly feet,
All Flocks, and Herds, by thy commanding word,
All beaſts that in the field or forreſt meet.

Fowl of the Heav'ns, and Fiſh that through the wet
Sea paths in ſhoals do ſlide, and know no dearth.
O Jehovah our Lord how wondrous great
And glorious is thy name through all the Earth.

April.

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April. 1648. J. M.

Nine of the Pſalms done into Metre, wherein all, but what is in a different Character, are the very words of the Text, tranſlated from the Original.

PSAL. LXXX.

1 THou Shepherd that doſt Iſrael keep
Give ear *in time of need,*
Who leadeſt like a flock of ſheep
Thy loved Joſeph's ſeed,
That ſit'ſt between the Cherubs *bright*
Between their wings out-ſpread
Shine forth, *and from thy cloud give light,*
And on our foes thy dread.

2 In Ephraim's view and Benjamin's,
And in Manaſſe's ſight,
Awake* thy ſtrength, come, and *be ſeen.* **Gnorera.*
To ſave us *by thy might.*

3 Turn us again, *thy grace divine*
To us O God *vouchſafe;*

* Cauſe

Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
And then we shall be safe.

4 Lord God of Hosts, how long wilt thou,
How long wilt thou declare * *Gnasheth.*
Thy * smoaking wrath, *and angry brow*
Against thy Peoples prayer.

5 Thou feed'st them with the bread of tears,
Their bread with tears they eat, * *Shalish.*
And mak'st them * largely drink the tears
Wherewith their cheeks are wet.

6 A strife thou mak'st us *and a prey*
To every neighbour foe,
Among themselves they * laugh, they * play,
And * flouts at us they throw. * *Filgnague.*

7 Return us, *and thy grace divine,*
O God of Hosts *vouchsafe,*
Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
And then we shall be safe.

8 A Vine from Ægypt thou hast brought,
Thy free love made it thine,
And drov'st out Nations, *proud and haut,*
To plant this *lovely* Vine.

9 Thou

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9 Thou did'ſt prepare for it a place,
And root it deep and faſt,
That it *began to grow apace,*
And fill'd the Land *at laſt.*
10 With her *green* ſhade that cover'd *all,*
The Hills were *over-ſpread,*
Her Bows as *high as* Cedars tall
Advanc'd their lofty head.
11 Her branches *on the weſtern ſide*
Down to the Sea ſhe ſent,
And *upward* to that River *wide*
Her other branches *went.*
12 Why haſt thou laid her Hedges low,
And brok'n down her Fence,
That all may pluck her, as they go,
With rudeſt violence?
13 The *tusked* Boar out of the Wood
Up turns it by the roots,
Wild beaſts there brouze, and make their food
Her grapes and tender Shoots.
14 Return now, God of Hoſts, look down
From Heav'n, thy Seat divine,

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Behold *us*, *but without a frown*
And viſit this *thy* Vine.
15 Viſit this Vine, which thy right hand
Hath ſet, and planted *long*,
And the young branch, that for thy ſelf
Thou haſt made firm and ſtrong.
16 But now it *is* conſum'd with fire,
And cut *with Axes* down,
They periſh at thy dreadful ire,
At thy rebuke and frown.
17 Upon the Man of thy right hand
Let thy *good* hand be *laid*,
Upon the Son of Man, whom thou
Strong for thy ſelf haſt made.
18 So ſhall we not go back from thee
To ways of ſin and ſhame;
Quick'n us thou, then *gladly* we
Shall call upon thy Name.
19 Return us, *and thy grace divine*
Lord God of Hoſts *vouchſafe*
Cauſe thou thy face on us to ſhine,
And then we ſhall be ſafe.

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PSAL. LXXXI.

1 TO God our ſtrength ſing loud, *and clear,*
Sing loud to God *our King,*
To Jacob's God, *that all may hear*
Loud acclamations ring.

2 Prepare a Hymn, prepare a Song,
The Timbrel hither bring,
The *cheerful* Pſaltry bring along,
And harp *with* pleaſant *ſtring.*

3 Blow, *as is wont,* in the new Moon
With Trumpets *lofty ſound,*
Th' appointed time, the day whereon
Our ſolemn Feaſt *comes round.*

4 This was a Statute *giv'n of old*
For Iſrael *to obſerve,*
A Law of Jacob's God, *to hold,*
From whence they might not ſwerve.

5 This he a Teſtimony ordain'd
In Joſeph, *not to change,*
When as he paſs'd through Ægypt Land,
The Tongue I heard was ſtrange.

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6 From burden, *and from ſlaviſh toyle*
I ſet his ſhoulder free:
His hands from pots, *and mirie ſoyle,*
Deliver'd were *by me.*

7 When trouble did thee ſore aſſail,
On me then didſt thou call,
And I to free thee *did not fail,*
And led thee out of thrall.

I anſwer'd thee in * Thunder deep
With clouds encompaſs'd round;
I try'd thee at the water *ſteep*
Of Meriba *renown'd.*

* *Be Sether ragnam.*

8 Hear, O my People, *hearken well,*
I teſtifie to thee,
Thou ancient ſtock of Iſrael,
If thou wilt liſt to me,

9 Throughout the Land of thy abode
No alien God ſhall be,
Nor ſhalt thou to a foreign God
In Honour bend thy knee.

10 I am the Lord thy God which brought
Thee out of Ægypt Land,

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Ask large enough, and I, *beſought*,
Will grant thy full demand.
11 And yet my people would not *hear*,
Nor hearken to my voice;
And Iſrael, *whom I lov'd ſo dear*,
Miſlik'd me for his choice.
12 Then did I leave them to their will,
And to their wandring mind;
Their own conceits they follow'd ſtill,
Their own devices blind.
13 O that my People would *be wiſe*,
To ſerve me *all their days*,
And O that Iſrael would *adviſe*
To walk my *righteous* ways.
14 Then would I ſoon bring down their foes,
That now ſo proudly riſe,
And turn my hand againſt *all thoſe*
That are their enemies.
15 Who hate the Lord ſhould *then be fain*
To bow to him and bend,
But *they*, *his People*, *ſhould remain*,
Their time ſhould have no end.

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16 And we would feed them *from the ſhock*
With Flow'r of fineſt wheat,
And ſatisfie them from the rock
With Honey *for their meat.*

PSAL. LXXXII.

* *Bagnadath-el.*

1 GOD in the * great * aſſembly ſtands
Of Kings and lordly States,
† Among the Gods, † on both his hands † *Bekerev.*
He judges and debates.

2 How long will ye * pervert the right * *Tiſhphetu gnavel.*
With * judgment falſe and wrong,
Favouring the wicked *by your might,*
Who thence grow bold and ſtrong.

3 * Regard the * weak and fatherleſs * *Shipthudal.*
* Diſpatch the * poor man's cauſe,
And † raiſe the man in deep diſtreſs
By † juſt and equal Laws. † *Hatzdiku.*

4 Defend the poor and deſolate,
And reſcue from the hands

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Of wicked men the low eſtate
Of him *that help demands.*
5 They know not, nor will underſtand,
In darkneſs they walk on,
The earth's foundations all are * mov'd,
And * out of order gon. * *Jimmotu.*
6 I ſaid that ye were Gods, yea all
The Sons of God moſt high,
7 But ye ſhall die like men, and fall
As other Princes *die.*
8 Riſe God, * judge thou the earth *in might,*
This *wicked* earth * redreſs; * *Shiphta.*
For thou art he who ſhalt by right
The Nations all poſſeſs.

PSAL. LXXXIII.

1 BE not thou ſilent *now at length,*
O God hold not thy peace,
Sit thou not ſtill O God of *ſtrength,*
We cry, and do not ceaſe.

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2 For lo thy *furious* foes *now* * ſwell,
And * ſtorm outrageouſly, * *Jehemajun.*
And they that hate thee *proud and full*
Exalt their heads full high.

3 Againſt thy People they † contrive † *Jagnarimu.*
† Their Plots and Counſels deep, † *Sod.*
* Them to inſnare they chiefly ſtrive,
* *Jithjagnatsu gnal.*
* Whom thou doſt hide and keep. * *Tſephuneca.*

4 Come let us cut them off, ſay they,
Till they no Nation be,
That Iſrael's name for ever may
Be loſt in memory.

5 For they conſult † with all their might,
And all as one in mind † *Levjachdau.*
Themſelves againſt thee they unite,
And in firm union bind.

6 The tents of Edom, and the brood
Of *ſcorneful* Ihmael,
Moab, with them of Hagar's blood,
That in the Deſart dwell,

7 Gebal and Ammon *there conſpire,*
And *hateful* Amalec,

The

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The Philistians, and they of Tyre,
Whose bounds the Sea doth check.
8 With them *great* Asshur also bands
And doth confirm the knot,
All these have lent their armed hands
To aid the Sons of Lot.
9 Do to them as to Midian *bold,*
That wasted all the coast,
To Sisera, and as *is told*
Thou didst to Jabin's *hoast,*
When at the brook of Kishon *old*
They were repuls'd and slain,
10 At Endor quite cut off, and rowl'd
As dung upon the Plain.
11 As Zeb and Oreb evil sped,
So let their Princes speed,
As Zeba, and Zalmunna *bled,*
So let their Princes *bleed.*
12 *For they amidst their pride* have said,
By right now shall we seize
God's Houses, and *will now invade*
†Their stately Palaces. † *Neoth Elohim bears both.*

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13 My God, oh make them as a Wheel,
No quiet let them find,
Giddy and *reſtleſs* let *them reel*
Like ſtubble from the wind.

14 As *when* an *aged* wood takes fire
Which on a ſudden ſtraies,
The *greedy* Flame runs higher and higher
Till all the Mountains blaze,

15 So with thy whirl-wind them purſue,
And with thy tempeſt chaſe;

16 * And till they * yield thee honour due;
Lord fill with ſhame their face. * *They ſeek thy Name.* Heb.

17 Aſham'd, and troubl'd let them be,
Troubl'd, and ſham'd for ever,
Ever confounded, and ſo die
With ſhame, *and ſcape it never.*

18 Then ſhall they know that thou whoſe name
Jehovah is alone,
Art the moſt high, *and thou the ſame*
O'er all the earth *art one.*

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PSAL. LXXXIV.

1 HOw lovely are thy dwellings fair!
O Lord of Hoſts, how dear
The *pleaſant* Tabernacles are!
Where thou doſt dwell ſo near.

2 My Soul doth long and almoſt die
Thy Courts O Lord to ſee,
My heart and fleſh aloud do cry,
O living God, for thee.

3 There ev'n the Sparrow *freed from wrong*
Hath found a houſe of *reſt*,
The Swallow there, to lay her young
Hath built her *brooding* neſt,
Ev'n by thy Altars, Lord of Hoſts,
They find their ſafe abode,
And home they fly from round the Coaſts
Toward thee, my King, my God.

4 Happy, who in thy houſe reſide,
Where thee they ever praiſe,

5 Happy, whoſe ſtrength in thee doth bide,
And in their hearts thy ways.

6 They

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6 They pass through Baca's *thirstie* Vale,
That dry and barren ground,
As through a fruitful watry Dale
Where Springs and Show'rs abound.

7 They journey on from strength to strength
With joy and gladsom cheer
Till all before *our* God *at length*
In Sion do appear.

8 Lord God of Hosts hear *now* my prayer
O Jacob's God give ear,

9 Thou God our shield look on the face
Of thy anointed *dear.*

10 For one day in thy Courts *to be*
Is better, *and more blest,*
Than *in the joys of Vanity,*
A thousand days *at best.*
I in the Temple of my God
Had rather keep a door,
Than dwell in Tents, *and rich abode,*
With Sin *for evermore.*

11 For God the Lord both Sun and Shield
Gives grace and glory *bright,*

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No good from them ſhall be with-held
  Whoſe ways are juſt and right.
12 Lord *God* of Hoaſts *that raign'ſt on high,*
  That man is *truly* bleſt,
Who *only* on thee doth relie,
  And in thee only reſt.

PSAL. LXXXV.

1 THY Land to favour graciouſly
  Thou haſt not Lord been ſlack,
Thou haſt from *hard* Captivity
  Returned Jacob back.
2 Th'iniquity thou didſt forgive
  That wrought thy People woe,
And all their Sin, *that did thee grieve,*
  Haſt hid *where none ſhall know.*
3 Thine anger all thou hadſt remov'd,
  And *calmly* didſt return
From thy † fierce wrath which we had prov'd,
  Far worſe than fire to burn.

† Heb. *The burning heat of thy wrath.*

4. God

4 God of our ſaving health and peace,
Turn us, and us reſtore,
Thine indignation cauſe to ceaſe
Toward us, *and chide no more.*

5 Wilt thou be angry without end,
For ever angry thus,
Wilt thou thy frowning ire extend
From Age to Age on us?

6 Wilt thou not * turn, and *hear our voice,*
And us again * revive, * Heb. *turn to quicken us.*
That ſo thy People may rejoyce
By thee preſerv'd alive.

7 Cauſe us to ſee thy goodneſs, Lord,
To us thy mercy ſhew,
Thy ſaving health to us afford,
And life in us renew.

8 *And now* what God the Lord will ſpeak,
I will *go ſtrait and* hear,
For to his people he ſpeaks peace,
And to his Saints *full dear,*
To his dear Saints he will ſpeak peace,
But let them never more

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Return to folly, *but ſurceaſe*
To treſpaſs as before.
9 Surely to ſuch as do him fear
Salvation is at hand,
And glory ſhall *e'er long appear*
To dwell within our Land.
10 Mercy and Truth *that long were miſs'd*
Now *joyfully* are met,
Sweet Peace and Righteouſneſs have kiſs'd,
And hand in hand are ſet.
11 Truth from the Earth, *like to a Flow'r,*
Shall bud and bloſſom *then,*
And Juſtice from her Heav'nly bow'r
Look down *on mortal men.*
12 The Lord will alſo then beſtow
Whatever thing is good,
Our Land ſhall forth in plenty throw
Her fruits *to be our food.*
13 Before him Righteouſneſs ſhall go
His Royal Harbinger,
Then * will he come, and not be ſlow,
His footſteps cannot err.

* Heb. *He will ſet his ſteps to the way.*

PSAL.

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PSAL. LXXXVI.

1 THY *gracious* ear, O Lord, encline,
O hear me *I thee pray*,
For I am poor, and almoſt pine
With need, *and ſad decay*.

2 Preſerve my Soul, for † I have trod
Thy wayes, and love the juſt,
Save thou thy Servant, O my God,
Who *ſtill* in thee doth truſt.

† Heb. *I am good, loving, a doer of good and holy things.*

3 Pity me, Lord, for daily thee
I call; 4. O make rejoice
Thy Servant's Soul; for Lord to thee
I lift my Soul *and voice*,

5 For thou art good, thou Lord art prone
To pardon, thou to all
Art full of mercy, thou *alone*
To them that on thee call.

6 Unto my ſupplication, Lord,
Give ear, and to the cry
Of my *inceſſant* prayers afford
Thy hearing graciouſly.

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7 I in the day of my diſtreſs
Will call on thee *for aid*;
For thou wilt *grant* me *free acceſs*,
And anſwer, *what I pray'd.*

8 Like thee among the Gods is none,
O Lord, nor any works
Of all that other Gods have done
Like to thy *glorious* works.

9 The Nations all whom thou haſt made
Shall come, *and all ſhall frame*
To bow them low before thee, Lord,
And glorifie thy name.

10 For great thou art, and wonders great
By thy ſtrong hand are done,
Thou *in thy everlaſting Seat*
Remaineſt God alone.

11 Teach me, O Lord, thy way *moſt right*,
I in thy truth will bide,
To fear thy name my heart unite,
So ſhall it never ſlide.

12 Thee will I praiſe, O Lord my God,
Thee honour and adore

With

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With my whole heart, and blaze abroad
Thy name for evermore.
13 For great thy mercy is tow'rd me,
And thou haſt free'd my Soul,
Ev'n from the loweſt Hell ſet free
From deepeſt darkneſs foul.
14 O God the proud againſt me riſe,
And violent men are met
To ſeek my life, and in their eyes
No fear of thee have ſet.
15 But thou, Lord, art the God moſt mild,
Readieſt thy grace to ſhew,
Slow to be angry, and *art ſtil'd*
Moſt merciful, moſt true.
16 O turn to me *thy face at length*,
And me have mercy on,
Unto thy ſervant give thy ſtrength,
And ſave thy hand-maid's Son.
17 Some ſign of good to me afford,
And let my foes *then* ſee,
And be aſham'd, becauſe thou Lord
Doſt help and comfort me.

PSAL.

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PSAL. LXXXVII.

1 AMong the holy Mountains *high*
Is his foundation faſt,
There Seated in his Sanctuary,
His Temple there is plac'd.
2 Sion's *fair* Gates the Lord loves more
Than all the dwellings *fair*
Of Jacob's *Land, though there be ſtore,*
And all within his care.
3 City of God, moſt glorious things
Of thee *abroad* are ſpoke;
4 I mention Ægypt, *where proud Kings*
Did our Forefathers yoke.
I mention Babel to my friends,
Philiſtia *full of ſcorn,*
And Tyre with Ethiops *utmoſt ends,*
Lo this man there was born:
5 But *twice that praiſe ſhall in our ear*
Be ſaid of Sion *laſt,*
This and this man was born in her,
High God ſhall fix her faſt.

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6 The Lord ſhall write it in a Scrowle
That ne'er ſhall be out-worn,
When he the Nations doth enrowle,
That this man there was born.

7 Both they who ſing, and they who dance,
With ſacred Songs are there,
In thee *freſh brooks, and ſoft ſtreams glance,*
And all my fountains *clear.*

PSAL. LXXXVIII.

1 LOrd God that doſt me ſave and keep,
All day to thee I cry;
And all night long, before thee *weep,*
Before thee *proſtrate lie.*

2 Into thy preſence let my pray'r
With ſighs devout aſcend,
And to my cryes, that *ceaſeleſs are,*
Thine ear with favour bend.

3 For cloy'd with woes and trouble ſtore
Surcharg'd my Soul doth lie,

My life *at death's unchearful door*
Unto the grave draws nigh.
4 Reck'n'd I am with them that paſs
Down to the *diſmal* pit,
I am a * man, but weak alas,
And for that name unfit.

* Heb. *A man without manly ſtrength.*

5 From life diſcharg'd and parted quite
Among the dead to *ſleep*,
And like the ſlain *in bloody fight*
That in the Grave lie *deep*.
Whom thou remembereſt no more,
Doſt never more regard,
Them from thy hand deliver'd o'er
Death's hideous houſe hath barr'd.
6 Thou in the loweſt Pit *profound*
Haſt ſet me *all forlorn*,
Where thickeſt darkneſs *hovers round*,
In horrid deeps *to mourn*.
7 Thy wrath, *from which no ſhelter ſaves*,
Full ſore doth preſs on me;
* Thou break'ſt upon me all thy waves, * *The Hebr. bears both.*
* And all thy waves break me.

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8 Thou doſt my friends from me eſtrange,
And mak'ſt me odious,
Me to them odious, *for they change,*
And I here pent up thus.

9 Through ſorrow, and affliction great,
Mine eye grows dim and dead,
Lord, all the day I thee intreat,
My hands to thee I ſpread.

10 Wilt thou do wonders on the dead,
Shall the deceas'd ariſe
And praiſe thee *from their loathſom bed*
With pale and hollow eyes?

11 Shall they thy loving kindneſs tell
On whom the Grave *hath hold,*
Or they who in perdition *dwell,*
Thy faithfulneſs *unfold?*

12 In darkneſs can thy mighty *hand*
Or wondrous acts be known,
Thy juſtice in the *gloomy* land
Of *dark* oblivion?

13 But I to thee, O Lord, do cry,
E'er yet my life be ſpent,

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And *up to thee* my prayer *doth hie*,
Each morn, and thee prevent.
14 Why wilt thou, Lord, my Soul forſake,
And hide thy face from me,
15 That am already bruis'd, and † ſhake
With terror ſent from thee? †Heb. *Præ Concuſſione*
Bruis'd, and afflicted, and *ſo low*
As ready to expire,
While I thy terrors undergo
Aſtoniſh'd with thine ire.
16 Thy fierce wrath over me doth flow,
Thy threatnings cut me through:
17 All day they round about me go,
Like waves they me perſue.
18 Lover and friend thou haſt remov'd,
And ſever'd from me far:
They *fly me now* whom I have lov'd,
And as in darkneſs are.

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JOANNIS MILTONI

LONDINENSIS

POEMATA.

Quorum pleraque intra Annum
Ætatis Vigesimum Conscripsit.

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HÆc quæ sequuntur de Authore testimonia, tametsi ipse intelligebat non tam de se quam supra se esse dicta, eo quod præclaro ingenio viri, nec non amici ita fere solent laudare, ut omnia suis potius virtutibus, quam veritati congruentia nimis cupidè affingant, noluit tamen horum egregiam in se voluntatem non esse notam; Cum alii præsertim ut id faceret magnopere suaderent. Dum enim nimiæ laudis invidiam totis ab se viribus amolitur, sibique quod plus æquo est non attributum esse mavult, judicium interim hominum cordatorum atque illustrium quin summo sibi honori ducat, negare non potest.

Joannes Baptista Mansus, Marchio Villensis Neapolitanus, ad Joannem Miltonium Anglum.

UT mens, forma, decor, facies, mos, sic pietas, si
Non Anglus, verùm hercle Angelus ipse fores.

Ad

Ad Joannem Miltonem Anglum triplici poeſeos laurea coronandum, Græca nimirum, Latina, atque Hetruſca, Epigramma Joannis Salſilli Romani.

CEde Meles, cedat depreſſa Mincius urna;
Sebetus Taſſum deſinat uſque loqui;
At Thameſis victor cunctis ferat altior undas,
Nam per te, Milto, par tribus unus erit.

Ad Joannem Miltonum.

GRæcia Mæonidem, jactet ſibi Roma Maronem,
Anglia Miltonum jactat utrique parem.

Selvaggi.

Al Signior Gio. Miltoni Nobile Ingleſe.

ODE.

ERgimi all' Etra o Clio
Perche di ſtelle intrecciero corona
Non pieu del Biondo Dio
La Fronde eterna in Pindo, e in Elicona,

Dienſi

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Dienſi a merto maggior, maggiori i frogi,
A' celeſte virtu celeſti pregi.

Non puo del tempo edace
Rimaner preda, eterno alto valore
Non puo l'oblio rapace
Furar dalle memorie eccelſo onore,
Su l'arco di mia cetra un dardo ferte
Virtu m'addatti, e ferire la morte.

Del Ocean profondo
Cinta dagli ampi gorghi Anglia riſiede
Separata dal mondo,
Pero che il ſuo valor l'umano eccede:
Queſta feconda ſa produrre Eroi,
Ch' hanno a ragion del ſovruman tra noi.

Alla virtù sbandita
Danno ne i petti lor fido ricetto,
Quella gli e ſol gradita,
Perche in lei ſan trovar gioia, e diletto;
Ridillo tu, Giovanni, e moſtra in tanto
Con tua vera virtu, vera l'mia Canto.

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Lungi dal Patrio lido
Spinse Zeusi l'induſtre ardente brama;
Ch'udio d'Helena il grido
Con aurea tromba rimbombar la fama,
E per poterla effigiare al paro
Dalle piu belle Idee traſſe il piu raro.

Coſi l'Ape Ingegnoſa
Trae con induſtria il ſuo liquor pregiato
Dal giglio e dalla roſa,
E quanti vaghi fiori ornano il prato;
Formano un dolce ſuon diverſe Chorde,
Fan varie voci melodia concorde.

Di bella gloria amenta
Milton dal Ciel natio per varie parti
Le peregrine piante
Volgiſti a ricercar ſcienze, ed arti;
Del Gallo regnator vedeſti i Regni,
E dell' Italia ancor gl' Eroi piu degni.

Fabro quaſi divino
Sol virtu rintracciando il tuo penſiero
Vide in ogni confino

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Chi di nobil valor calca il ſentiero;
L'ottimo dal miglior dopo ſceglira
Per fabbricar d'ogni virtu l'Idea.

Quanti nacquero in Flora
O in lei del parlar Toſco appreſer l'arte,
La cui memoria onora
Il mondo fatta eterna in dotte carte,
Voleſti ricercar per tuo teſoro,
E parlaſti con lor nell' opre loro.

Nell' altera Babelle
Per te il parlar confuſe Giove in vano,
Che per varie favelle
Di ſe ſteſſa trofeo cadde ſu'l piano:
Ch' Ode oltr' all Anglia il ſuo piu degno Idioma
Spagna, Francia, Toſcana, e Grecia e Roma.

I piu profondi arcani
Ch' occulta la natura e in cielo e in terra
Ch' a Ingegni ſovrumani
Troppo avara tal' hor gli chiude, e ſerra,
Chiaramante conoſci, e giungi al fine
Della moral virtude al gran confine.

Non

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Non batta il Tempo l'ale,
Fermisi immoto, e in un ferman si gl'anni,
Che di virtù immortale
Scorron di troppo ingiuriosi a i danni;
Che s'opre degne di Poema e storia
Furon gia, t'hai presenti alla memoria.

Dammi tua dolce Cetra
Se vuoi ch'io dica del tuo dolce canto,
Ch' inalzandoti all' Etra
Di farti huomo celeste ottiene il vanto,
Il Tamigi il dira che gl'e concesso
Per te suo cigno pareggiar Permesso.

Io che in riva del Arno
Tento spiegar tuo merto alto, e preclaro
So che fatico indarno,
E ad ammirar, non a lodarlo imparo;
Freno dunque la lingua, e ascolto il core
Che ti prende a lodar con lo stupore.

Del sig. Antonio Francini gentilhuomo Florentino.

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JOANNI MILTONI LONDINENSI.

Juveni Patria, virtutibus eximio.

VIro qui multa peregrinatione, ſtudio cuncta orbis terrarum loca perſpexit, ut novus Ulyſſes omnia ubique ab omnibus apprehenderet.

Polyglotto, in cujus ore linguæ jam deperditæ ſic reviviſcunt, ut idiomata omnia ſint in ejus laudibus infacunda; Et jure ea percallet, ut admirationes & plauſus populorum ab propria ſapientia excitatos, intelligat.

Illi, cujus animi dotes corporiſque, ſenſus ad admirationem commovent, & per ipſam motum cuique auferunt; cujus opera ad plauſus hortantur, ſed venuſtate vocem laudatoribus adimunt.

†

Cui

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Cui in Memoria totus Orbis: In Intellectu Sapientia: In voluntate ardor gloriæ: In ore Eloquentia: Harmonicos cœlestium Sphærarum ſonitus Aſtronomia Duce audienti; Characteres mirabilium naturæ per quos Dei magnitudo deſcribitur magiſtra Philoſophia legenti; Antiquitatum latebras, vetuſtatis excidia, eruditionis ambages comite aſſidua autorum Lectione.

Exquirenti, reſtauranti, percurrenti.
At cur nitor in arduum?

Illi in cujus virtutibus evulgandis ora Famæ non ſufficiant, nec hominum ſtupor in laudandis ſatis eſt. Reverentiæ & amoris ergo hoc ejus meritis debitum admirationis tributum offert Carolus Datus Patricius Florentinus.

Tanto homini ſervus, tantæ virtutis amator.

ELE-

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ELEGIARUM

LIBER PRIMUS.

Elegia prima ad CAROLUM DIODATUM.

TAndem, chare, tuæ mihi pervenere tabellæ,
Pertulit & voces nuncia charta tuas,
Pertulit occiduâ Devæ Ceſtrenſis ab orâ
Vergivium prono quà petit amne ſalum.
Multùm crede juvat terras aluiſſe remotas
Pectus amans noſtri, tamque fidele caput,
Quòdque mihi lepidum tellus longinqua ſodalem
Debet, at unde brevi reddere juſſa velit.
Me tenet urbs refluâ quam Thameſis alluit undâ,
Meque nec invitum patria dulcis habet.
Jam nec arundiferum mihi cura reviſere Camum,
Nec dudum vetiti me laris angit amor.

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Nuda nec arva placent, umbraſque negantia molles,
Quàm male Phœbicolis convenit ille locus!
Nec duri libet uſque minas perferre magiſtri
Cæteraque ingenio non ſubeunda meo.
Si ſit hoc exilium patrios adiiſſe penates
Et vacuum curis otia grata ſequi,
Non ego vel profugi nomen, ſortemve recuſo,
Lætus & exilii conditione fruor.
O utinam vates nunquam graviora tuliſſet
Ille Tomitano flebilis exul agro;
Non tunc Ionio quicquam ceſſiſſet Homero
Neve foret victo laus tibi prima Maro.
Tempora nam licet hic placidis dare libera Muſis,
Et totum rapiunt me mea vita libri.
Excipit hinc feſſum ſinuoſi pompa theatri,
Et vocat ad plauſus garrula ſcena ſuos.
Seu catus auditur ſenior, ſeu prodigus hæres,
Seu procus, aut poſitâ caſſide miles adeſt,
Sive decennali fœcundus lite patronus
Detonat inculto barbara verba foro,
Sepe vafer gnato ſuccurrit ſervus amanti,
Et naſum rigidi fallit ubique patris,

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Sæpe novos illic virgo mirata calores
Quid sit amor nescit, dum quoque nescit, amat.
Sive cruentatum furiosa Tragœdia sceptrum
Quassat, & effusis crinibus ora rotat,
Et dolet, & spectro, juvat & spectasse dolendo,
Interdum & lacrymis dulcis amaror inest:
Seu puer infelix indelibata reliquit
Gaudia, & abrupto flendus amore cadit,
Seu ferus è tenebris iterat Styga criminis ultor
Conscia funereo pectora torre movens,
Seu mœret Pelopeia domus, seu nobilis Ili,
Aut luit incestos aula Creontis avos.
Sed neque sub tecto semper nec in urbe latemus,
Irrita nec nobis tempora veris eunt.
Nos quoque lucus habet vicinâ consitus ulmo,
Atque suburbani nobilis umbra loci.
Sæpius hic blandas spirantia sydera flammas
Virgineos videas præteriisse choros.
Ah quoties dignæ stupui miracula formæ
Quæ possit senium vel reparare Jovis!
Ah quoties vidi superantia lumina gemmas,
Atque faces quotquot volvit uterque polus!

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Collaque bis vivi Pelopis quæ brachia vincant,
Quæque fluit puro nectare tincta via,
Et decus eximium frontis, tremuloſque capillos,
Aurea quæ fallax retia tendit Amor.
Pellaceſque genas, ad quos hyacinthina ſordet
Purpura, & ipſe tui floris, Adonii, rubor.
Cedite laudatæ toties Heroides olim,
Et quæcunque vagum cepit amica Jovem.
Cedite Achæmeniæ turritâ fronte puellæ,
Et quot Suſa colunt, Memnoniamque Ninon.
Vos etiam Danaæ faſces ſubmittite Nymphæ,
Et vos Iliacæ, Romuleæque nurus.
Nec Pompeianas Tarpëia Muſa columnas
Jactet, & Auſoniis plena theatra ſtolis.
Gloria Virginibus debetur prima Britannis,
Extera ſat tibi ſit fœmina poſſe ſequi.
Tuque urbs Dardaniis Londinum ſtructa colonis
Turrigerum latè conſpicienda caput,
Tu nimium felix intra tua mœnia claudis
Quicquid formoſi pendulus orbis habet.
Non tibi tot cœlo ſcintillant aſtra ſereno
Endymioneæ turba miniſtra deæ,

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Quot tibi conſpicuæ formáque auróque puellæ
Per medias radiant turba videnda vias,
Creditur huc geminis veniſſe invecta columbis
Alma phàretrigero milite cincta Venus:
Huic Cnidon, & riguas Simoentis flumine valles,
Huic Paphon, & roſeam poſt habitura Cypron,
Aſt ego, dum pueri ſinit indulgentia cæci.
Mœnia quàm ſubitò linquere fauſta paro;
Et vitare procul malefidæ infamia Circes
Atria, divini Molyos uſus ope.
Stat quoque juncoſas Cami remeare paludes,
Atque iterum raucæ murmur adire Scholæ.
Interea fidi parvum cape munus amici,
Paucaque in alternos verba coacta modos.

Elegia ſecunda, Anno Ætatis 17.

In obitum Præconis Academici Cantabrigienſis.

TE, qui conſpicuus bacculo fulgente ſolebas
Palladium toties ore ciere gregem,

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Ultima præconum præconem te quoque ſæva
Mors rapit, officio nec favet ipſa ſuo.
Candidiora licet fuerint tibi tempora plumis
Sub quibus accipimus delituiſſe Jovem,
O dignus tamen Hæmonio juveneſcere ſucco,
Dignus in Æſonios vivere poſſe dies,
Dignus quem Stygiis medicâ revocaret ab undis
Arte Coronides, ſæpe rogante dea.
Tu ſi juſſus eras acies accire togatas,
Et celer à Phœbo nuntius ire tuo,
Talis in Iliacâ ſtabat Cyllenius aula
Alipes, æthereâ miſſus ab arce Patris.
Talis & Eurybates ante ora furentis Achillei
Rettulit Atridæ juſſa ſevera ducis.
Magna ſepulchrorum regina, ſatelles Averni,
Sæva nimis Muſis, Palladi ſæva nimis,
Quin illos rapias qui pondus inutile terræ;
Turba quidem eſt telis iſta petenda tuis.
Veſtibus hunc igitur pullis Academia luge,
Et madeant lachrymis nigra feretra tuis.
Fundat & ipſa modos querebunda Elegëia triſtes,
Perſonet & totis mœnia mœſta ſcholis.

Elegia

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Elegia tertia, Anno Ætatis 17.

In obitum Præſulis Wintonienſis.

MOeſtus eram, & tacitus nullo comitante ſedebam,
Hærebantque animo triſtia plura meo,
Protinus en ſubiit funeſtæ cladis Imago
Fecit in Angliaco quam Libitina ſolo;
Dum procerum ingreſſa eſt ſplendentes marmore turres
Dira ſepulcharali mors metuenda face;
Pulſavitque auro gravidos & jaſpide muros,
Nec metuit ſatrapum ſternere falce greges.
Tunc memini clariique ducis, fratriſque verendi
Intempeſtivis oſſa cremata rogis.
Et memini Heroum quos vidit ad æthera raptos,
Flevit & amiſſos Belgia tota duces.
At te præcipuè luxi dignißime Præſul,
Wintoniæque olim gloria magna tuæ;
Delicui fletu, & triſti ſic ore querebar,
Mors fera Tartareo dira ſecunda Jovi,
Nonne ſatis quod ſylva tuas perſentiat iras,
Et quod in herboſos jus tibi detur agros,

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Quodque afflata tuo marceſcant lilia tabo,
Et crocus, & pulchræ Cypridi ſacra roſa,
Nec ſinis ut ſemper fluvio contermina quercus
Miretur lapſus prætereuntis aquæ?
Et tibi ſuccumbit liquido quæ plurima cœlo
Evehitur pennis quamlibet augur avis,
Et quæ mille nigris errant animalia ſylvis,
Et quod alunt mutum Proteos antra pecus.
Invida, tanta tibi cum ſit conceſſa poteſtas;
Quid Juvat humanâ tingere cæde manus?
Nobileque in pectus certas acuiſſe ſagittas,
Semideamque animam ſede fugâſſe ſuâ.
Talia dum lacrymans alto ſub pectore volvo,
Roſcidus occiduis Heſperus exit aquis,
Et Tarteſſiaco ſubmerſerat æquore currum
Phœbus, ab eöo littore menſus iter.
Nec mora, membra cavo poſui refovenda cubili,
Condiderant oculos noxque ſoporque meos.
Cum mihi viſus eram lato ſpatiarier agro,
Heu nequit ingenium viſa referre meum.
Illic puniceâ radiabant omnia luce,
Ut matutino cum juga ſole rubent.

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Ac veluti, cum pandit opes Thaumantia proles,
Veſtitu nituit multicolore ſolum.
Non dea tam variis ornavit floribus hortos
Alcinoi, Zephiro Chloris amata levi.
Flumina vernantes lambunt argentea Campos,
Ditior Heſperio flavet arena Tago.
Serpit odoriferas per opes levis aura Favoni,
Aura ſub innumeris humida nata roſis.
Talis in extremis terræ Gangetidis oris
Luciferi regis fingitur eſſe domus.
Ipſe racimiferis dum denſas vitibus umbras
Et pellucentes miror ubique locos,
Ecce mihi ſubito Præſul Wintonius aſtat,
Sydereum nitido fulſit in ore Jubar;
Veſtis ad auratos defluxit candida talos,
Infula divinum cinxerat alba caput.
Dumque ſenex tali incedit venerandus amictu,
Intremuit læto florea terra ſono.
Agmina gemmatis plaudunt cœleſtia pennis,
Pura triumphali perſonat æthra tubâ.
Quiſque novum amplexu comitem cantuque ſalutat,
Hoſque aliquis placido miſit ab ore ſonos;

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Nate veni, & patrii felix cape gaudia regni,
Semper ab hinc duro, nate, labore vaca.
Dixit, & aligeræ tetigerunt nablia turmæ,
At mihi cum tenebris aurea pulsa quies.
Flebam turbatos Cephalcià pellice somnos,
Talia contingant somnia sæpe mihi.

Elegia quarta. Anno Ætatis 18.

Ad Thomam Junium Præceptorem suum, apud Mercatores Anglicos Hamburgæ agentes, Pastoris munere fungentem.

CUrre per immensum subitò mea littera pontum
I, pete Teutonicos læve per æquor agros:
Segnes rumpe moras, & nil, precor, obstet eunti,
Et festinantis nil remoretur iter.
Ipse ego Sicanio fræmantem carcere ventos
Æolon, & virides sollicitabo Deos,
Cæruleamque suis comitatam Dorida Nymphis,
Ut tibi dent placidam per sua regna viam.
At tu, si poteris, celeres tibi sume jugales,
Vecta quibus Colchis fugit ab ore Viri.

Aut

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Aut queis Triptolemus Scythicas devenit in oras
Gratus Eleusinâ missus ab urbe puer.
Atque ubi germanas flavere videbis arenas
Ditis ad Hamburgæ moenia flecte gradum,
Dicitur occiso quæ ducere nomen ab Hamâ,
Cimbrica quem fertur clava dedisse neci.
Vivit ibi antiquæ clarus pietatis honore
Præsul Christicolas pascere doctus oves;
Ille quidem est animæ plusquam pars altera nostræ,
Dimidio vitæ vivere cogor ego.
Hei mihi quot pelagi, quot montes interjecti
Me faciunt aliâ parte carere mei!
Charior ille mihi quam tu doctissime Graium
Cliniadi, pronepos qui Telamonis erat.
Quàmque Stagirites generoso magnus alumno,
Quem peperit Lybico Chaonis alma Jovi.
Qualis Amyntoride, qualis Philyrëius Heros
Myrmidonum regi, talis & ille mihi.
Primus ego Aonios illo præeunte recessus
Lustrabam, & bifidi sacra vireta jugi,
Pierioque hausi latices, Clioque favente,
Castalio sparsi læta ter ora mero.

Flammeus

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Flammeus at ſignum ter vidit arietis Æthon,
Induxitque auro lanea terga novo,
Biſque novo terram ſparſiſti Chlori ſenilem
Gramine, biſque tuas abſtulit Auſter opes:
Necdum ejus licuit mihi lumina paſcere vultu,
Aut linguæ dulces aure bibiſſe ſonos.
Vade igitur, curſuque Eurum præverte ſonorum,
Quàm ſit opus monitis res docet, ipſa vides.
Invenies dulci cum conjuge forte ſedentem,
Mulcentem gremio pignora chara ſuo,
Forſitan aut veterum prælarga volumina patrum
Verſantem, aut veri biblia ſacra Dei.
Cæleſtive animas ſaturantem rore tenellas,
Grande ſalutiferæ religionis opus.
Utque ſolet, multam, ſit dicere cura ſalutem,
Dicere quam decuit, ſi modo adeſſet, herum.
Hæc quoque paulum oculos in humum defixa mo-
Verba verecundo ſis memor ore loqui: [deſtos,
Hæc tibi, ſi teneris vacat inter prælia Muſis
Mittit ab Angliaco littore fidà manus.
Accipe ſinceram, quámvis ſit ſera, ſalutem;
Fiat & hoc ipſo gratior illa tibi.

Sera

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Sera quidem, ſed vera fuit, quam caſta recepit
Icaris à lento Penelopeia viro.
Aſt ego quid volui manifeſtum tollere crimen
Ipſe quod ex omni parte levare nequit?
Arguitur tardus meritò, noxamque fatetur,
Et pudet officium deſeruiſſe ſuum.
Tu modò da veniam faſſo, veniamque roganti,
Crimina diminui, quæ patuere, ſolent.
Non ferus in pavidos rictus diducit hiantes,
Vulnifico pronos nec rapit ungue Leo.
Sæpe fariſſiferi crudelia pectora Thracis
Supplicis ad mœſtas delicuere preces.
Extenſæque manus avertunt fulminis ictus,
Placat & iratos hoſtia parva Deos.
Jamque diu ſcripſiſſe tibi fuit impetus illi,
Neve moras ultra ducere paſſus Amor.
Nam vaga Fama refert, heu nuntia vera malorum!
In tibi finitimis belle tumere locis,
Teque tuamque urbem truculento milite cingi,
Et jam Saxonicos arma paraſſe duces.
Te circum latè campos populatur Enyo,
Et ſata carne virum jam cruor arva rigat.

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Germaniſque ſinim conceſſit Thracia Martem,
Illuc Odryſios Mars pater egit equos.
Perpetuòque comans jam defloreſcit oliva,
Fugit & æriſonam Diva peroſa tubam,
Fugit Io terris, & jam non ultima virgo
Creditur ad ſuperas juſta volaſſe domos.
Te tamen interea belli circumſonat horror,
Vivis & ignoto ſolus inopſque ſolo;
Et, tibi quam patrii non exhibuere penates
Sede peregrinâ quæris egenus opem.
Patria dura parens, & ſaxis ſævior albis
Spumea quæ pulſat littoris unda tui:
Siccine te decet innocuos exponere fœtus;
Siccine in externam ferrea cogis humum?
Et ſinis ut terris quærant alimenta remotis
Quos tibi proſpiciens miſerat ipſe Deus,
Et qui læta ferunt de cœlo nuntia, quique
Quæ via poſt cineres ducat ad aſtra, docent?
Digna quidem Stygiis quæ vivas clauſa tenebris,
Æternâque animæ digna perire fame!
Haud aliter vates terræ Thesbitidis olim
Preſſit inaſſueto devia teſqua pede,

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Desertasque Arabum salebras, dum regis Achabi
Effugit atque tuas, Sidoni dira, manus.
Talis & horrisono laceratus membra flagello,
Paulus ab Æmathiâ pellitur urbe Cilix.
Piscosæque ipsum Gergessæ civis Jesum
Finibus ingratus jussit abire suis.
At tu sume animos, nec spes cadat anxia curis,
Nec tua concutiat decolor ossa metus.
Sis etenim quamvis fulgentibus obsitus armis,
Intententque tibi millia tela necem,
At nullis vel inerme latus violabitur armis,
Deque tuo cuspis nulla cruore bibet.
Namque eris ipse Dei radiante sub ægide tutus,
Ille tibi custos, & pugil ille tibi;
Ille Sionææ qui tot sub mœnibus arcis
Assyrios fudit nocte silente viros;
Inque fugam vertit quos in Samaritidas oras
Misit ab antiquis prisca Damascus agris,
Terruit & densas pavido cum rege cohortes,
Aere dum vacuo buccina clara sonat,
Cornea Pulvereum dum verberat ungula campum,
Currus arenosam dum quatit actus humum,

Audi-

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Auditurque hinnitus equorum ad bella ruentûm,
Et ſtrepitus ferri, murmuraque alta virûm.
Et tu (quod ſupereſt miſero) ſperare memento,
Et tua magnanimo pectore vince mala.
Nec dubites quandoque frui melioribus annis,
Atque iterum patrios poſſe videre lares.

Elegia quinta, Anno Ætatis 20.

In adventum Veris.

IN ſe perpetuo Tempus revolubile gyro
Jam revocat Zephyros Vere tepente novos.
Induiturque brevem Tellus reparata juventam,
Jamque ſoluta gelu dulce vireſcit humus.
Fallor? an & nobis redeunt in carmina vires,
Ingeniumque mihi munere Veris adeſt?
Munere Veris adeſt, iterumque vigeſcit ab illo
(Quis putet) atque aliquod jam ſibi poſcit opus.
Caſtalis ante oculos, bifidumque cacumen oberrat,
Et mihi Pyrenen ſomnia nocte ferunt.

Con-

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Concitaque arcano fervent mihi pectora motu,
Et furor, & sonitus me sacer intùs agit.
Delius ipse venit, video Penëide lauro
Implicitos crines, Delius ipse venit.
Jam mihi mens liquidi raptatur in ardua cœli,
Perque vagas nubes corpore liber eo.
Perque umbras, perque antra feror penetralia vatum,
Et mihi fana patent interiora Deûm.
Intuiturque animus toto quid agatur Olympo,
Nec fugiunt oculos Tartara cæca meos.
Quid tam grande sonat distento spiritus ore?
Quid parit hæc rabies, quid sacer iste furor?
Ver mihi, quod dedit ingenium, cantabitur illo,
Profuerint isto reddita dona modo.
Jam Philomela tuos foliis adoperta novellis
Instituis modulos, dum silet omne nemus!
Urbe ego, tu sylvâ simul incipiamus utrique,
Et simul adventum Veris uterque canat.
Veris Io redière vices, celebremus honores
Veris, & hoc subeat Musa perennis opus.
Jam sol Æthiopas fugiens Tithoniaque arva,
Flectit ad arctoas aurea lora plagas.

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Eſt breve noctis iter, brevis eſt mora noctis opacæ
Horrida cum tenebris exulat illa ſuis.
Jamque Lycaonius plauſtrum cœleſte Bootes
Non longâ ſequitur ſeſſus ut ante viâ,
Nunc etiam ſolitas circum Jovis atria toto
Excubias agitant ſydera rara polo.
Nam dolus, & cædes, & vis cum nocte receſſit,
Neve Giganteum Dii timuere ſcelus.
Forte aliquis ſcopuli recubans in vertice paſtor,
Roſcida cum primo ſole rubeſcit humus,
Hac, ait, hac certè caruiſti nocta puellâ
Phœbe tuâ, celeres quæ retineret equos.
Læta ſuas repetit ſylvas, pharetramque reſumit
Cynthia, Luciferas ut vidit alta rotas,
Et tenues ponens radios gaudere videtur
Officium fieri tam breve fratris ope.
Deſere, Phœbus ait, thalamos Aurora ſeniles,
Quid juvat effœto procubuiſſe toro?
Te manet Æolides viridi venator in herba,
Surge, tuos ignes altus Hymettus habet.
Flava verecundo dea crimen in ore fatetur,
Et matutinos ocyus urget equos.

Exuit

Exuit inviſam Tellus rediviva ſenectam,
Et cupit amplexus Phœbe ſubire tuos;
Et cupit, & digna eſt, quid enim formoſius illâ?
Pandit ut omniferos luxurioſa ſinus,
Atque Arabum ſpirat meſſes, & ab ore venuſto
Mitia cum Paphiis fundit amoma roſis.
Ecce coronatur ſacra frons ardua luco,
Cingit ut Idæam pinea turris Opim;
Et vario madidos intexit flore capillos
Floribus & viſa eſt poſſe placere ſuis.
Floribus effuſos ut erat redimita capillos,
Tenario placuit diva Sicana Deo.
Aſpice Phœbe tibi faciles hortantur amores,
Mellitaſque movent flamina verna preces.
Cinnameâ Zephyrus leve plaudit odorifer alâ,
Blanditiaſque tibi ferre videntur aves.
Nec ſine dote tuos timeraria quærit amores
Terra, nec optatos poſcit egena toros,
Alma ſalutiferum medicos tibi gramen in uſus
Præbet, & hinc titulos adjuvat ipſa tuos.
Quòd ſi te pretium, ſi te fulgentia tangunt
Munera, (muneribus ſæpe coemptus Amor)

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Illa tibi oſtentat quaſcunque ſub æquore vaſto,
Et ſuperinjectis montibus abdit opes.
Ah quoties cum tu clivoſo feſſus Olympo
In veſpertinas præcipitaris aquas,
Cur te, inquit, curſu languentem Phœbe diurno
Heſperiis recipit Cærula mater aquis?
Quid tibi cum Tethy! Quid cum Tarteſſide lymphâ,
Dia quid immundo perluis ora ſolo?
Frigora Phœbe meâ melius captabis in umbrâ,
Huc ades, ardentes imbue rore comas.
Mollior e gelidâ veniet tibi ſomnus in herbâ,
Huc ades, & gremio lumina pone meo.
Quáque jaces circum mulcebit lene ſuſurrans
Aura per humentes corpora fuſa roſas.
Nec me (crede mihi) terrent Semelëia fata,
Nec Phaetonteo fumidus axis equo;
Cum tu Phœbe tuo ſapientius uteris igni,
Huc ades, & gremio lumina pone meo.
Sic Tellus laſciva ſuos ſuſpirat amores;
Matris in exemplum cætera turba ruunt.
Nunc etenim toto currit vagus orbe Cupido,
Languenteſque fovet ſolis ab igne faces.

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Insonuere novis lethalia cornua nervis,
Triste micant ferro tela coruſca novo.
Jamque vel invictam tentat ſuperaſſe Dianam,
Quæque ſedet ſacro Veſta pudica foco.
Ipſa ſeneſcentem reparat Venus annua formam,
Atque iterum tepido creditur orta mari.
Marmoreas juvenes clamant, Hymenæe, per urbes,
Littus io Hymen, & cava ſaxa ſonant.
Cultior ille venit tunicâque decentior aptâ,
Puniceum redolet veſtis odora crocum.
Egrediturque frequens ad amœni gaudia veris
Virgineos auro cincta puella ſinus.
Votum eſt cuique ſuum, votum eſt tamen omnibus unum,
Ut ſibi quem cupiat, det Cytherea virum.
Nunc quoque ſeptenâ modulatur arundine paſtor,
Et ſua quæ jungat carmina Phyllis habet.
Natvia nocturno placat ſua ſydera cantu,
Delphinaſque leves ad vada ſumma vocat.
Jupiter ipſe alto cum conjuge ludit Olympo,
Convocat & famulos ad ſua feſta Deos.
Nunc etiam Satyri cum ſera crepuſcula ſurgunt,
Pervolitant celeri florea rura choro,

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Sylvanuſque ſuâ Cypariſſi fronde revinctus,
Semicaperque deus, ſemideuſque caper.
Quæque ſub arboribus Dryades latuere vetuſtis
Per juga, per ſolos expatiantur agros.
Per ſata luxuriat fruticetaque Mænalius Pan,
Vix Cybele mater, vix ſibi tuta Ceres,
Atque aliquam cupidus prædatur Oreada Faunus,
Conſulit in trepidos dum ſibi Nympha pedes,
Jamque latet, latitanſque cupit male tecta videri,
Et fugit, & fugiens pervelit ipſa capi.
Dii quoque non dubitant cœlo præponere ſylvas,
Et ſua quiſque ſibi numina lucus habet.
Et ſua quiſque diu ſibi numina lucus habeto,
Nec vos arborea dii precor ite domo.
Te referant miſeris, te Jupiter aurea terris
Sæcla, quid ad nimbos aſpera tela redis?
Tu ſaltem lentè rapidos age Phœbe jugales
Quà potes, & ſenſim tempora veris eant.
Brumaque productas tardé ferat hiſpida noctes,
Ingruat & noſtro ſerior umbra polo.

Elegia

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Elegia sexta.

Ad Carolum Diodatum ruri commorantem.

Qui cum Idibus Decemb. scripsisset, & sua carmina excusari postulasset si solito minus essent bona, quod inter lautitias quibus erat ab amicis exceptus, haud satis felicem operam Musis dare se posse affirmabat, hunc habuit responsum.

Mitto tibi sanam non pleno ventre salutem,
Qua tu distento fortè carere potes.
At tua quid nostram prolectat Musa camœnam,
Nec sinit optatas posse sequi tenebras?
Carmine scire velis quàm te redamemque colamque,
Crede mihi vix hoc carmine scire queas.
Nam neque noster amor modulis includitur arctis,
Nec venit ad claudos integer ipse pedes.
Quàm bene solennes epulas, hilaremque Decembrim
Festaque cœlifugam quæ coluere Deum,
Deliciasque refers, hyberni gaudia ruris,
Haustaque per tepidos Gallica musta focos.
Quid queritis refugam vino dapibusque poesin?
Carmen amat Bacchum, Carmina Bacchus amat.

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Nec puduit Phœbum virides geſtaſſe corymbos,
Atque hederam lauro præpoſuiſſe ſuæ.
Sæpius Aoniis clamavit collibus Euoe
Miſta Thyoneo turba novena choro.
Naſo Corallæis mala carmina miſit ab agris:
Non illic epulæ non ſata vitis erat.
Quid niſi vina, roſaſque racemiferumque Lyæum
Cantavit brevibus Tëia Muſa modis?
Pindaricoſque inflat numeros Teumeſius Evan,
Et redolet ſumptum pagina quæque merum.
Dum gravis everſo currus crepat axe ſupinus,
Et volat Eleo pulvere fuſcus eques;
Quadrimoque madens Lyricen Romanus Iaccho
Dulce canit Glyceran, flavicomamque Chloen,
Jam quoque lauta tibi generoſo menſa paratu,
Mentis alit vires, ingeniumque fovet.
Maſſica fœcundam deſpumant pocula venam,
Fundis & ex ipſo condita metra cado.
Addimus his artes, fuſumque per intima Phœbum
Corda, favent uni Bacchus, Apollo, Ceres.
Scilicet haud mirum tam dulcia carmina per te
Numine compoſito tres peperiſſe Deos.

Nunc

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Nunc quoque Threſſa tibi cælato barbitos auro
Inſonat argutâ molliter icta manu;
Auditurque chelys ſuſpenſa tapetia circum,
Virgineos tremulâ quæ regat arte pedes.
Illa tuas ſaltem teneant ſpectacula Muſas,
Et revocent, quantum crapula pellit iners.
Crede mihi dum pſallit ebur, comitataque plectrum
Implet odoratos feſta chorea tholos,
Percipies tacitum per pectora ſerpere Phœbum,
Quale repentinus permeat oſſa calor,
Perque puellares oculos digitumque ſonantem
Irruet in totos lapſa Thalia ſinus.
Namque Elegia levis multorum cura deorum eſt,
Et vocat ad numeros quemlibet illa ſuos;
Liber adeſt elegis, Eratoque, Cereſque, Venuſque,
Et cum purpureâ matre tenellus Amor.
Talibus inde licent convivia larga poetis,
Sæpius & veteri commaduiſſi mero.
At qui bella refert, & adulto ſub Jove cœlum,
Heroaſque pios, ſemideoſque duces,
Et nunc ſancta canit ſuperum conſulta deorum,
Nunc latrata fero regna profunda cane,

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Ille quidem parcè Samii pro more magiſtri
Vivat, & innocuos præbeat herba cibos;
Stet prope fagineo pellucida lympha catillo,
Sobriaque è puro pocula fonte bibat.
Additur huic ſceleriſque vacans, & caſta juventus,
Et rigidi mores, & ſine labe manus.
Qualis veſte nitens ſacrâ & luſtralibus undis
Surgis ad infenſos augur iture Deos.
Hoc ritu vixiſſe ferunt poſt rapta ſagacem
Lumina Tireſian, Ogygiumque Linon,
Et lare devoto profugum Calchanta, ſenemque
Orpheon edomitis ſola per antra feris;
Sic dapis exiguus, ſic rivi potor Homerus
Dulichium vexit per fretra longa virum,
Et per Monſtrificam Perſeiæ Phœbados aulam
Et vada fœmineis inſidioſa ſonis,
Perque tuas rex ime domos, ubi ſanguine nigro
Dicitur umbrarum detinuiſſe greges.
Diis etenim ſacer eſt vates, divùmque ſacerdos,
Spirat & occultum pectus, & ore Jovem.
At tu ſiquid agam, ſcitabere (ſi modò ſaltem
Eſſe putas tanti noſcere ſiquid agam)

Paci-

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Paciferum canimus cœleſti ſemine regem,
Fauſtaque ſacratis ſæcula pacta libris,
Vagitumque Dei, & ſtabulantem paupere tecto
Qui ſuprema ſuo cum patre regna colit.
Stelliparumque polum, modulanteſque æthere turmas,
Et ſubitò eliſos ad ſua fana Deos.
Dona quidem dedimus Chriſti natalibus illa
Illa ſub auroram lux mihi prima tulit.
Te quoque preſſa manent patriis meditata cicutis,
Tu mihi, cui recitem, judicis inſtar eris.

Elegia ſeptima, Anno Ætatis undevigeſimo.

NOndum blanda tuas leges Amathuſia nôram,
Et Paphio vacuum pectus ab igne fuit.
Sæpe cupidineas, puerilia tela, ſagittas,
Atque tuum ſprevi maxime, numen, Amor.
Tu puer imbelles dixi transfige columbas,
Conveniunt tenero mollia bella duci.
Aut de paſſeribus tumidos age, parve, triumphos,
Hæc ſunt militiæ digna trophæa tuæ:

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In genus humanum quid inania dirigis arma?
Non valet in fortes ista pharetra viros.
Non tulit hoc Cyprius, (neque enim Deus ullus ad iras
Promptior) & duplici jam ferus igne calet.
Ver erat, & summæ radians per culmina villæ
Attulerat primam lux tibi Maie diem:
At mihi adhuc refugam quærebant lumina noctem
Nec matutinum sustinuere jubar.
Astat Amor lecto, pictis Amor impiger alis,
Prodidit astantem mota pharetra Deum:
Prodidit & facies, & dulce minantis ocelli,
Et quicquid puero, dignum & Amore fuit.
Talis in æterno juvenis Sigeius Olympo
Miscet amatori pocula plena Jovi;
Aut qui formosas pellexit ad oscula Nymphas
Thiodamantæus Naiade raptus Hylas;
Addideratque iras, sed & has decuisse putares,
Addideratque truces, nec sine felle minas.
Et miser exemplo sapuisses tutiùs, inquit,
Nunc mea quid possit dextera testis eris.
Inter & expertos vires numerabere nostras,
Et faciam vero per tua damna fidem.

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Ipſe ego ſi neſcis ſtrato Pythone ſuperbum
Edomui Phœbum, meſſit & ille mihi;
Et quoties meminet Peneidos, ipſe fatetur
Certiùs & graviùs tela nocere mea.
Me nequit adductum curvare peritiùs arcum,
Qui poſt terga ſolet vincere Parthus eques.
Cydoniuſque mihi cedit venator, & ille
Inſcius uxori qui necis author erat.
Eſt etiam nobis ingens quoque victus Orion,
Herculeæque manus, Herculeuſque comes.
Jupiter ipſe licet ſua fulmina torqueat in me,
Hærebunt lateri ſpicula noſtra Jovis.
Cætera quæ dubitas meliùs mea tela docebunt,
Et tua non leviter corda petenda mihi.
Nec te ſtulte tuæ poterunt defendere Muſæ,
Nec tibi Phœbæus porriget anguis opem.
Dixit, & aurato quatiens mucrone ſagittam,
Evolat in tepidos Cypridos ille ſinus.
At mihi riſuro tonuit ferus ore minaci,
Et mihi de puero non metus ullus erat,
Et modò quà noſtri ſpatiantur in urbe Quirites
Et modò villarum proxima rura placent.

Turba

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Turba frequens, faciéque ſimillima turba dearum
Splendida per medias itque reditque vias.
Auctaque luce dies gemino fulgore coruſcat,
Fallor? an & radios hinc quoque Phœbus habet.
Hæc ego non fugi ſpectacula grata ſeverus,
Impetus & quò me fert juvenilis, agor.
Lumina luminibus malè providus obvia miſi,
Neve oculos potui continuiſſe meos.
Unam forte aliis ſupereminuiſſe notabam,
Principium noſtri lux erat illa mali.
Sic Venus optaret mortalibus ipſa videri,
Sic regina Deûm conſpicienda fuit.
Hanc memor objecit nobis malus ille Cupido,
Solus & hos nobis texuit antè dolos.
Nec procul ipſe vafer latuit, multæque ſagittæ,
Et facis à tergo grande pependit onus.
Nec mora, nunc ciliis hæſit, nunc virginis ori,
Inſilit hinc labiis, inſidet inde genis:
Et quaſcunque agilis partes jaculator oberrat,
Hei mihi, mille locis pectus inerme ferit.
Protinus inſoliti ſubierunt corda furores,
Uror amans intùs, flammaque totus eram.

Inte-

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Interea miſero quæ jam mihi ſola placebat,
Ablata eſt oculis non reditura meis.
Aſt ego progredior tacitè querebundus, & excors,
Et dubius volui ſæpe referre pedem.
Findor, & hæc remanet, ſequitur pars altera votum,
Raptaque tàm ſubitò gaudia flere juvat.
Sic dolet amiſſum proles Junonia cœlum,
Inter Lemniacos præcipitata focos.
Talis & abreptum ſolem reſpexit, ad Orcum
Vectus ab attonitis Amphiaraus equis.
Quid faciam infelix, & luctu victus, amores
Nec licet inceptos ponere, neve ſequi.
O utinam ſpectare ſemel mihi detur amatos
Vultus, & coràm triſtia verba loqui!
Forſitan & duro non eſt adamante creata,
Forte nec ad noſtras ſurdeat illa preces.
Crede mihi nullus ſic infeliciter arſit,
Ponar in exemplo primus & unus ego.
Parce precor teneri cum ſis deus ales amoris,
Pugnent officio nec tua facta tuo.
Jam tuus O certè eſt mihi formidabilis arcus,
Nate deâ, jaculis nec minus igne potens:

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Et tua fumabunt noſtris altaria donis;
Solus & in ſuperis tu mihi ſummus eris.
Deme meos tandem, verùm nec deme furores;
Neſcio cur, miſer eſt ſuaviter omnis amans:
Tu modo da facilis, poſthæc mea ſiqua futura eſt,
Cuſpis amaturos figat ut una duos.

HÆc ego mente olim lævâ, ſtudioque ſupino
Nequitiæ poſui vana trophæa meæ.
Scilicet abreptum ſic me malus impulit error,
Indociliſque ætas prava magiſtra fuit.
Donec Socraticos umbroſa Academia rivos
Præbuit, admiſſum dedocuitque jugum.
Protinus extinctis ex illo tempore flammis,
Cincta rigent multo pectora noſtra gelu.
Unde ſuis frigus metuit puer ipſe Sagittis,
Et Diomedéam vim timet ipſa Venus.

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In Proditionem Bombardicam.

CUR ſimul in regem nuper ſatrapaſque Britannos
Auſus es infandum perfide Fauxe nefas?
Fallor? an & mitis voluiſti ex parte videri,
Et penſare malâ cum pietate ſcelus;
Scilicet hos alti miſſurus ad atria cœli,
Sulphureo curru flammivoliſque rotis.
Qualiter ille feris caput inviolabile Parcis
Liquit Iördanios turbine raptus agros.

In eandem.

SIccine tentaſti cœlo donâſſe Jacobum
Quæ ſeptemgemino Belua monte lates?
Ni meliora tuum poterit dare munera numen,
Parce precor donis inſidioſa tuis.
Ille quidem ſine te conſortia ferus adivit
Aſtra, nec inferni pulveris uſus ope.
Sic potiùs fœdos in cœlum pelle cucullos,
Et quot habet brutos Roma profana Deos,
Namque hac aut aliâ niſi quemque adjuveris arte,
Crede mihi cœli vix bene ſcandet iter.

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In eandem.

PUrgatorem animæ derisit Iacobus ignem,
Et sine quo superûm non adeunda domus.
Frenduit hoc trinâ monstrum Latiale coronâ
Movit & horrificum cornua dena minax.
Et nec inultus ait temnes mea sacra Britanne,
Supplicium spretâ relligione dabis.
Et si stelligeras unquam penetraveris arces,
Non nisi per flammas triste patebit iter.
O quàm funesto ceciniſti proxima vero,
Verbaque ponderibus vix caritura suis!
Nam prope Tartareo sublime rotatus ab igni
Ibat ad æthereas umbra perusta plagas.

In eandem.

QUem modò Romà suis devoverat impia diris,
Et Styge damnarat Tænarioque sinu,
Hunc vice mutatâ jam tollere gestit ad astra,
Et cupit ad superos evehere usque Deos.

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In inventorem Bombardæ.

JApetionidem laudavit cæca vetuſtas,
Qui tulit ætheream ſolis ab axe facem;
At mihi major erit, qui lurida creditur arma,
Et trifidum fulmen ſurripuiſſe Jovi.

Ad Leonoram Romæ canentem.

ANgelus unicuique ſuus (ſic credite gentes)
Obtigit æthereis ales ab ordinibus.
Quid mirum? Leonora tibi ſi gloria major;
Nam tua præſentem vox ſonat ipſa Deum.
Aut Deus, aut vacui certè mens tertia cœli
Per tua ſecretò guttura ſerpit agens;
Serpit agens, faciliſque docet mortalia corda
Senſum immortali aſſueſcere poſſe ſono.
Quòd ſi cuncta quidem Deus eſt, per cunctaque fuſus,
In te una loquitur, cætera mutus habet.

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Ad eandem.

ALtera Torquatum cepit Leonora Poëtam,
Cujus ab insano cessit amore furens.
Ah miser ille tuo quantò felicius ævo
Perditus, & propter te Leonora foret!
Et te Pieriâ sensisset voce canentem
Aurea maternæ fila movere lyræ,
Quamvis Dircæo torsisset lumina Pentheo
Sævior, aut totus desipuisset iners,
Tu tamen errantes cæcâ vertigine sensus
Voce eadem poteras composuisse tuâ,
Et poteras ægro spirans sub corde quietem
Flexanimo cantu restituisse sibi.

Ad eandem.

CRedula quid liquidam Sirena Neapoli jactas,
Claraque Parthenopes fana Acheloiados,
Littoreamque tuâ defunctam Naiada ripâ
Corpora Chalcidico sacra dedisse rogo?

Illa

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Illa quidem vivitque, & amœnâ Tibridis undâ
Mutavit rauci murmura Pauſilipi.
Illic Romulidûm ſtudiis ornata ſecundis,
Atque homines cantu detinet atque Deos.

Apologus de Ruſtico & Hero.

RUſticus ex Malo ſapidiſſima poma quotánnis
Legit, & urbano lecta dedit Domino:
Hinc incredibili fructûs dulcedine captus
Malum ipſam in proprias tranſtulit areolas.
Hactenus illa ferax, ſed longo debilis ævo,
Mota ſolo aſſueto, protenùs aret iners.
Quod tandem ut patuit Domino, ſpe luſus inani,
Damnavit celeres in ſua damna manus.
Atque ait, heu quantò ſatius fuit illa Coloni
(Parva licet) grato dona tuliſſe animo!
Poſſem Ego avaritiam frœnare, gulamque voracem:
Nunc periere mihi & fœtus & ipſe parens.

Elegiarum Finis.

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SYLVARUM LIBER.

Anno Ætatis 16.

In Obitum Procancellarii medici.

PArcre fati diſcite legibus,
Manuſque Parcæ jam date ſupplices,
Qui pendulum telluris orbem
Iäpeti colitis nepotes.
Vos ſi relicto mors vaga Tænaro
Semel vocârit flebilis, heu moræ
Tentantur incaſſùm dolique;
Per tenebras Stygis ire certum eſt.
Si deſtinatam pellere dextera
Mortem valeret, non ferus Hercules
Neſſi venenatus cruore
Æmathiâ jacuiſſet Oetâ.
Nec fraude turpi Palladis invidæ
Vidiſſet occiſum Ilion Hectora, aut

Quem

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Quem larva Pelidis peremit
Enſe Locro, Jove lacrymante.
Si triſte fatum verba Hecatëia
Fugare poſſint, Telegoni parens
Vixiſſet infamis, potentique
Ægiali ſoror uſa virgâ.
Numenque trinum fallere ſi queant
Artes medentûm, ignotaque gramina,
Non gnarus herbarum Machaon
Eurypyli cecidiſſet haſtâ.
Læſiſſet & nec te Philyreie
Sagitta echidnæ perlita Sanguine,
Nec tela te fulmenque avitum
Cæſe puer genitricis alvo.
Tuque O alumno major Apolline,
Gentis togatæ cui regimen datum,
Frondoſa quem nunc Cirrha luget,
Et mediis Helicon in undis,
Jam præfuiſſes Palladio gregi
Lætus, ſuperſtes, nec ſine gloria,
Nec puppe luſtraſſes Charontis
Horribiles barathri receſſus.

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At fila rupit Perſephone tua
Irata, cum te viderit artibus
Succoque pollenti tot atris
Faucibus eripuiſſe mortis.
Colende Præſes, membra precor tua
Molli quieſcant ceſpite, & ex tuo
Creſcant roſæ, calthæque buſto,
Purpureoque hyacinthus ore.
Sit mite de te Judicium Æaci,
Subrideatque Ætnæa Proſerpina,
Interque felices perennis
Elyſio ſpatiere campo.

In quintum Novembris, Anno Ætatis 17.

JAm pius extremâ veniens Iäcobus ab arcto
Teucrigenas populos, latéque patentia regna
Albionum tenuit, jamque inviolabile fœdus
Sceptra Caledoniis conjuxerat Anglica Scotis:
Pacificuſque novo felix diveſque ſedebat
In ſolio, occultique doli ſecurus & hoſtis:
Cum ferus igniſluo regnans Acheronte tyrannus,

Eume-

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Eumenidum pater, æthereo vagus exul Olympo,
Forte per immenſum terrarum erraverat orbem,
Dinumerans ſceleris ſocios, vernaſque fideles,
Participes regni poſt funera mœſta futuros;
Hic tempeſtates medio ciet aëre diras,
Illic unanimes odium ſtruit inter amicos,
Armat & invictas in mutua viſcere gentes;
Regnaque olivifera vertit florentia pace,
Et quoſcunque videt puræ virtutis amantes,
Hos cupit adjicere imperio, fraudumque magiſter
Tentat inacceſſum ſceleri corrumpere pectus,
Inſidiaſque locat tacitas, caſſeſque latentes
Tendit, ut incautos rapiat, ſeu Caſpia Tigris
Inſequitur trepidam deſerta per avia prædam
Nocte ſub illuni, & ſomno nictantibus aſtris:
Talibus infeſtat Populos Summanus & urbes:
Cinctus cæruleæ fumanti turbine Flammæ.
Jamque fluentiſonis albentia rupibus arva
Apparent, & terra Deo dilecta marino,
Cui nomen dederat quondam Neptunia proles
Amphitryoniaden qui non dubitavit atrocem
Æquore tranato fruriali poſcere bello,
Ante expugnatæ crudelia ſæcula Troiæ.

At

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At simul hanc opibusque & festâ pace beatam
Aspicit, & pingues donis Cerealibus agros,
Quodque magis dolùit, venerantem numina veri
Sancta Dei populum, tandem suspiria rupit
Tartareos ignes & luridùm olentia sulphur,
Qualia Trinacria trux ab Jove clausus in Ætna
Efflat tabifico monstrosus ob ore Typhoeus.
Igneſcunt oculi, stridetque adamantinus ordo
Dentis, ut armorum fragor, ictaque cuspide cuspis;
Atque pererrato solum hoc lacrymabile mundo
Inveni, dixit, gens hæc mihi sola rebellis,
Contemtrixque jugi, nostraque potentior arte.
Illa tamen, mea si quicquam tantamina possunt,
Non feret hoc impunè diu, non ibit inulta,
Hactenus; & piceis liquido natat aëre pennis;
Quà volat, adversi præcursant agmine venti,
Densantur nubes, & crebra tonitrua fulgent.
Jamque pruinosas velox superaverat alpes,
Et tenet Ausoniæ fines, à parte sinistra
Nimbifer Appenninus erat, priscique Sabini,
Dextra veneficiis infamis Hetruria, nec non
Te furtiva Tibris Thetidi videt oscula dantem;
Hinc Mavortigenæ consistit in arce Quirini,

Red-

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Reddiderant dubiam jam ſera crepuſcula lucem,
Cum circumgreditur totam Tricoroniſer urbem,
Panificoſque Deos portat, ſcapuliſque virorum
Evehitur, præcunt ſubmiſſo poplite reges,
Et mendicantum feries longiſſima fratrum;
Cereaque in manibus geſtant funalia cæci
Cimmeriis nati in tenebris, vitamque trahentes,
Templa dein multis ſubeunt lucentia tædis
(Veſper erat ſacer iſte Petro) fremituſque canentum
Sæpe tholos implet vacuos, & inane locorum.
Qualiter exululat Bromius, Bromiique caterva,
Orgia cantantes in Echionio Aracyntho,
Dum tremit attonitus vitreis Aſopus in undis,
Et procul ipſe cavâ reſponſat rupe Cithæron.
His igitur tandem ſolenni more peractis,
Nox ſenſis amplexus Eribi taciturna reliquit,
Præcipitesque impellit equos ſtimulante flagello,
Captum oculis Typhlonta, Melanchætemque ferocem,
Atque Acherontæo prognatam patre Siopen
Torpidam, & hirſutis horrentem Phrica capillis.
Interea regum dominor, Phlegetontius hæres
Ingreditur thalamos (neque enim ſecretus adulter
Producit ſteriles molli ſine pellice noctes)

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At vix compoſitos ſomnus claudebat ocellos,
Cum niger umbrarum dominus, rectorque ſilentum,
Prædatorque hominum falsâ ſub imagine tectus
Aſtitit, aſſumptis, micuerunt tempora canis,
Barba ſinus promiſſa tegit, cineracea longo
Syrmate verrit humum veſtis, pendetque cucullus
Vertice de raſo, & ne quicquam deſit ad artes,
Cannabeo lumbos conſtrinxit funе ſalaces,
Tarda feneſtratis figens veſtigia calceis.
Talis uti fama eſt, vaſtâ Franciſcus eremo
Tetra vagabatur ſolus per luſtra ferarum,
Sylveſtrique tulit genti pia verba ſalutis
Impius, atque lupos domuit, Lybicoſque leones.
Subdolus at tali Serpens velatus amictu
Solvit in has fallax ora execrantia voces;
Dormis nate? Etiamne tuos ſopor opprimit artus?
Immemor O fidei, pecorumque oblite tuorum!
Dum cathedram venerande tuam, diademaq; triplex
Ridet Hyperboreo gens barbara nata ſub axe,
Dumque pharetrati ſpernunt tua jura Britanni:
Surge, age, ſurge piger, Latius quem Cæſar adorat,
Cui reſerata patet convexi janua cœli,
Turgentes animos, & faſtus frange procaces,

Sa-

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Sacrilegique ſciant, tua quid maledictio poſſit,
Et quid Apoſtolicæ poſſit cuſtodia clavis;
Et memor Heſperiæ disjectam ulciſcere claſſem,
Merſaque Iberorum lato vexilla profundo,
Sanctorumque cruci tot corpora fixa probroſæ,
Thermodoontea nuper regnante puella.
At tu ſi tenero mavis torpeſcere lecto
Creſcenteſque negas hoſti contundere vires,
Tyrrhenum implebit numeroſo milite pontum,
Signaque Aventino ponet fulgentia colle:
Reliquias veterum franget, flammiſque cremabit,
Sacraque calcabit pedibus tua colla profanis,
Cujus gaudebant ſoleis dare baſia reges.
Nec tamen hunc bellis & aperto Marte laceſſes,
Irritus ille labor, tu callidus utere fraude,
Quælibet hæreticis diſponere retia fas eſt,
Jamque ad conſilium extremis rex magnus ab oris
Patricios vocat, & procerum de ſtirpe creatos,
Grandævoſque patres trabeâ, caniſque verendos,
Hos tu membratim poteris conſpergere in auras,
Atque dare in cineres, nitrati pulveris igne
Ædibus injecto, quà convenere, ſub imis.
Protinus ipſe igitur quoſcunque habet Anglia fidos

Pro-

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Propoſiti, factique more, quiſquámne tuorum
Audebit ſummi non juſſa facereſſe Papæ.
Perculſoſque metu ſubito, caſumque ſtupentes
Invadat vel Gallus atrox, vel ſævus Iberus.
Sæcula ſic illic tandem Mariana redibunt,
Tuque in belligeros iterum dominaberis Anglos.
Et nequid timeas, divos divaſque ſecundas
Accipe, quotque tuis celebrantur numina faſtis.
Dixit & adſcitos ponens malefidus amictus
Fugit ad infandam, regnum illætabile, Lethen.
Jam roſea Eoas pandens Tithonia portas
Veſtit inauratas redeunti lumine terras;
Mæſtaque adhuc nigri deplorans funera nati
Irrigat ambroſiis montana cacumina guttis;
Cum ſomnos pepulit ſtellatæ janitor aulæ
Nocturnos viſus, & ſomnia grata revolvens.
Eſt locus æternâ ſeptus caligine noctis
Vaſta ruinoſi quondam fundamina tecti,
Nunc torvi ſpelunca Phoni, Prodotæque bilinguis
Effera quos uno peperit Diſcordia partu.
Hic intercæmenta jacent præruptaque ſaxa,
Oſſa inhumata virum, & trajecta cadavera ferro,
Hic dolus intortis ſemper ſedet ater ocellis,

Jur-

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Jurgiaque, & ſtimulis armata Calumnia fauces.
Et Furor, atque viæ moriendi mille videntur
Et timor, exanguiſque locum circumvolat Horror,
Perpetuoque leves per muta ſilentia Manes,
Exululat tellus & ſanguine conſcia ſtagnat.
Ipſi etiam pavidi latitant penetralibus antri
Et Phonos, & Prodotes, nulloq; ſequente per antrum
Antrum horrens, ſcopuloſum, atrum feralibus umbris
Diffugiunt fontes, & retrò lumina vortunt,
Hos pugiles Romæ per ſæcula longa fideles
Evocat antiſtes Babylonius, atque ita fatur.
Finibus occiduis circumfuſum incolit æquor
Gens exoſa mihi, prudens natura negavit
Indignam penitus noſtro conjungere mundo:
Illuc, ſic jubeo, celeri contendite greſſu,
Tartareoque leves diffidentur pulvere in auras
Et rex & pariter ſatrapæ, ſcelerata propago
Et quotquot fidei caluere cupidine veræ
Conſilii ſocios adhibete, operiſque miniſtros.
Finierat, rigidi cupidè paruere gemilli.
Interea longo flectens curvamine cœlos
Deſpicit æthereâ dominus qui fulgurat arce,
Vanaque perverſæ ridet conamina turbæ,

Atque

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Atque ſui cauſam populi volet ipſe tueri.
Eſſe ferunt ſpatium, quà diſtat ab Aſide terra
Fertilis Europe, & ſpectat Mareotidas undas;
Hic turris poſita eſt Titanidos ardua Famæ
Ærea, lata, ſonans, rutilis vicinior aſtris
Quàm ſuperimpoſitum vel Athos vel Pelion Oſſæ
Mille fores adituſque patent, totidemque feneſtræ;
Amplaque per tenues tranſlucent atria muros:
Excitat hic varios plebs agglomerata ſuſurros;
Qualiter inſtrepitant circum mulctralia bombis
Agmina muſcarum, aut texto per ovilia junco,
Dum Canis æſtivum cœli petit ardua culmen.
Ipſa quidem ſummâ ſedet ultrix matris in arce,
Auribus innumeris cinctum caput eminet olli,
Queis ſonitum exiguum trahit, atque leviſſima captat
Murmura, ab extremis patuli confinibus orbis.
Nec tot Ariſtoride ſervator inique juvencæ
Iſidos, immiti volvebas lumina vultu,
Lumina non unquam tacito nutantia ſomno,
Lumina ſubjectas late ſpectantia terras.
Iſtis illa ſolet loca luce carentia ſæpe
Perluſtrare, etiam radianti impervia ſoli.
Milleniſque loquax auditaque viſaque linguis

Cui-

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Cuilibet effundit temeraria, veraque mendax :
Nunc minuit, modo confictis sermonibus auget.
Sed tamen a nostro meruisti carmine laudes
Fama, bonum quo non aliud veracius ullum,
Nobis digna cani, nec te memorasse pigebit
Carmine tam longo, servati scilicit Angli
Officiis vaga diva tuis, tibi reddimus æqua.
Te Deus æternos motu qui temperat ignes,
Fulmine præmisso alloquitur, terrâque tremente:
Fama siles? an te latet impia Papistarum
Conjurata cohors in meque meosque Britannos
Et nova sceptrigero cædes meditata Jacobo:
Nec plura, illa statim sensit mandata Tonantis,
Et satis ante fugax stridentes induit alas,
Induit & variis exilia corpora plumis;
Dextra tubam gestat Temesæo ex ære sonoram.
Nec mora jam pennis cedentes remigat auras,
Atque parum est cursu celeres prævertere nubes,
Jam ventos, jam solis equos post terga reliquit:
Et primo Angliacas solito de more per urbes
Ambiguas voces, incertaque murmura spargit,
Mox arguta dolos, & detestabile vulgat
Proditionis opus, nec non facta horrida dictu,

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Authoreſque addit ſceleris, nec garrula cæcis
Inſidiis loca ſtructa ſilet; ſtupuere relatis,
Et pariter juvenes, pariter tremuere puellæ,
Effætique ſenes pariter, tantæque ruinæ
Senſus ad ætatem ſubito penetraverat omnem.
Attamen interea populi miſereſcit ab alto
Æthereus pater, & crudelibus obſtitit auſis
Papicolûm; capti pœnas raptantur ad acres;
At pia thura Deo, & grati ſolvuntur honores;
Compita læta focis genialibus omnia fumant;
Turba choros juvenilis agit: Quintoque Novembris
Nulla Dies toto occurrit celebratior anno.

Anno ætatis 17. *In obitum Præſulis Elienſis.*

ADhuc madentes rore ſqualebant genæ,
Et ſicca nondum lumina;
Adhuc liquentis imbre turgebant ſalis,
Quem nuper effudi pius,
Dum mœſta charo juſta perſolvi rogo
Wintonienſis Præſulis.

Cum

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Cum centilinguis Fama (proh ſemper mali
Cladiſque vera nuntia)
Spargit per urbes divitis Britanniæ,
Populoſque Neptuno ſatos,
Ceſſiſſe morti, & ferreis ſororibus
Te generis humani decus,
Qui rex ſacrorum illâ fuiſti inſulâ
Quæ nomen Anguillæ tenet.
Tunc inquietum pectus irâ protinus
Ebulliebat fervidâ,
Tumulis potentem ſæpe devovens deam:
Nec vota Naſo in Ibida
Concepit alto diriora pectore,
Graiuſque vates parcius
Turpem Lycambis execratus eſt dolum
Sponſamque Neobolen ſuam.
At ecce diras ipſe dum fundo graves,
Et imprecor neci necem,
Audiſſe tales videor attonitus ſonos
Leni ſub aura flamine:
Cæcos furores pone, pone vitream
Bilemque & irritas minas,
Quid temerè violas non nocenda numina,

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Subitoque ad iras percita?
Non eſt, ut arbitraris eluſus miſer,
Mors atra Noctis filia,
Erebóve patre Creta, ſive Erinnye,
Vaſtove nata ſub Chao:
Aſt illa cœlo miſſa ſtellato, Dei
Meſſes ubique colligit;
Animaſque mole carneâ reconditas
In lucem & auras evocat:
Ut cum fugaces excitant Horæ diem
Themidos Joviſque filiæ.
Et ſempiterni ducit ad vultus patris;
At juſta raptat impios
Sub regna furvi luctuoſa Tartari,
Sedeſque ſubterraneas
Hanc ut vocantem lætus audivi, cito
Fœdum reliqui carcerem,
Volatileſque fauſtus inter milites
Ad aſtra ſublimis feror:
Vates ut olim raptus ad cœlum ſenex
Auriga currus ignei,
Non me Bootis terruere lucidi
Sarraca tarda frigore, aut

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Formidoloſi Scorpionis brachia,
Non enſis, Orion, tuus.
Prætervolavi fulgidi ſolis globum,
Longéque ſub pedibus deam
Vidi triformem, dum coërcebat ſuos
Frænis dracones aureis.
Erraticorum ſyderum per ordines,
Per lacteas vehor plagas,
Velocitatem ſæpe miratus novam,
Donec nitentes ad fores
Ventum eſt Olympi, & regiam Chryſtallinam, &
Stratum ſmaragdis Atrium.
Sed hic tacebo, nam quis effari queat
Oriundus humano patre
Amœnitates illius loci? mihi
Sat eſt in æternum frui.

Naturam non pati ſenium.

HEU quàm perpetuis erroribus acta fatiſcit
Avia mens hominum, tenebriſque immerſa profundis

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Oedipodioniam volvit ſub pectore noctem!
Quæ veſana ſuis metiri facta deorum
Audet, & inciſas leges adamante perenni
Aſſimilare ſuis, nulloque ſolubile ſæclo
Conſilium fati perituris alligat horis.
Ergone marceſcet ſulcantibus obſita rugis
Naturæ facies, & rerum publica mater
Omniparum contracta uterum ſterileſcet ab ævo?
Et ſe faſſa ſenem malè certis paſſibus ibit
Sidereum tremebunda caput? num tetra vetuſtas
Annorumque æterna fames, ſqualorque ſituſque
Sidera vexabunt? an & inſatiabile Tempus
Eſuriet Cœlum, rapietque in viſcera patrem?
Heu, potuitne ſuas imprudens Jupiter arces
Hoc contra munîſſe nefas, & temporis iſto
Exemiſſe malo, gyroſque dediſſe perennes?
Ergo erit ut quandoque ſono dilapſa tremendo
Convexi tabulata ruant, atque obvius ictu
Stridat uterque polus, ſuperâque ut Olympius aulâ
Decidat, horribiliſque retectâ Gorgone Pallas.
Qualis in Ægeam proles Junonia Lemnon
Deturbata ſacro cecidit de limine cœli.
Tu quoque Phœbe tui caſus imitabere nati

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Præcipiti curru, ſubitáque ferere ruinâ
Pronus, & extinctâ fumabit lampade Nereus,
Et dabit attonito feralia ſibila ponto.
Tunc etiam aërei divulſis ſedibus Hæmi
Diſſultabit apex, imoque alliſa barathro
Terrebunt Stygium dejecta Ceraunia Ditem
In ſuperos quibus uſus erat, fraternaque bella.
At pater omnipotens fundatis fortius aſtris
Conſuluit rerum ſummæ, certoque peregit
Pondere fatorum lances, atque ordine ſummo
Singula perpetuum juſſit ſervare tenorem.
Volvitur hinc lapſu mundi rota prima diurno;
Raptat & ambitos ſociâ vertigine cœlos.
Tardior haud ſolito Saturnus, & acer ut olim
Fulmineum rutilat criſtatâ caſſide Mavors:
Floridus æternùm Phœbus juvenile coruſcat,
Nec fovet effœtas loca per declivia terras
Devexo temone Deus; ſed ſemper amicâ
Luce potens eadem currit per ſigna rotarum,
Surgit odoratis pariter formoſus ab Indis
Æthereum pecus albenti qui cogit Olympo
Mane vocans, & ſerus agens in paſcua cœli,
Temporis & gemino diſperit regna colore.

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Fulget, obitque vices alterno Delia cornu,
Cæruleumque ignem paribus complectitur ulnis.
Nec variant elementa fidem, ſolitoque fragore
Lurida perculſas jaculantur fulmina rupes.
Nec per inane furit leviori murmure Corus,
Stringit & armiferos æquali horrore Gelonos
Trux Aquilo, ſpiratque hyemem, nimboſque volutat
Utque ſolet, Siculi diverberat ima Pelori
Rex maris, & raucâ circumſtrepit æquora conchâ
Oceani Tubicen, nec vaſtâ mole minorem
Ægeona ferunt dorſo Balearica cete.
Sed neque Terra tibi ſæcli vigor ille vetuſti
Priſcus abeſt, ſervatque ſuum Narciſſus odorem,
Et puer ille ſuum tenet & puer ille decorem
Phœbe tuuſque & Cypri tuus, nec ditior olim
Terra datum ſceleri celavit montibus aurum
Conſcia, vel ſub aquis gemmas. Sic deniq; in ævum
Ibit cunctarum ſeries juſtiſſima rerum,
Donec flamma orbem populabitur ultima, latè
Circumplexa polos, & vaſti culmina cœli;
Ingentique rogo flagrabit machina mundi.

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De Idea Platonica quemadmodum Aristoteles intellexit.

Dicite sacrorum præsides nemorum deæ,
Tuque O noveni perbeata numinis
Memoria mater, quæque in immenso procul
Antro recumbis otiosa Æternitas,
Monumenta servans, & ratas leges Jovis,
Cœlique fastos atque ephemeridas Deûm,
Quis ille primus cujus ex imagine
Natura solers finxit humanum genus,
Æternus, incorruptus, æquævus polo,
Unusque & universus, exemplar Dei?
Haud ille Palladis gemellus innubæ
Interna proles insidet menti Jovis;
Sed quamlibet natura sit communior,
Tamen seorsùs extat ad morem unius,
Et, mira, certo stringitur spatio loci,
Seu sempiternus ille syderum comes
Cœli pererrat ordines decemplicis,
Citimúmve terris incolit Lunæ globum:
Sive inter animas corpus adituras sedens
Oblivioſas torpet ad Lethes aquas:

Sive

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Sive in remotâ forte terrarum plaga
Incedit ingens hominis archetypus gigas,
Et iis tremendus erigit celsum caput
Atlante major portitore syderum.
Non cui profundum cæcitas lumen dedit
Dircæus augur vidit hunc alto sinu;
Non hunc silenti nocte Plëiones nepos
Vatum sagaci præpes ostendit choro;
Non hunc sacerdos novit Assyrius, licet
Longos vetusti commemoret atavos Nini,
Priscumque Belon, inclytumque Osiridem,
Non ille trino glorioſus nomine
Ter magnus Hermes (ut sit arcani sciens)
Talem reliquit Isidis cultoribus.
At tu perenne ruris Academi decus
(Hæc monstra si tu primus induxti scholis)
Jam jam poetas urbis exules tuæ
Revocabis, ipse fabulator maximus,
Aut institutor ipse migrabis foras.

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Ad Patrem.

NUnc mea Pierios cupiam per pectora fontes
Irriguas torquere vias, totumque per ora
Volvere laxatum gemino de vertice rivum;
Ut tenues oblita sonos audacibus alis
Surgat in Officium venerandi Musa parentis.
Hoc utcunque tibi gratum, pater optime, carmen
Exiguum meditatur opus, nec novimus ipsi
Aptiùs à nobis quæ possunt munera donis
Respondere tuis, quamvis nec maxima possint
Respondere tuis, nedum par gratia donis
Esse queat, vacuis quæ redditur arida verbis.
Sed tamen hæc nostros ostendit pagina census,
Et quod habemus opum chartâ numeravimus istâ,
Quæ mihi sunt nullæ, nisi quas dedit aurea Clio,
Quas mihi semoto somni peperere sub antro,
Et nemoris laureta sacri Parnassides umbræ.
Nec tu vatis opus divinum despice carmen,
Quo nihil æthereos ortus, & semina cœli,
Nil magis humanam commendat origine mentem,
Sancta Promethéæ retinens vestigia flammæ.

Carmen

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Carmen amant ſuperi, tremebundaque Tartara car-
Ima ciere valet, divoſque ligare profundos, [men
Et triplici duros Manes adamante coercet.
Carmine ſepoſiti retegunt arcana futuri
Phæbades, & tremulæ pallantes ora Sibyllæ;
Carmina ſacrificus ſollennes pangit ad aras
Aurea ſeu ſternit motantem cornua taurum;
Seu cùm fata ſagax fumantibus abdita fibris
Conſulit, & tepidis Parcam ſcrutatur in extis.
Nos etiam patrium tunc cum repetemus Olympum,
Æternæque moræ ſtabunt immobilis ævi,
Ibimus auratis per cœli templa coronis,
Dulcia ſuaviloquo ſociantes carmina plectro,
Aſtra quibus, geminique poli convexa ſonabunt.
Spiritus & rapidos qui circinat igneus orbes,
Nunc quoque ſydereis intercinit ipſe choreis
Immortale melos, & inenarrabile carmen;
Torrida dum rutilus compeſcit ſibila ſerpens,
Demiſſoque ferox gladio manſueſcit Orion;
Stellarum nec ſentit onus Mauruſius Atlas.
Carmina regales epulas ornare ſolebant,
Cum nondum luxus, vaſtæq; immenſa vorago
Nota Gulæ, & modico ſpumabat cœna Lyæo.

Tum

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Tum de more ſedens feſta ad convivia vates
Æſculeâ intonſos redimitus ab arbore crines,
Heroumque actus, imitandaque geſta canebat,
Et chaos, & poſiti latè fundamina mundi,
Reptanteſque Deos, & alentes numina glandes,
Et nondum Ætneo quæſitum fulmen ab antro.
Denique quid vocis modulamen inane juvabit,
Verborum ſenſuſque vacans, numerique loquacis?
Silveſtres decet iſte choros, non Orphea cantus,
Qui tenuit fluvios & quercubus addidit aures
Carmine, non citharâ, ſimulachraque functa canendo
Compulit in lacrymas; habet has à carmine laudes.
Nec tu perge precor ſacras contemnere Muſas,
Nec vanas inopeſque puta, quarum ipſe peritus
Munere, mille ſonos numeros componis ad aptos,
Millibus & vocem modulis variare canoram
Doctus, Arionii meritò ſis nominis hæres.
Nunc tibi quid mirum, ſi me genuiſſe poëtam
Contigerit, charo ſi tam propè ſanguine juncti
Cognatas artes, ſtudiumque affine ſequamur:
Ipſe volens Phœbus ſe diſpertire duobus,
Altera dona mihi, dedit altera dona parenti,
Dividuumque Deum genitorque puerque tenemus.

Tu

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Tu tamen ut ſimules teneras odiſſe camœnas,
Non odiſſe reor, neque enim, pater, ire jubebas
Quà via lata patet, quà pronior area lucri,
Certaque condendi fulget ſpes aurea nummi:
Nec rapis ad leges, malè cuſtoditaque gentis
Jura, nec inſulſis damnas clamoribus aures.
Sed magis excultam cupiens diteſcere mentem,
Me procul urbano ſtrepitu, ſeceſſibus altis
Abductum Aoniæ jucunda per otia ripæ
Phœbæo lateri comitem ſinis ire beatum.
Officium chari taceo commune parentis,
Me poſcunt majora, tuo pater optime ſumptu
Cùm mihi Romuleæ patuit facundia linguæ,
Et Latii veneres, & quæ Jovis ora decebant,
Grandia magniloquis elata vocabula Graiis,
Addere ſuaſiſti quos jactat Gallia flores,
Et quam degeneri novus Italus ore loquelam
Fundit, Barbaricos teſtatus voce tumultus,
Quæque Palæſtinus loquitur myſteria vates.
Denique quicquid habet cœlum, ſubjectaque cœlo
Terra parens, terræque & cœlo interfluus aer,
Quicquid & unda tegit, pontique agitabile marmor,
Per te noſſe licet, per te, ſi noſſe libebit.

Dimo-

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Dimotáque venit ſpectanda ſcientia nube,
Nudaque conſpicuos inclinat ad oſcula vultus,
Ni fugiſſe velim, ni ſit libaſſe moleſtum.
I nunc, confer opes quiſquis maleſanus avitas
Auſtriaci gazas, Perúanaque regna præoptas.
Quæ potuit majora pater tribuiſſe, vel ipſe
Jupiter, excepto, donâſſet ut omnia, cœlo?
Non potiora dedit, quamvis & tuta fuiſſent,
Publica qui juventi commiſit lumina nato
Atque Hyperionios currus, & fræna diei,
Et circum undantem radiatâ luce tiaram.
Ergo ego jam doctæ pars quamlibet ima catervæ
Victrices hederas inter, lauroſque ſedebo,
Jamque nec obſcurus populo miſcebor inerti,
Vitabuntque oculos veſtigia noſtra profanos.
Eſte procul vigiles curæ, procul eſte querelæ,
Invidiæque acies tranſverſo tortilis hirquo,
Sæva nec anguiferos extende calumnia rictus;
In me triſte nihil fœdiſſima turba poteſtis,
Nec veſtri ſum juris ego; ſecuraque tutus
Pectora, vipereo gradiar ſublimis ab ictu.
At tibi, chare pater, poſtquam non æqua merenti
Poſſe referre datur, nec dona rependere factis,

Sit

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Sit memorâsse satis, repetitaque munera grato
Percensere animo, fidæque reponere menti.
Et vos, O nostri, juvenilia carmina, lusus,
Si modo perpetuos sperare audebitis annos,
Et domini superesse rogo, lucemque tueri;
Nec spisso rapient oblivia nigra sub Orco,
Forsitan has laudes, decantatumque parentis
Nomen, ad exemplum, sero servabitis ævo.

PSAL. CXIV.

Ἰσραὴλ ὅτε παῖδες, ὅτ' ἀγλαὰ φῦλ' Ἰακώβου
Αἰγύπτου λίπε δῆμον, ἀπεχθέα, βαρβαρόφωνον,
Δὴ τότε μοῦνον ἔην ὅσιον γένος υἷος Ἰοῦδα.
Ἐν δὲ θεὸς λαοῖσι μέγα κρείων βασίλευεν.
Εἶδε καὶ ἐντροπάδην φύγαδ' ἐῤῥώησε θάλασσα
Κύματι εἰλυμένη ῥοθίῳ, ὁδ' ἄρ' ἐστυφελίχθη
Ἱερὸς Ἰορδάνης ποτὶ ἀργυροειδέα πηγὴν.
Ἐκ δ' ὄρεα σκαρθμοῖσιν ἀπειρέσια κλονέοντο,
Ὡς κριοὶ σφριγόωντες ἐϋτραφερῷ ἐν ἀλωῇ.
Βαιότεραι δ' ἅμα πάσαι ἀνασκίρτησαν ἐρίπναι,
Οἷα παραὶ σύριγγι φίλῃ ὑπὸ μητέρι ἄρνες.
Τίπτε σύγ' αἰνὰ θάλασσα πέλωρ φύγαδ' ἐῤῥώησας;

Κύματι

Κύματι εἰλυμένη ῥοθίῳ; τί δ' ἄρ ἐστυφελίχθης
Ἱερὸς Ἰορδάνη ποτὶ ἀργυροειδέα πηγὴν;
Τίπτ' ὄρεα σκαφμοῖσιν ἀπειρέσια κλονέεσθε
Ὡς κριοὶ σφριγόωντης ἐϋτραφερῶ ἐν ἀλωῇ;
Βαιότεραι τί δ' ἀρ ὑμμὲς ἀνασκιρτησα τ' ἐρίπναι,
Οἷα παραὶ σύριγγι φιλῃ ὑπὸ μητήρι ἄρνες,
Σείεο γαῖα τρέουσα θεὸν μεγάλ' ἐκτυπέοντα
Γαῖα θεὸν τρείουσ' ὕπατον σέβας Ἰσσακίδαο
Ὅς τε καὶ ἐκ σπιλάδων ποταμοὺς χέε μορμύροντας,
Κρήνηντ' ἀέναον πέτρης ἀπὸ δακρυοέσσης.

Philosophus ad regem quendam qui eum ignotum & insontem inter reos forte captum inscius damnaverat τὴν ἐπι θανάτῳ πορευόμενος *hæc subito misit.*

Ὦ ἄνα εἰ ὀλέσης με τὸν ἔννομον, οὐδέ τιν' ἀνδρῶν
Δεινὸν ὅλως δράσαντα, σοφώτατον ἴσθι κάρηνον
Ῥηϊδιὼς ἀφέλοιο, τὸ δ' ὕστερον αὖθι νοήσεις,
Μαψιδίως δ' ἄρ ἔπειτα τεὸν πρὸς θυμόν ὀδυρῇ,
Τοιὸν δ' ἐκ πόλιος περιώνυμον ἄλκαρ ὀλέσσας.

In Effigiei ejus Sculptorem.

Ἀμαθεῖ γεγράφθαι χειρὶ τήνδε μὲν εἰκόνα

Φαίης τάχ' ἄν, πρὸς εἶδος αὐτοφυὲς βλέπων
Τὸν δ' ἐκτυπωτὸν οὐκ ἐπιγνόντες φίλοι
Τελᾶτε φαύλου δυσμίμημα ζωγράφου.

Ad Salsillum Poetam Romanum ægrotantem.

SCAZONTES.

O Musa gressum quæ volens trahis claudum,
Vulcanioque tarda gaudes incessu,
Nec sentis illud in loco minus gratum,
Quàm cùm decentes flava Dëiope suras
Alternat aureum ante Junonis lectum,
Adesdum & hæc verba pauca Salsillo
Refer, camœna nostra cui tantum est cordi,
Quamque ille magnis prætulit immeritò divis,
Hæc ergo alumnus ille Londini Milto,
Diebus hisce qui suum linquens nidum
Polique tractum, (pessimus ubi ventorum,
Insanientis impotensque pulmonis
Pernix anhela sub Jove exercet flabra)

Venit

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Venit feraces Itali ſoli ad glebas,
Viſum ſuperbâ cognitas urbes fâmâ
Viroſque doctæque indolem juventutis,
Tibi optat idem hic fauſta multa Salſille,
Habitumque feſſo corpori penitùs ſanum,
Cui nunc profunda bilis infeſtat renes,
Præcordiiſque fixa damnoſum ſpirat.
Nec id pepercit impia quòd tu Romano
Tam cultus ore Lesbium condis melos.
O dulce divûm munus, O ſalus Hebes
Germana! Tuque Phœbe morborum terror
Pythone cæſo, ſive tu magis Pæan
Libenter audis, hic tuus ſacerdos eſt.
Querceta Fauni, voſque rore vinoſo
Colles benigni, mitis Evandri ſedes,
Siquid ſalubre vallibus frondet veſtris,
Levamen ægro ferte certatim vati.
Sic ille charis redditus rurſum Muſis
Vicina dulci prata mulcebit cantu.
Ipſe inter atros emirabitur lucos
Numa, ubi beatum degit otium æternum,
Suam reclivis ſemper Ægeriam ſpectans.
Tumiduſque & ipſe Tibris hinc delinitus

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Spei favebit annuæ colonorum:
Nec in ſepulchris ibit obſeſſum reges
Nimiùm ſiniſtro laxus irruens loro:
Sed fræna melius temperabit undarum,
Aduſque curvi ſalſa regna Portumni.

Manſus.

Joannes Baptiſta Manſus Marchio Villenſis, vir ingenii laude, tum literarum ſtudio, nec non & bellica virtute apud Italos clarus in primis eſt. Ad quem Torquati Taſſi dialogus extat de Amicitia ſcriptus; erat enim Taſſi amiciſſimus; ab quo etiam inter Campaniæ principes celebratur, in illo poemate cui titulus Geruſalemme conquiſtrata, libro 20.

Fra cavalieri magnanimi, è corteſi
Riſplende il Manſo ———

Is authorem Neapoli commorantem ſummâ benevolentia proſecutus eſt, multaque ei detulit humanitatis officia. Ad hunc itaque hoſpes ille antequam ab ea urbe diſcederet, ut ne ingratum ſe oſtenderet, hoc carmen miſit.

HÆc quoque Manſe tuæ meditantur carmina laudi
Pierides, tibi Manſe choro notiſſime Phœbi.

Quan-

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Quandoquidem ille alium haud æquo eſt dignatus ho-
Poſt galli cineres, & Mecænatis Hetruſci. [nore,
Tu quoque ſi noſtræ tantum valet aura Camœnæ,
Victrices hederas inter, lauroſque ſedebis.
Te pridem magno felix concordia Taſſo
Junxit, & æternis inſcripſit nomina chartis.
Mox tibi dulciloquum non inſcia Muſa Marinum
Tradidit, ille tuum dici ſe gaudet alumnum,
Dum canit Aſſyrios divûm prolixus amores,
Mollis & Auſonias ſtupefecit carmine nymphas.
Ille itidem moriens tibi ſoli debita vates
Oſſa tibi ſoli, ſupremaque vota reliquit,
Nec manes pietas tua chara fefellit amici,
Vidimus arridentem operoſo ex ære poetam.
Nec ſatis hoc viſum eſt in utrumque, & nec pia ceſſant
Officia in tumulo, cupis integros rapere Orco,
Quà potes, atque avidas Parcarum eludere leges!
Amborum genus, & variâ ſub ſorte peractam
Deſcribis vitam, moreſque, & dona Minervæ;
Æmulus illius Mycalen qui natus ad altam
Rettulit Æolii vitam facundus Homeri.
Ergo ego te Cliûs & magni nomine Phœbi
Manſe pater, jubeo longum ſalvere per ævum.

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Missus Hyperboreo juvenis peregrinus ab axe.
Nec tu longinquam bonus aspernabare musam,
Quæ nuper gelidâ vix enutrita sub Arcto
Imprudens Italas ausa est volitare per urbes.
Nos etiam in nostro modulantes flumine cygnos
Credimus obscuras noctis sensisse per umbras,
Quà Thamesis late puris argenteus urnis
Oceani glaucos perfundit gurgite crines.
Quin & in has quondam pervenit Tityrus oras.
Sed neque nos genus incultum, nec inutile Phœbo,
Quà plaga septeno mundi sulcata Trione
Brumalem patitur longâ sub nocte Boöten.
Nos etiam colimus Phœbum, nos munera Phœbo
Flaventes spicas, & lutea mala canistris,
Halantemque crocum (perhibet nisi vana vetustas)
Misimus, & lectas Druidum de gente choreas.
(Gens Druides antiqua sacris operata deorum
Heroum laudes imitandaque gesta canebant)
Hinc quoties festo cingunt altaria cantu
Delo in herbosâ Graiæ de more puellæ
Carminibus lætis memorant Corinëida Loxo,
Fatidicamque Upin, cum flavicomâ Hecaërge
Nuda Caledonio variatas pectora fuco.

Fortu-

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Fortunate ſenex, ergo quacunque per orbem
Torquati decus, & nomen celebrabitur ingens,
Claraque perpetui ſuccreſcet fama Marini,
Tu quoque in ora frequens venies plauſumq; virorum,
Et parili carpes iter immortale volatu.
Dicetur tum ſponte tuos habitâſſe penates
Cynthius, & famulas veniſſe ad limina Muſas:
At non ſponte domum tamen idem, & regis adivit
Rura Pheretiadæ cœlo fugitivus Apollo;
Ille licet magnum Aleiden ſuſceperat hoſpes;
Tantùm ubi clamoſos placuit vitare bubulcos,
Nobile manſueti ceſſit Chironis in antrum,
Irriguos inter ſaltus frondoſaque tecta
Peneium prope rivum: ibi ſæpe ſub ilice nigrâ
Ad citharæ ſtrepitum blandâ prece victus amici
Exilii duros lenibat voce labores.
Tum neque ripa ſuo, barathro nec fixa ſub imo,
Saxa ſtetere loco, mutat Trachinia rupes,
Nec ſentit ſolitas, immania pondera, ſilvas,
Emotæque ſuis properant de collibus orni,
Mulcenturque novo maculoſi carmine lynces.
Diis dilecte ſenex, te Jupiter æquus oportet
Naſcentem, & miti luſtrarit lumine Phœbus,

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Atlantiſque nepos; neque enim niſi charus ab ortu
Diis ſuperis poterit magno faviſſe poetæ.
Hinc longæva tibi lentò ſub flore ſenectus
Vernat, & Æſonios lucratur vivida fuſos,
Nondum deciduos ſervans tibi frontis honores,
Ingeniumque vigens, & adultum mentis acumen.
O mihi ſi mea ſors talem concedat amicum
Phœbæos decoraſſe viros qui tam bene nôrit,
Si quando indigenas revocabo in carmina reges,
Arturumque etiam ſub terris bella moventem;
Aut dicam invictæ ſociali fœdere menſæ,
Magnanimos Heroas, & (O modo ſpiritus adſit)
Frangam Saxonicas Britonum ſub Marte phalanges.
Tandem ubi non tacitæ permenſus tempora vitæ,
Annorumque ſatur cineri ſua jura relinquam,
Ille mihi lecto madidis aſſtaret ocellis,
Aſtanti ſat erit ſi dicam ſim tibi curæ;
Ille meos artus liventi morte ſoluţos
Curaret parva componi molliter urna.
Forſitan & noſtros ducat de marmore vultus,
Nectens aut Phaphia myrti aut Parnaſſide lauri
Fronde comas, at ego ſecura pace quieſcam.
Tum quoque, ſi qua fides, ſi præmia certa bonorum,

Ipſe

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Ipſe ego cælicolûm ſemotus in æthera divûm,
Quò labor & mens pura vehunt, atque ignea virtus
Secreti hæc aliqua mundi de parte videbo
(Quantum fata ſinunt) & tota mente ſerenùm
Ridens purpureo ſuffundar lumine vultus
Et ſimul æthereo plaudam mihi lætus Olympo.

EPITA-

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EPITAPHIUM DAMONIS.

ARGUMENTUM.

Thyrſis & Damon ejuſdem viciniæ Paſtores, eadem. ſtudia ſequuti à pueritiâ amici erant, ut qui plurimum. Thyrſis animi cauſâ profectus peregrè de obitu Damonis nuncium accepit. Domum poſtea reverſus, & rem ita eſſe comperto, ſe, ſuamque ſolitudinem hoc carmine deplorat. Damonis autem ſub perſonâ hîc intelligitur Carolus Deodatus ex urbe Hetruriæ Luca Paterno genere oriundus, cætera Anglus; ingenio doctrinâ, clariſſimiſque cæteris virtutibus, dum viveret, juvenis egregius.

EPI-

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EPITAPHIUM
DAMONIS.

[Hylan,
HImerides nymphæ (nam vos & Daphnin &
Et plorata diu meminiſtis fata Bionis)
Dicite Sicelicum Thameſina per oppida carmen:
Quas miſer effudit voces, quæ murmura Thyrſis,
Et quibus aſſiduis exercuit antra querelis,
Fluminaque, fonteſque vagos, nemorumque receſſus,
Dum ſibi præreptum queritur Damona, neque altam
Luctibus exemit noctem loca ſola pererrans.
Et jam bis viridi ſurgebat culmus ariſta,
Et totidem flavas numerabant horrea meſſes,
Ex quo ſumma dies tulerat Damona ſub umbras,
Nec dum aderat Thyrſis; paſtorem ſcilicet illum
Dulcis amor Muſæ Thuſca retinebat in urbe.

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Aſt ubi mens expleta domum, pecoriſque relicti
Cura vocat, ſimul aſſuetâ ſeditque ſub ulmo,
Tum verò amiſſum tum denique ſentit amicum,
Cœpit & immenſum ſic exonerare dolorem.

Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hei mihi! quæ terris, quæ dicam numina cœlo,
Poſtquam te immiti rapuerunt funere Damon;
Siccine nos linquis, tuæ ſiç ſine nomine virtus
Ibit, & obſcuris numero ſociabitur umbris?
At non ille, animas virgâ qui dividit aureâ,
Iſta velit, dignumque tui te ducat in agmen,
Ignavumque procul pecus arceat omne ſilentum.

Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Quicquid erit, certè niſi me lupus antè videbit,
Indeplorato non comminuere ſepulchro,
Conſtabitque tuus tibi honos, longumque vigebit
Inter paſtores: Illi tibi vota ſecundo
Solvere poſt Daphnin, poſt Daphnin dicere laudes
Gaudebunt, dum rura Pales, dum Faunus amabit:
Si quid id eſt, priſcamque fidem coluiſſe, piúmque,
Palladiáſque artes, ſociúmque habuiſſe canorum.

Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hæc tibi certa manent, tibi erunt hæc præmia Damon,

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At mihi quid tandem fiet modo? quis mihi fidus
Hærebit lateri comes, ut tu sæpe solebas
Frigoribus duris, & per loca fœta pruinis,
Aut rapido sub sole, siti morientibus herbis?
Sive opus in magnos fuit eminùs ire leones
Aut avidos terrere lupos præsepibus altis;
Quis fando sopire diem, cantuque solebit?
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Pectora cui credam? quis me lenire docebit
Mordaces curas, quis longam fallere noctem
Dulcibus alloquiis, grato cùm sibilat igni [auster
Molle pyrum, & nucibus strepitat focus, at malus
Miscet cuncta foris, & desuper intonat ulmo.
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Aut æstate, dies medio dum vertitur axe,
Cum Pan æsculeâ somnum capit abditus umbrâ,
Et repetunt sub aquis sibi nota sedilia nymphæ.
Pastoresque latent, stertit sub sepe colonus,
Quis mihi blanditiàsque tuas, quis tum mihi risus,
Cecropiosque sales referet, cultosque lepores?
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
At jam solus agros, jam pascua solus oberro,
Sicubi ramosæ densantur vallibus umbræ,

Hic

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Hic ferum expecto, supra caput imber & Eurus
Triste sonant, fractæque agitata crepuscula silvæ.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Heu quam culta mihi prius arva procacibus herbis
Involvuntur, & ipsa situ seges alta fatiscit!
Innuba neglecto marcescit & uva racemo,
Nec myrteta juvant; ovium quoque tædet, at illæ
Mœrent, inque suum convertunt ora magistrum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Tityrus ad corylos vocat, Alphesibœus ad ornos,
Ad salices Aegon, ad flumina pulcher Amyntas,
Hîc gelidi fontes, hîc illita gramina musco,
Hîc Zephiri, hîc placidas interstrepit arbutus undas;
Ista canunt surdo, frutices ego nactus abibam.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Mopsus ad hæc, nam me redeuntem forte notârat
(Et callebat avium linguas, & sydera Mopsus)
Thyrsi quid hoc? dixit, quæ te coquit improba bilis?
Aut te perdit amor, aut te malè fasciat astrum,
Saturni grave sæpe fuit pastoribus astrum,
Intimaque obliquio figit præcordia plumbo.
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Mirantur nymphæ, & quid te sit Thyrsi futurum?

Quid

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Quid tibi vis? aiunt, non hæc solet esse juventæ
Nubila frons, oculique truces, vultusque severi,
Illa choros, lususque leves, & semper amorem
Jure petit, bis ille miser qui serus amavit.
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Venit Hyas, Dryopéque, & filia Baucidis Aegle
Docta modos, citharaque sciens, sed pendita fastu,
Venit Idumanii Chloris vicina fluenti,
Nil me blanditiæ, nil me solantia verba,
Nil me, si quid adest, movet, aut spes ulla futuri.
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hei mihi quam similes ludunt per prata juvenci,
Omnes unanimi secum sibi lege sodales,
Nec magis hunc alio quisquam secernit amicum
De grege, sic densi veniunt ad pabula thoes,
Inque vicem hirsuti paribus junguntur onagri,
Lex eadem pelagi, defero in littore Proteus
Agmina Phocarum numerat, vilisque volucrum
Passer habet semper quicum sit, & omnia circum
Farra libens volitet, serò sua tecta revisens,
Quem si fors letho objecit, seu milvus adunco
Fata tulit rostro, seu lravit arundine fossor,
Protinus ille alium sodio petit inde volatu.

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Nos durum genus, & diris exercita fatis
Gens homines aliena animis, & pectore discors,
Vix sibi quisque parem de millibus invenit unum,
Aut si sors dederit tandem non aspera votis,
Illum inopina dies quâ non speraveris horâ
Surripit, æternum linquens in sæcula damnum.
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Heu quis me ignotas traxit vagus error in oras
Ire per aëreas rupes, Alpemque nivosam!
Ecquid erat tanti Romam vidisse sepultam?
Quamvis illa foret, qualem dum viseret olim,
Tityrus ipse suas & oves & rura reliquit;
Ut te tam dulci possem caruisse sodale,
Possem tot maria alta, tot interponere montes,
Tot sylvas, tot saxa tibi, fluviosque sonantes.
Ah certè extremùm, licuisset tangere dextram,
Et bene compositos placidè morientis ocellos,
Et dixisse vale, nostri memor ibis ad astra.
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Quamquam etiam vestri nunquam meminisse pigebit
Pastores Thusci, Musis operata juventus,
Hic Charis, atq; Lepos & Tuscus tu quoq; Damon.
Antiquâ genus unde petis Lucumonis ab urbe.

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O ego quantus eram, gelidi cum ſtratus ad Arni
Murmura, populeumque nemus, quà mollior herba,
Carpere nunc violas, nunc ſummas carpere myrtos,
Et potui Lycidæ certantem audire Menalcam.
Ipſe etiam tentare auſus ſum, nec puto multùm
Diſplicui, nam ſunt & apud me munera veſtra
Fiſcellæ; calathique & cerea vincla cicutæ,
Quin & noſtra ſuas docuerunt nomina fagos
Et Datis, & Francinus, erant & vocibus ambo
Et ſtudiis noti, Lydorum ſanguinis ambo.
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni,
Hæc mihi tum læto dictabat roſcida luna,
Dum ſolus teneros claudebam cratibus hœdos.
Ah quoties dixi, cùm te cinis ater habebat,
Nunc canit, aut lepori nunc tendit retia Damon,
Vimina nunc texit, varios ſibi quod ſit in uſus,
Et quæ tum facili ſperabam mente futura
Arripui voto levis, & præſentia finxi,
Heus bone numquid agis? niſi te quid forte retardat,
Imus? & argutâ paulùm recubamus in umbra,
Aut ad aquas Colni, aut ad jugera Caſſibelauni?
Tu mihi percurres medicos, tua gramina, ſuccos,
Helleborúmque, humiléſq; crocos, foliumq; hyacinthi?

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Quaſque habet iſta palus herbas, arteſque medentûm
Ah pereant herbæ, pereant arteſque medentûm
Gramina, poſtquam ipſi nil profecere magiſtro.
Ipſe etiam, nam neſcio quid mihi grande ſonabat
Fiſtula, ab undecimâ jam lux eſt altera nocte,
Et tum forte novis admoram labra cicutis,
Diſſiluere tamen ruptâ compage, nec ultra
Ferre graves potuere ſonos, dubito quoque ne ſim
Turgidulus, tamen & referam, vos cedite ſilvæ.
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Ipſe ego Dardanias Rutupina per æquora puppes
Dicam, & Pandraſidos regnum vetus Inogeniæ,
Brennúmq; Arvigarúmque duces, priſcúmq; Belinum,
Et tandem Armoricos Britonum ſub lege colonos;
Tum gravidam Arturo fatali fraude Jogernen
Mendaces vultus, aſſumptaque Gorlöis arma,
Merlini dolus. O mihi tum ſi vita ſuperſit,
Tu procul annoſa pendebis fiſtula pinu
Multùm oblita mihi, aut patriis mutata camœnis
Brittonicum ſtrides, quid enim? omnia non licet uni
Non ſperâſſe uni licet omnia, mi ſatis ampla
Merces, & mihi grande decus (ſim ignotus in ævum
Tum licet, externo penituſque inglorius orbi)

Si

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Si me flava comas legat Usa, & potor Alauni,
Vorticibusque frequens Abra, & nemus omne Tre-[antæ,
Et Thamesis meus ante omnes, & fusca metallis
Tamara, & extremis me discant Orcades undis.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hæc tibi servabam lentâ sub cortice lauri,
Hæc, & plura simul tum quæ mihi pocula, Mansus,
Mansus Chalcidicæ non ultima gloria ripæ
Bina dedit, mirum artis opus, mirandus & ipse,
Et circum gemino cælaverat argumento:
In medio rubri maris unda, & odoriferum ver
Littora longa Arabum, & sudantes balsama silvæ,
Has inter Phœnix divina avis, unica terris
Cærulea fulgens diversicoloribus alis
Auroram vitreis surgentem respicit undis.
Parte alia polus omnipatens, & magnus Olympus,
Quis putet? hic quoq; Amor, pictæq; in nube pha-
Arma cornea facis, & spiculo tincta pyropo; [retræ,
Nec tenues animas, pectúsque ignobile vulgi
Hinc ferit, at circùm flammantia lumina torquens
Semper in erectum spargit sua tela per orbes
Impiger, & pronos nunquam collimat ad ictus,
Hinc mentes ardere sacræ, formæque deorum.

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Tu quoque in his, nec me fallit ſpes lubrica Damon,
Tu quoque in his certè es, nam quò tua dulcis abiret
Sanctáque ſimplicitas, nam quò tua candida virtus?
Nec te Lethæo fas quæſiviſſe ſub orco,
Nec tibi conveniunt lacrymæ, nec flebimus ultrà,
Ite procul lacrymæ, purum colit æthera Damon,
Æthera purus habet, pluvium pede reppulit arcum,
Heroúmque animas inter, divóſque perennes,
Æthereos haurit latices & gaudia potat
Ore ſacro. Quin tu cœli poſt jura recepta
Dexter ades, placidúſque fave quicunque vocaris,
Seu tu noſter eris Damon, ſive æquior audis,
Diodotus, quo te divino nomine cuncti
Cœlicolæ nôrint, ſylviſque vocabere Damon.
Quòd tibi purpureus pudor, & ſine labe juventus
Grata fuit, quòd nulla tori libata voluptas,
En etiam tibi virginei ſervantur honores;
Ipſe caput nitidum cinctus rutilante corona,
Letáque frondentis geſtans umbracula palmæ
Æternum perages immortales hymenæos;
Cantus ubi, choreiſque furit lyra miſta beatis,
Feſta Sionæo bacchantur & Orgia Thyrſo.

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Jan. 23. 1646.

Ad *Joannem Rouſium* Oxonienſis Academiæ Bibliothecarium.

De libro Poematum amiſſo, quem ille ſibi denuo mitti poſtulabat, ut cum aliis noſtris in Bibliotheca publica reponeret, Ode.

Strophe 1.

GEmelle cultu ſimplici gaudens liber,
Fronde licet geminâ,
Munditiéque nitens non operosâ,
Quam manus attulit
Juvenilis olim,
Sedula tamen haud nimii Poetæ;
Dum vagus Auſonias nunc per umbras
Nunc Britannica per vireta luſit
Inſons populi, barbitòque devius
Indulſit patrio, mox itidem pectine Daunio
Longinquum intonuit melos
Vicinis, & humum vix tetigit pede;

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Antiſtrophe.

Quis te parve liber, quis te fratribus
Subduxit reliquis dolo?
Cum tu miſſus ab urbe,
Docto jugiter obſecrante amico,
Illuſtre tendebas iter
Thameſis ad incunabula
Cærulei patris,
Fontes ubi limpidi
Aonidum, thyaſuſque ſacer
Orbi notus per immenſos,
Temporum lapſus redeunte cœlo,
Celeberque futurus in ævum,

Strophe 2.

Modò quis deus, aut editus deo
Priſtinam gentis miſeratus indolem
(Si ſatis noxas luimus priores
Mollique luxu degener otium)
Tollat nefandos civium tumultus,
Almaque revocet ſtudia ſanctus
Et relegatas ſine ſede Muſas

Jam

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Jam penè totis finibus Angligenûm;
Immundaſque volucres
Unguibus imminentes
Figat Apollineâ pharetrâ,
Phinéamque abigat peſtem procul amne Pegaſéo.

Antiſtrophe.

Quin tu, libelle, nuntii licet malâ
Fide, vel oſcitantiâ
Semel erraveris agmine fratrum,
Seu quis te teneat ſpecus,
Seu qua te latebra, forſan unde vili
Callo teréris inſtitoris inſulſi,
Lætare felix, en iterum tibi
Spes nova fulget poſſe profundam
Fugere Lethen, vehique Superam
In Jovis aulam remige pennâ;

Strophe 3.

Nam te Roüſius ſui
Optat peculî, numeròque juſto
Sibi pollicitum queritur abeſſe,
Rogatque venias ille cujus inclyta

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Sunt data virûm monumenta curæ:
Téque adytis etiam ſacris
Voluit reponi quibus & ipſe præſidet
Æternorum operum cuſtos fidelis,
Quæſtorque gazæ nobilioris,
Quàm cui præfuit Iön
Clarus Erechtheides
Opulenta dei per templa parentis,
Fulvoſque tripodas, donaque Delphica
Ion Actæ genitus Creüſâ.

Antiſtrophe.

Ergo tu viſere lucos
Muſarum ibis amœnos,
Diamque Phœbi rurſus ibis in domum
Oxoniâ quam valle colit
Delo poſthabitâ,
Bifidòque Parnaſſi jugo:
Ibis honeſtus,
Poſtquam egregiam tu quoque ſortem
Nactus abis, dextri prece ſollicitatus amici.
Illic legêris inter alta nomina
Authorum, Graiæ ſimul & Latinæ
Antiqua gentis lumina, & verum decus. *Epo-*

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Epodos.

Vos tandem haud vacui mei labores,
Quicquid hoc ſterile fudit ingenium,
Jam ſerò placidam ſperare jubeo
Perfunctam invidiâ requiem, ſedeſque beatas
Quas bonus Hermes
Et tutela dabit ſolers Roüſi,
Quo neque lingua procax vulgi penetrabit, atq; longè
Turba legentum prava faceſſet;
At ultimi nepotes,
Et cordatior ætas
Judicia rebus æquiora forſitan
Adhibebit integro ſinu.
Tum livore ſepulto,
Si quid meremur ſana poſteritas ſciet
Roüſio favente.

Ode tribus conſtat Strophis, totidémque Antiſtrophis, unâ demum Epodo clauſis, quas, tametſi omnes nec verſuum numero, nec certis ubique locis exactè reſpondeant, ita tamen ſecuimus, commodè legendi potius, quàm ad antiquos concinendi modos rationem ſpectantes. Alioquin hoc genus rectiùs fortaſſe dici monoſtrophicum debuerat. Metra partim ſunt κατὰ στίχον partim ἀπολελυμένα. Phaleucia quæ ſunt, Spondæum tertio loco bis admittunt, quod item in ſecundo loco Catullus ad libitum fecit.

THE

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THE

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FINIS.

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